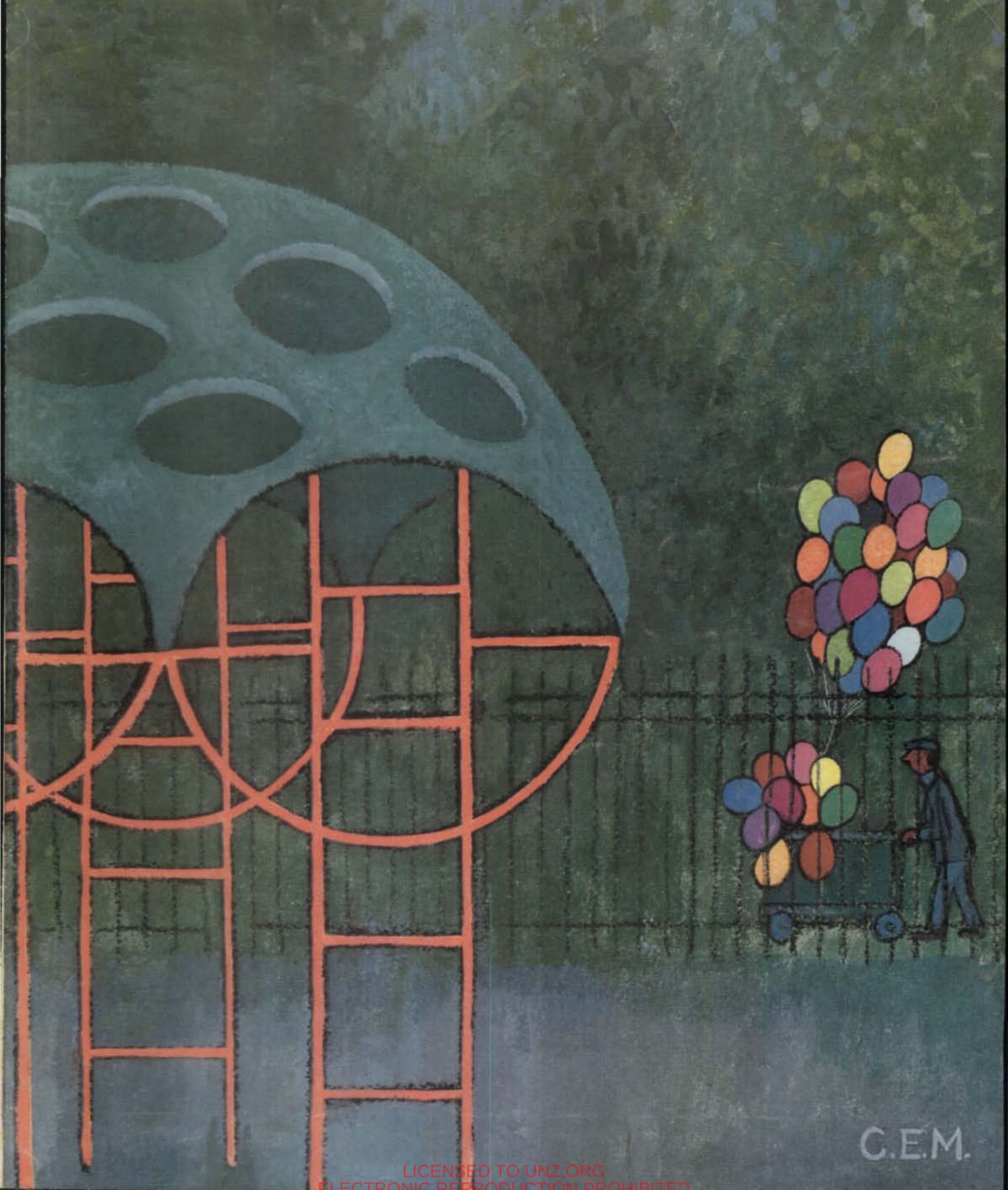
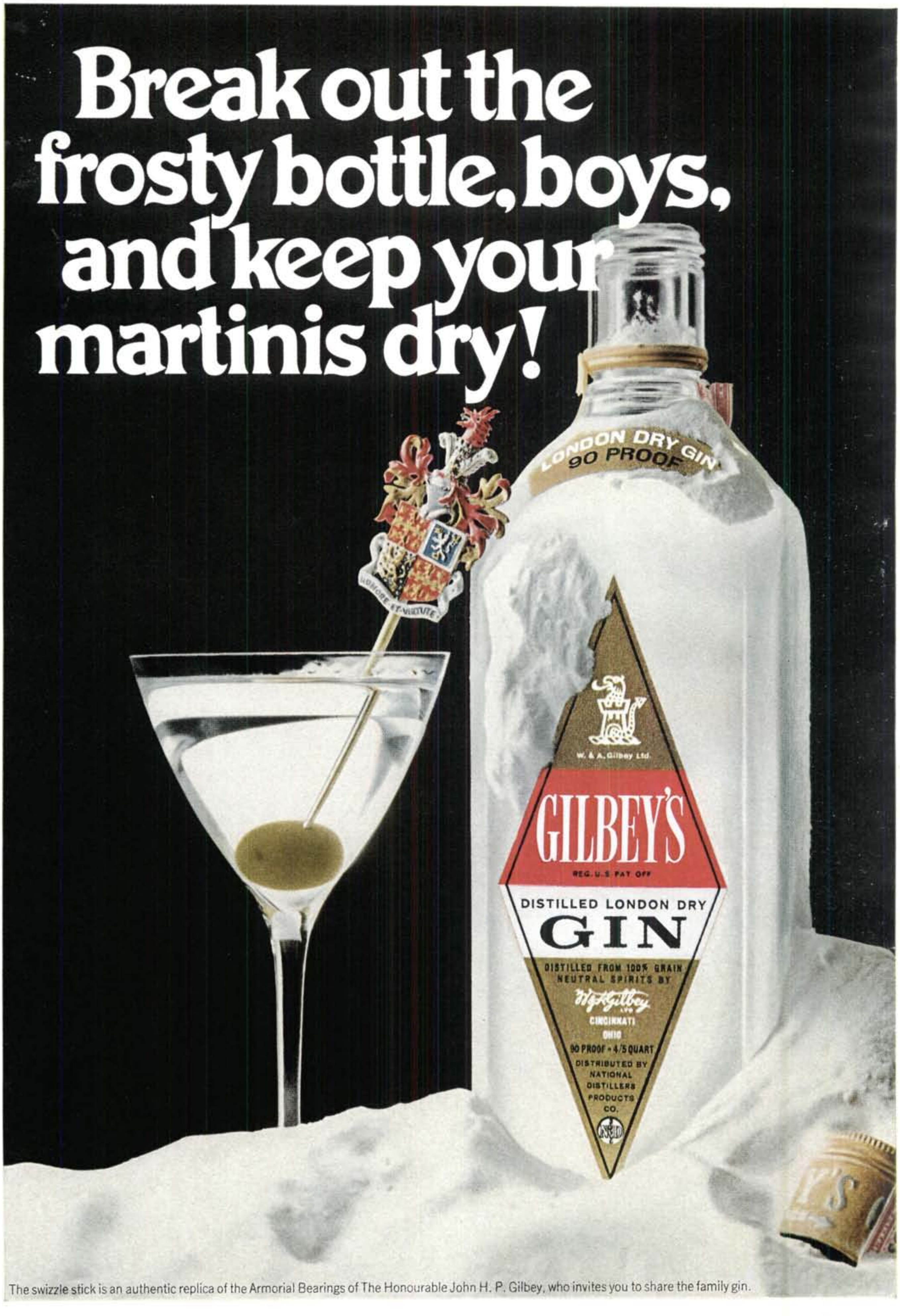
May 9, 1970

Price 50 cents

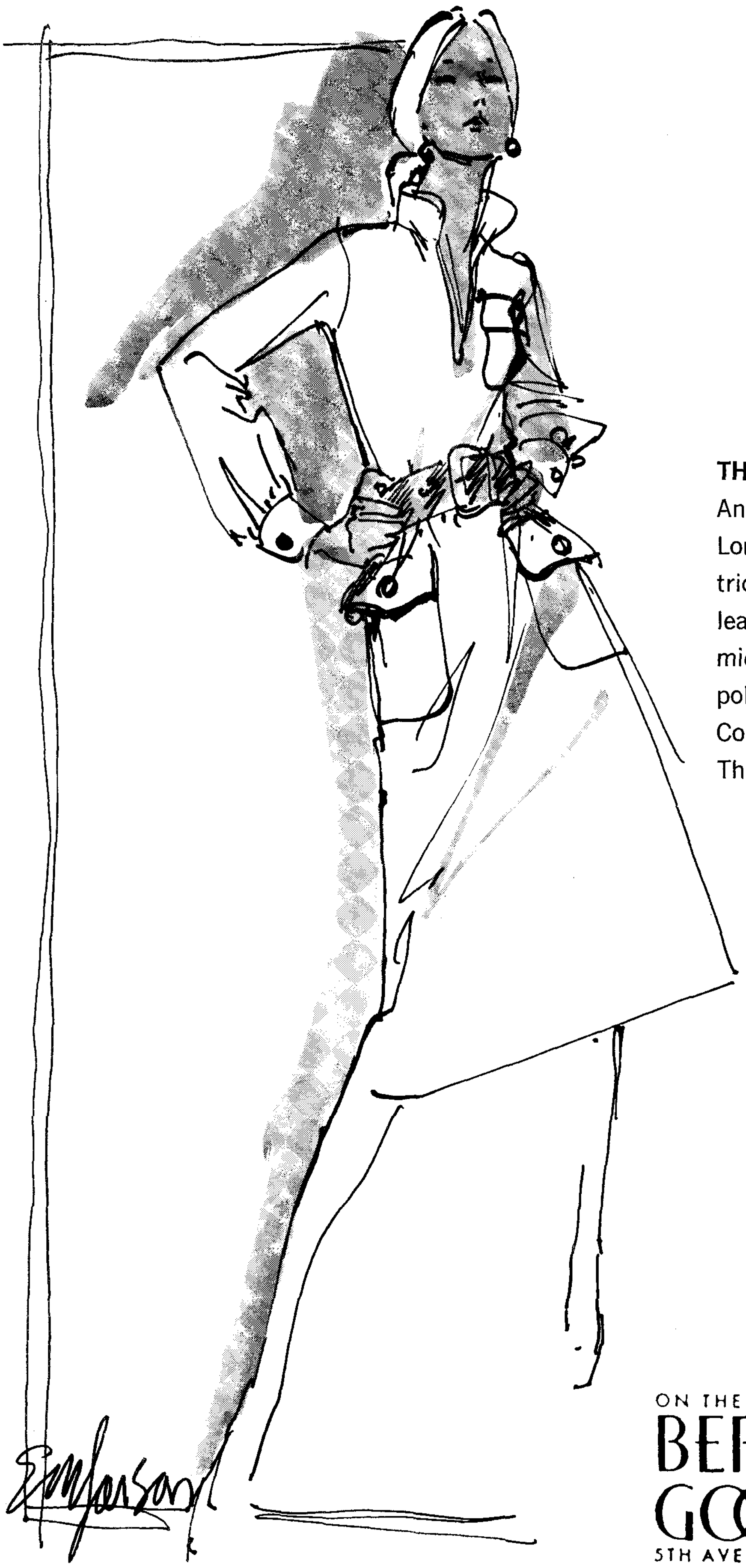
THE NEW YORKER

VERNIER RADCLIFFE MEMORIAL LIBRARY
LOMA LINDA UNIVERSITY
LOMA LINDA, CALIF.
MAY 11 1970




Break out the frosty bottle, boys, and keep your martinis dry!
LONDON DRY GIN
90 PROOF
HONORE ET VIRTUTE
W. & A. Gilbey Ltd.
GILBEY'S
REG. U.S. PAT OFF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY
GIN
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS BY
W&A Gilbey LTD
CINCINNATI
OHIO
90 PROOF • 4/5 QUART
DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.

The swizzle stick is an authentic replica of the Armorial Bearings of The Honourable John H. P. Gilbey, who invites you to share the family gin.



THE ESSENTIAL KIM

An absolute must-have. Long, shirty slither with a trio of patch pockets, leather to little the middle. Black or pongee polyester, 6 to 16, $90. Country & Casual, Third Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVE., 57 TO 58TH STREETS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Borstal Boy—Bringing back to life a Brendan Behan not in the least Lazarus-like but characteristically indignant and joyous. With Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes. Voted the best play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Butterflies Are Free—A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with sure-fire jokes and the merest pinch of life. Well acted by Keir Dullea, Blythe Danner, and Eileen Heckart. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Cherry Orchard—A two-week engagement of Chekhov's comedy, presented by the John Fernald Company of Oakland University, Rochester, Michigan. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 16.)

Child's Play—Robert Marasco's spooky play about how pedagogy corrupts and absolute pedagogy corrupts absolutely. With brilliant performances by Pat Hingle, Fritz Weaver, and Ken Howard. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Colette—Zoe Caldwell and Mildred Dunnock in a play adapted by Elinor Jones from Robert Phelps's "Earthly Paradise," a collection of Colette's autobiographical writings. Directed by Gerald Freedman, and with music by Harvey Schmidt. Opens Wednesday, May 6. (Ellen Stewart, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dark of the Moon—A revival of the Howard Richardson-William Berney play. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:45 Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear Janet Rosenberg, Dear Mr. Kooning—A pair of brief imports by a British playwright named Stanley Eveling. Their prevailing cuteness becomes quite exasperating at times, but they are literate and entertaining all the same. With Kevin O'Connor, Catherine Burns, and Penelope Allen. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who is ably supported by Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. Winner of the Drama Critics Circle award for the best American play of the year. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

How Much, How Much?—A shoddy comedy compounded of gags and moralizing in about equal amounts, but with interesting (i.e., human) performances by Kristoffer Tabori and Hugh Franklin. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Inquest—A heavily slanted account, in documentary form, of the trial and execution of the so-called "atom spies," Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. With George Grizzard and Anne Jackson. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Pig Pen—A play by Ed Bullins. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Private Lives—A very successful revival of Noël Coward's sleight-of-hand comedy about four people, three marriages, and a divorce that refuses to take. With Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford, directed by Stephen Porter. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of the 1924 George S. Kaufman-Marc Connelly comedy, **BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK,** will be the final production of the season. Previews through Wednesday, May 13. Opens officially on Thursday, May 14, at 7, and will run through Saturday, June 27. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, May 7, at 2.)... ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: **LANDSCAPE** and **SILENCE,** two one-acters by Harold Pinter. Each is an invasion of the privacy of its characters, who speak their thoughts aloud but rarely get in touch with one another. The scripts, needless to say, are good, but the performances, with

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 31

"SHARON" . . . . *Elizabeth Spencer* 36

"NINE POEMS" . . . . *Mark Strand* 40

"NEVER TOUCH A BUTTERFLY" . . . . *John Batki* 42

A REPORTER AT LARGE (NEPAL—II) . . . . *Jeremy Bernstein* 46

THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . *Edith Oliver* 97

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 98

THE ART WORLD . . . . *Harold Rosenberg* 103

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 118

"THE CANNERY SONG" (POEM) . . . . *Christopher Geoffrey* 122

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (ABOUT THE HOUSE) . . . . *Janet Malcolm* 124

LETTER FROM INDO-CHINA . . . . *Robert Shaplen* 130

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 148

BOOKS . . . . *George Steiner* 154

BRIEFLY NOTED 162

COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

DRAWINGS: *Mischa Richter, James Stevenson, Claude Smith, Edward Koren, Donald Reilly, William Steig, Stan Hunt, Robert Day, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Henry Martin, Dana Fradon, Charles E. Martin, William O'Brian*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 12, May 9, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.

Tiffany Sterling is timeless. By design.

TIFFANY & CO.

TIFFANY STERLING AT THESE STORES:

ALABAMA	KLEIN & SON, INC., Montgomery; CLAUDE MOORE, Mobile
ARIZONA	GRUNEWALD & ADAMS, Phoenix, Tucson
CALIFORNIA	TIFFANY & CO., Beverly Hills, San Francisco
CONNECTICUT	ROBERT A. BENEDICT, Westport; M. A. GREEN, Waterbury; THE GUILFORD SILVERSMITHS, Guilford; LUX, BOND, GREEN & STEVENS, Hartford; W. D. WEBB, Greenwich; WAKEFIELD HOUSE, Stamford; THE WHITNEY SHOP, New Canaan
DELAWARE	J. E. CALDWELL CO., Wilmington
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	GALT & BRO., INC., Washington; MARTIN'S, Washington; CHAS. SCHWARTZ & SON, Washington
FLORIDA	CARROLL'S, Coral Gables, Ft. Lauderdale; LEBAR JEWELERS, Sarasota; CHARLES L. WELLS, Jacksonville
GEORGIA	DESBOUILLONS, INC., Savannah; TIFFANY & CO., Atlanta
IDAHO	ANGLETON, Boise
ILLINOIS	JONES BROS., Pekin; TIFFANY & CO., Chicago
INDIANA	L. S. AYRES & CO., Indianapolis, Lafayette, Greenwood, Fort Wayne
KENTUCKY	FULLER & WILDER, Lexington; C. H. R. LYON, INC., Louisville
LOUISIANA	COLEMAN E. ADLER & SONS, INC., New Orleans; NAVARRA GALLERIES, INC., Lake Charles
MAINE	CARTER BROS. CO., Portland
MARYLAND	A. H. FETTING CO., Baltimore, Towson
MASSACHUSETTS	BIGELOW, KENNARD CO., Boston; RICHARD DANA, INC., Wellesley; HORIZONS, Osterville; LONG'S JEWELERS, Boston, Chestnut Hill, Peabody, Braintree, Burlington
MICHIGAN	LOSEY'S, Midland; SIEGEL JEWELERS, Grand Rapids; CHARLES W. WARREN & CO., Detroit
MISSOURI	JACCARD'S, Kansas City
NEW HAMPSHIRE	DESJARDINS & CO., Manchester
NEW JERSEY	BRIELLE CHINA & GIFTS, Brielle; J. E. CALDWELL CO., Moorestown Mall; HAMILTON JEWELERS, Trenton; HENKE'S, Montclair; LAVAKE JEWELERS, Princeton; SCOTT'S, Plainfield; WILBUR'S, Red Bank
NEW YORK	MAURICE B. GRAUBART & SONS, Schenectady; MALLISON JEWELERS, Painted Post; PITT PETRI, INC., Buffalo; SWERTFAGER'S GREELEY HOUSE, Chappaqua, Rye; SCHNEIDER'S JEWELRY, Kingston; W. B. WILCOX, Utica
NORTH CAROLINA	ELIZABETH BRUNS, Charlotte
OHIO	ARGO & LEHNE, Columbus; H. M. BAILEY, INC., Cleveland; THE BROER-FREEMAN COMPANY, Toledo; A. B. CLOSSON, JR. CO., Cincinnati; THE DANFORD-LOWELL CO., Cleveland
OKLAHOMA	HIGHTOWER, Oklahoma City; LE MARQUIS, INC., Tulsa
OREGON	ZELL BROTHERS, Portland
PENNSYLVANIA	J. E. CALDWELL CO., Philadelphia, Haverford, Plymouth Meeting; WILLIAM H. DILLER, INC., West Reading; HARDY & HAYES, Pittsburgh; FRED H. STRAUB, Abington
SOUTH CAROLINA	SMITHWICK JEWELERS, INC., Greenville
TENNESSEE	FISCHER-EVANS JEWELERS, Chattanooga; ANDREW MORTON, INC., Knoxville
TEXAS	HALTOM'S, Fort Worth, Arlington; HANLEY-WOOD, INC., San Antonio; TIFFANY & CO., Houston
VIRGINIA	KELLER & GEORGE, Charlottesville; SCHWARZSCHILD BROTHERS, Richmond
WASHINGTON	FRIEDLANDER & SONS, Seattle, Tacoma Mall, Everett, Bremerton, Longview
WISCONSIN	GEORGE WATTS & SON, INC., Milwaukee
PUERTO RICO	JOYERIA RIVIERA, San Juan

LEFT: AUDUBON, $79. FEATHER EDGE, $92. CHRYSANTHEMUM $92.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a couple of exceptions, are not. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:45, and Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Le Tréteau de Paris—Final performances of Ionesco's **LA LACUNE, LA JEUNE FILLE À MARIER,** and **LES CHAISES,** in French, will close out the engagement. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 541-8586. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 10.)

What the Butler Saw—The last play of the late English playwright Joe Orton. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The White House Murder Case—Jules Feiffer's satire on war and a number of other things is clever but ultimately ineffectual, in spite of Alan Arkin's fine direction and satisfactory performances by all concerned. With Paul Benedict. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

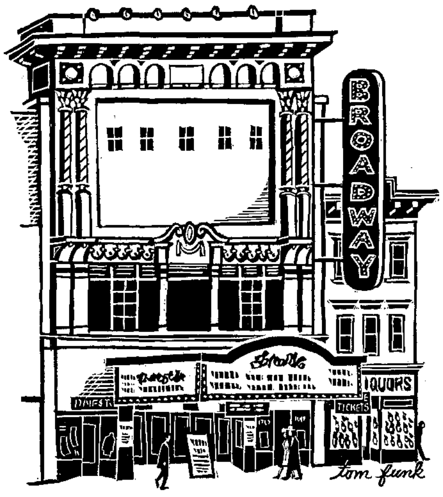
Long Runs—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30; Sundays at 3; Wednesday, May 6, at 1:30; and Wednesday, May 13, at 2.)... **FORTY CARATS:** Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, this trifle offers an occasion for June Allyson, Tom Poston, and a number of other actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Applause—A rousing, tireless, immensely skillful retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Boy Friend—Judy Carne and Sandy Duncan enjoying a merry romp at a finishing school on the Riviera, back in the twittering twenties. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Coco—A musical by Alan Jay Lerner and André Previn, with sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. It purports to be about the great Gabrielle Chanel of Paris and turns out to be about the great Katharine Hepburn of Hartford. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; *special matinée for the Actors' Fund* Thursday, May 7, at 2.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

Company—A marvellous cast, headed by Dean Jones, Susan Browning, and Elaine Stritch, in a fresh and funny show. George Furth did the excellent book, and Stephen Sondheim did the equally attractive music and lyrics. Chosen the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Drunkard—A surprisingly jolly musical adaptation of that old Victorian nuisance. Songs by Barry Manilow. (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. 691-1413. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joy—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to engaging samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, Fredricka Weber as both girls, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Minnie's Boys—An account of the Marx Brothers and their rise to fame and fortune. Trite *and untuneful.* Shelley Winters is *Minnie,* and Lewis J. Stadlen is an admirable Groucho. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mod Donna—A musical with a book and lyrics by Myrna Lamb, and music by Susan Hulsman Bingham. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

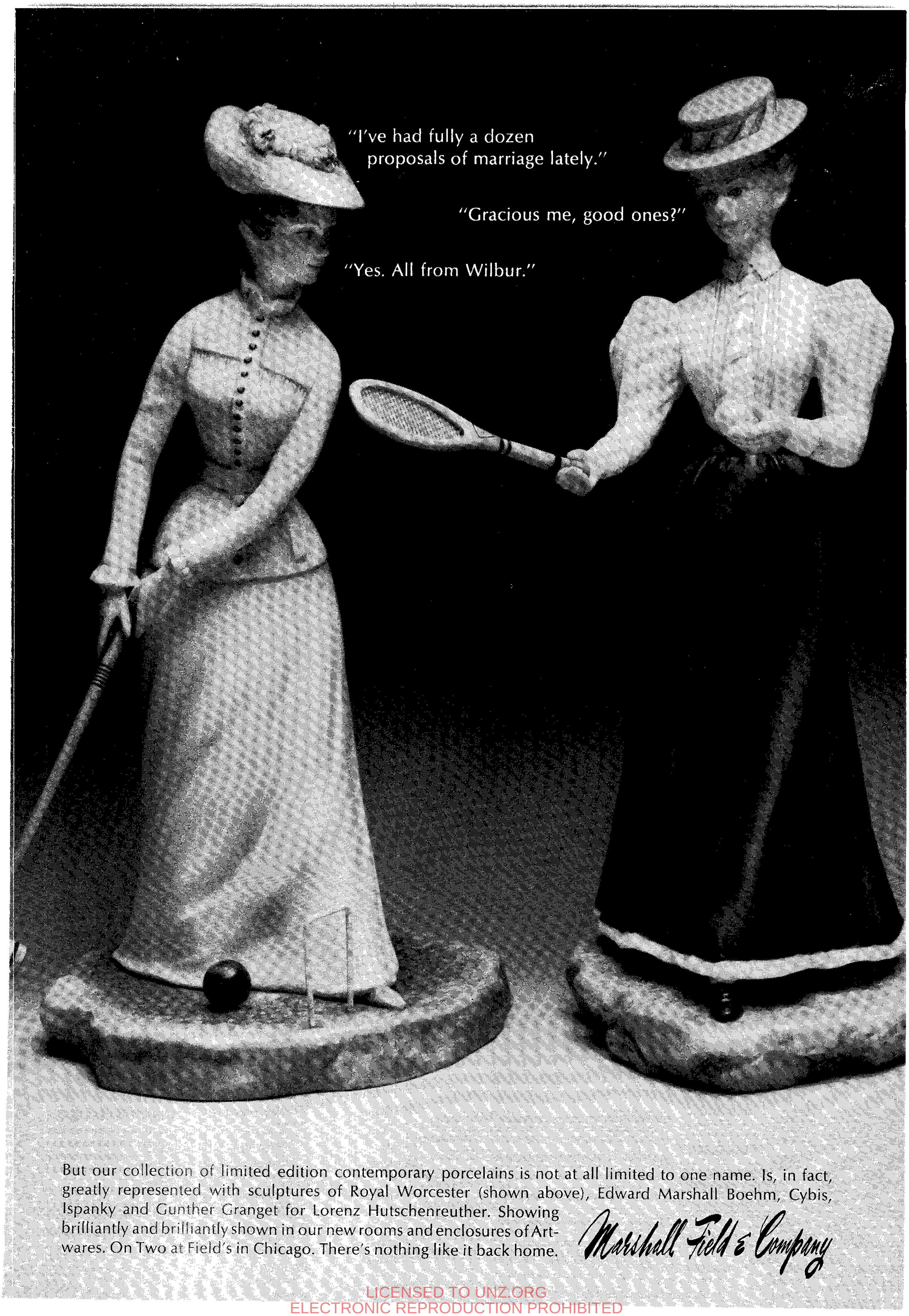
Purlie—An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious," grown too big for its hand-me-down breeches. With Cleavon Little and Melba Moore, who are very good. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **DAMES AT SEA:** A takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 10.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** To me it's all a mockery and beastly. Her cerebral lobes are not functioning. She calls the doctor Sir Peter Teazle and picks buttercups off the quilt. Humour her till it's over. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** You crossed her last wish in death and yet you sulk with me because I don't whinge like some hired mute from Lalouette's. Absurd! (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** P.S.: If Linda Charlton will get in *touch with* Buck Mulligan, she *will* learn something to her advantage. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Incidentally, Ethel Merman is now Dolly.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Somegoro Ichikawa plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Ichikawa at the matinée performances. Starting Monday, May 11, Charles West will replace Mr. Ichikawa. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Wednesday through Friday, May 6-8, at 8:30; Saturday, May 9, at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday, May 10, at 3 and 7:30. Thereafter, Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30.) ... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Thursday, May 7, at 2:30, and no performance that evening.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—What can we say? Union-management negotiations were still in progress at our press time. All we *do* know is that if they dance they will dance at the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.

Royal Ballet—Wednesday evening, May 6: "Coppélia."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 7: "Daphnis and Chloë," "Symphonic Variations," and "A Wedding Bouquet."... ¶ Friday evening, May 8: "Giselle."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 9: "La Fille Mal Gardée" and Act III of "Raymonda."... ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, May 10: "Giselle."... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 12: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 13: "La Bayadere," "The Ropes of Time" (première), and "Birthday Offering."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 14: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Friday evening, May 15: "The Nutcracker."... ¶ Saturday mati-


"I've had fully a dozen
proposals of marriage lately."
"Gracious me, good ones?"
"Yes. All from Wilbur."

But our collection of limited edition contemporary porcelains is not at all limited to one name. Is, in fact, greatly represented with sculptures of Royal Worcester (shown above), Edward Marshall Boehm, Cybis, Ispanky and Gunther Granget for Lorenz Hutschenreuther. Showing brilliantly and brilliantly shown in our new rooms and enclosures of Artwares. On Two at Field's in Chicago. There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company

née, and evening, May 16: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 31.)

City Center American Dance Season—End of a spring series of appearances by seven companies. **PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY.** Wednesday and Thursday, May 6-7, and Saturday, May 9, all at 8, plus Sunday, May 10, at 2:30: "Private Domain" and "Orbs."... ¶ Friday, May 8, at 8; Saturday, May 9, at 2:30; and Sunday, May 10, at 7:30: "Junction," "Duet," "3 Epitaphs," "Foreign Exchange," and "Churchyard."... **MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY.** Tuesday, May 12, at 7:30, and Saturday, May 16, at 8: "Landscapes," "Intersection," "Proximities," and "Junk Dances."... **LUCAS HOVING DANCE COMPANY** and **ROD RODGERS DANCE COMPANY.** Wednesday, May 13, at 8: "Opus '69," "Uppercase," "Icarus," "Eidolons," "Dances in Projected Space," and "Harambee."... ¶ Friday, May 15, at 8: "Aubade II," "Icarus," "Satiana," "Eidolons," "Dances in Projected Space," and "Harambee."... **PAUL SANASARDO DANCE COMPANY** and **LOUIS FALCO AND COMPANY.** Thursday, May 14, at 8: "Footnotes," "Pain," "Caviar," and "Timewright."... ¶ Saturday, May 16, at 2:30: "Excursions," "Cut Flowers," "Fatal Birds," "Caviar," and "Huescape." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Jean Erdman Theatre of Dance—Friday, May 8, at 8: "The Perilous Chapel," "Twilight Wind" (première), "Changing Woman," and "The Castle" (première).... ¶ Saturday, May 9, at 8:30: "Fearful Symmetry," "Twilight Wind," "The Perilous Chapel," and "The Castle." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Pulls up stakes and moves on late on Sunday, May 10. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday at 2 and 7:30; Saturday at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sunday at 1:30 and 6. The performances on Friday, May 8, may be cancelled because of a basketball playoff. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Architectonically it's a drag, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Folk singer Jake Holmes is trading sets with a rock group called the Chapins. On Wednesday, May 13, Al Kooper, a much-praised keyboard man, will take over. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea abound.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Some come to drink and some to dine, and some hang around to hear the music. It is a quietly vital kind of jazz, turned out by Joe Beck on electric guitar and piano, with a bass player assisting him, and it runs from eleven to three. Dinner is served until one.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Jazz in a cerebral direction, from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The James Moody quartet (Moody on reeds) is on the stand through Sunday, May 10. Friday through Sunday, May 8-10, Anita O'Day will join in, bringing her throaty style to some old and new songs. Light Italian dishes are served, and the jukebox is filled with jazz. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—A forthright place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Eddie Hubble, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

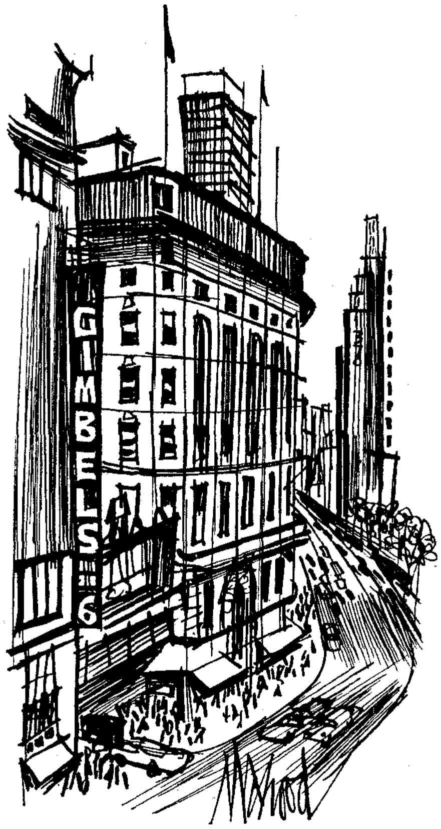
Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another paean to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Under the casual guidance of Eddie Condon, a number of eminent historians (Milt Hinton, Zoot Sims, Roy Eldridge, Al Cohn, and Mousey Alexander among them) dwell as incisively as they can on the past. Whenever they take a breather, Buck Clayton, Hank Jones, Jack Lesberg, and Cliff Leeman ascend the podium. Music as early as five-thirty (tea dancing has come back to us), during the week, and as late as twelve-thirty or one. Saturdays, it begins at seven-thirty, and on Sundays, from two-thirty to five-thirty, Bill Berry and the New York Band, a sixteen-piece orchestra, including Dave Frishberg, Sol Gubin, and Bob Dougherty, look after the footwork. Dinner and supper.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the audience knows pretty much where it's at. The Grant Green quartet plays until Tuesday, May 12, when the Charles Mingus quintet will move in. Closed Mondays.

Uncle John's Straw Hat, 316 W. 49th St. (581-1828)—Earl Warren, who plays alto and clarinet, will bring in his Five Counts of Syncopation for an eight-to-eleven session on Sunday, May 10. The Counts: Dickie Wells, Charlie Folds, Gene Ramey, and Jo Jones. Music of one sort or another on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.



Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the congenial upstairs rooms, you can drink or dine while listening to the funky-academic sounds of the David Amram quartet. On Tuesday, May 12, the Mose Allison trio will succeed to the platform. On Mondays, these people are off and new talent is auditioned.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface and—in the history of jazz—significant establishment. The Gil Evans octet entertains through Sunday, May 10. On Tuesday, May 12, the Roland Kirk quartet arrives. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2808)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, ponderous chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are meatless but distinctive. Some live people entertain, and there is dancing to records from ten until three or four.

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. Upstairs, underneath the arches, couples shake, shuffle, or glide—depending on the whims of the *discaire*—from nine to three-thirty every night. The atmosphere is quasi-Moorish.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates attempted to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a little dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of rock records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Peculiar-shaped cubbyholes and a lethargic kind of carrousel—the rest is sound and light. On Sundays, as well as Wednesdays and Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Live groups alternate with high-powered records. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Calmness and an absence of obtrusive gadgetry make for smooth-running evenings. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort. Dancing to records from eleven until three or four, but only on Fridays and Saturdays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—A discothèque with a distinctly urban view, on the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower. Dancing to music both live and non-live, Mondays through Fridays from ten to three. Light suppers are served. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Suavity prevails, in an ambience of reverberating luxe. People dance to strong records from ten until three or four. Late dinners are available, and the view of the Park is fine. Reservations preclude disappointments.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—For evenings when you feel like dancing in a glyptotheca, this

© 1970 Estée Lauder Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski

For
Her
Ready-To-Wear Eye Makeup Collection,
Estée Lauder creates two new fashion luminaries—
The Aurora Eye and The Twilight Eye.

The Aurora Eye, a pale-as-morning shimmer of sunrise pastels—layered with apricot, mauve, and ivory shadows and fringed with silken burgundy lashes for a look of wide-open innocence.

The Twilight Eye, a deep-as-evening shimmer of all over blue, haloed over and under the eye and framed with deep blue lashes for a look of starry fascination.

For the Aurora Pastels:
Pressed Eyelid Shadow
Lustered Solid Creme Shadow
Cake Eyelid Liner
New Lustrous Roll-On Mascara

For the Twilight Blues:
Lustered Solid Creme Shadow
Liquid Eyelid Liner
New Lustrous Roll-On Mascara

Estée Lauder

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

one will do as well as any. Sphinxes gleam. The records are as loud as squibs. Three times a night, some polished entertainers come out and do things: through Saturday, May 9, Linda Price and the Pipers, and after that, the Jesters Four. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—A down-to-earth club whose youthful patrons seem more interested in music and dancing than in ogling other people's threads. The live sounds of Shenandoah alternate with high-powered records until Monday, May 11, when S. will be replaced by the Foxey Ladies, an all-female outfit that should gladden the hearts of Women's Lib. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. Good vibrations, comely people.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The medina never looked better. You see a lot of Americans around now, and fewer of the old native customers, but at that it's superior to Acapulco any day—or night. A Lester Lanin band keeps fairly regular hours with fairly regular music, which runs from nine until three. No action on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the foxtrot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Eight until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at two-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve, and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it happens now when Irwin Corey, a spokesman for the Grand Duchy of Dementia, is conversing. He gives way, on Monday, May 11, to the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace. The speechmaking begins at nine on Saturdays and a trifle later the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," the one revue in town, is brightened by fitful gleams of humor, of which it could use more. The cast is brightened to approximately the same degree. Nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzim, the leader of whom is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Israeli bop, the song (by Ron Eliran) is sort of Israeli pop. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home, too. Thursday through Saturday, May 7-9, these added starters: Dave Carroll's Sing Sing Four (from England) and Aliza Azikri, a homeland soprano. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel*, loud and clear, from six until one. Dance music for all hands. Closed Sundays.

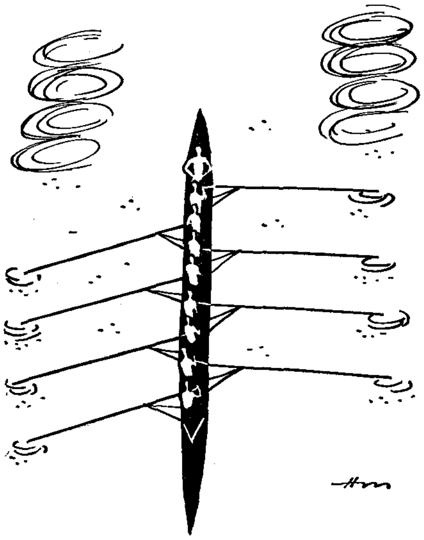
Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The time: May, 1935. The place: Broadway. The action: Milton Berle, who has been and still could be a very funny man, is indicating, by untoward word and gesture, that he would rather be carried away by the sweet smell of excess. Twice a night in the Royal Box. The Lee Evans orchestra is an invigorating dancing master. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—No Spanish moss grows beneath the feet of Los Chavales de España, an army of singers and musicians always on the move, and (to judge by the sheep's-eyes they cast at their entourage of girl dancers) always on the make—but that's the old army life, and it's a jolly one. No dark nights. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Pepito Priego) and voice (Antonio Maya). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Dionne Warwick! Our hearts at thy sweet voice, etc., etc., and why not? With this great privilege goes Woody Herman, once again at the head of an activist and engrossing band. On Thursday, May 14, they give way to Paul Anka, a prime-time prom-time singer. Every night, at least twice. . . . ¶ In the lounge, the music and the listeners are sort of home-on-the-range, out at that big ranch in Nevada.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Sy Oliver, proud father of a band that looks over its shoulder at a wonderful past (as far back as the Jimmy Lunceford band, for one), is providing that past with a series of beautiful sunsets. Lou Stein's threesome makes the evening complete. On Friday, May 15, a new regime, principally involving Dakota Staton, a jazz singer who doesn't get around here often anymore. The milieu is ale-and-chophouse, as it should be. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room is offering all the comforts of home and several that are missing there (well, for two, the orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte, which go on enjoying life to the full.) During dinner and supper, there are ministrations by Jane Morgan, who clings rather to convention in her choice of arias but comes onstage as blithely unshod as the Barefoot Contessa. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Charlie Byrd's guitar is the showpiece, with and without his quintet, in **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** and that is no more than just. On Tuesday, May 12, the Byrds will be succeeded by another worthy group, the Ramsey Lewis threesome. The activity of these crews is solely for eyes and ears; dancing occurs only when Marty Napoleon's really rollicking trio is in motion. Dinner and supper for all listeners. Events begin at eight; Mondays are dark. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to ten-thirty, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano, eight to one, except Sundays.



Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Head in the clouds, which is a lovely way to live. During dinner and supper, the dramatic, and almost traumatic, soprano Felicia Sanders sings with starry brilliance, and every so often Jonah Jones, his horn, and his foursome sound off happily, banteringly. Dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays.

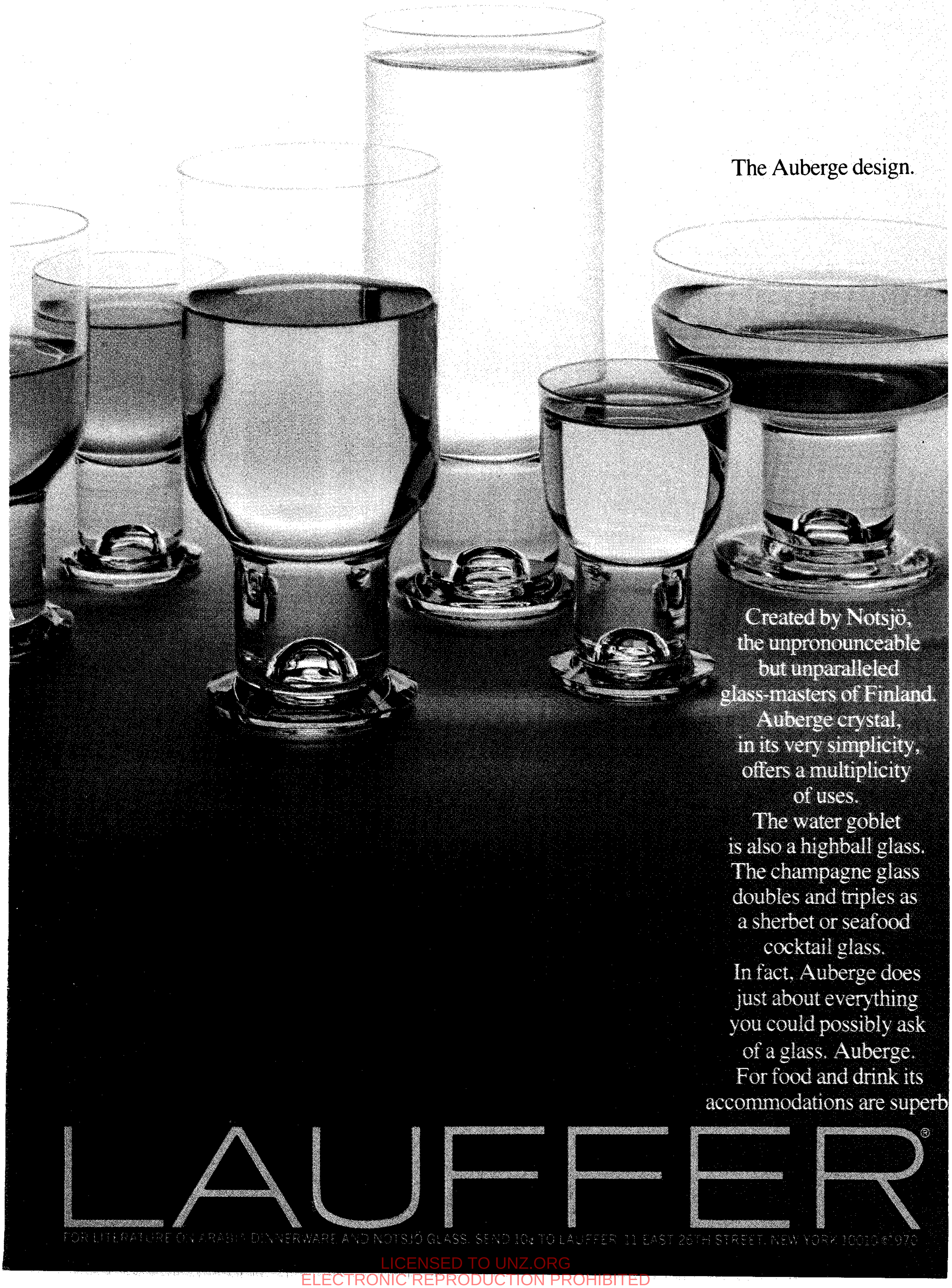
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Hildegarde, a women's-page philosopher, finishes her stint (done all in song and story) in the Maisonette on Wednesday, May 6, and one night later, Vaughn Monroe, now a man without a band, turns up as baritone soloist. The recitals happen at dinnertime through the week, at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Quintero's Latin scholars and Hal Turner's new, and first-rate, band do all the other honors. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, the next-door woodland glade, Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano discourse peacefully from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Quite the best in the yearling sector of tenors is John Davidson, to whom a song is a work of art to be done with a respectful artlessness. He appears in the Empire Room during dinner and supper. Charles Turecamo's orchestra fills up the rest of the evening with appropriate sound. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Whatever songs Bobby Short decants in this highly educational institution are in the Academy of the Immortals, but there is nothing academic about his performance of them. His aides-de-camp (and sometimes de-Camp) are Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The set is right out of "Treasure Island," but the crew is calypso, not Long John Silver, and the native rum and edibles are not served on a dead man's chest. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): College reunion, continual, coeducational, and convivial. The bar is straight and narrow; the dining room is as broad as it is long, and frequently filled by the music of a duo, led by Joel Shulman, which is in service every night but Sunday. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian mixture as before and forevermore—Tibor Rakossy for officer of the watch, Béla Babai's band for serenader, and Budapest for remembrance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The Manhattan *pied-à-terre* of Rita Dimitri, the perpetual-motion *grande vedette*, which serves also as her *pied-à-piano*, from the top of which she is apt to sing at nine-thirty most nights and again at midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). Someone is almost always at the piano, and the best of this ground swell is Scott Reed, whose voice and mild piano carry on from nine-thirty until three, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti is the name of the cuisine, right enough, but the vocal outpouring, which often involves not only the entire staff but the entire audience, runs from Neapolitan opera to the



The Auberge design.

Created by Notsjö, the unpronounceable but unparalleled glass-masters of Finland. Auberge crystal, in its very simplicity, offers a multiplicity of uses. The water goblet is also a highball glass. The champagne glass doubles and triples as a sherbet or seafood cocktail glass. In fact, Auberge does just about everything you could possibly ask of a glass. Auberge. For food and drink its accommodations are superb.

LAUFFER®

FOR LITERATURE ON ARABIA DINNERWARE AND NOTSJÖ GLASS, SEND 10¢ TO LAUFFER, 11 EAST 26TH STREET, NEW YORK 10010 ©1970

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Coupe deVille. Cadillac Motor Car Division.

Don't let another year go by. *Let's assume you've wanted a Cadillac for years. You've admired its beauty . . . its continuity of style that so readily identifies a Cadillac. You've long respected it for its many available comforts, conveniences and advanced engineering achievements. Also, you've been impressed by Cadillac's remarkably solid reputation at resale time. Well, this is the ideal time to discover for yourself what makes Cadillac for 1970 the most successful of the world's luxury automobiles. Your authorized dealer is ready to make this your Cadillac year.*

Do it today...not "someday".

Cadillac
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Donnybrook fairgrounds. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee all over the place (by, naturally, prowling violinists) and, for good (and hearty) measure, an occasional rehearing (by a quartet whose lead singer is Leyna Gabriele, prop.) of this or that operetta. From dinner until two, every night but Sunday. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Sunlit Grecian isle, afloat in a sea of assiduous Greek musicians and Greek singers, and surrounded by a *bordure* of unquestionable Greek cuisine. Architectural triumph, and a lively one. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

SIGN OF THE DOVE, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and post-prandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one absolutely every night. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle haunted not by ghosts but by live musicians, such as George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. No music Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): New scenery but the same pianist, Dick Hankinson, who addresses the keyboard off and on from six until one; Sundays, this or that pianist serves as his lieutenant. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A pretty formal occasion, and a just plain pretty one, too. George Feyer, dean of our Viennese musicologists, has the use of the piano from eight-thirty until half past one. No sound on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Harmaty—names that suggest their owners are Vienna Woodsmen, drawing the long bow and plying the piano. The names cannot, though, suggest the opulence of the setting in which, from six to midnight, they live. Sundays and Mondays, other music, to keep things going. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Dinner and supper to the tune of Ray Hartley's piano, whose felicities would be hard to top. Six to midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A fairly ornate mulberry bush, around which, regular as clockwork and eager as little beavers, a posse of musicians goes from seven until a late bedtime. Closed Sundays. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): *Faubourg* existence, and a well-fed one, in an Old, Old World close to the Danube. The favorite tipple of the musicians, who are led by Elemer Horvath, is Romany Rye. They sound off from seven-thirty until three, night after night. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): State occasion. Joe Miles is as quiet as a church mouse when he tends piano, which he does from nine until twelve-thirty, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 53½ Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Lotus is not on the menu of this duplex chalet, but eaters of it will be at ease in this world unto itself. Perambulating song and guitar, and a menu full of other things. Every night. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Sit not at the mile-long bar but at the side tables if you have come to hear Wayne Sanders' piano, which has a keen sense of nostalgia, and a nourishing one. Five to nine, except Sundays. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): A newly discovered island in the midst of Manhattan—one prepared to indulge the guests in reasonably eclectic shore dinners to the tunes of the piano run by Buddy Barnes, the sometime accompanist of Mabel Mercer. Eight until two. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LEO AMINO—Sectional plastic sculptures that can be adjusted by the spectator; through Thursday, May 14. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

SAUL BAIZERMAN (1889-1957)—Hammered-copper sculptures by a celebrated American artist; through May 23. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

MARY BAUERMEISTER—Twenty-five of this artist's shiny constructions, incorporating pebbles and lenses; through Saturday, May 9. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

CARL BERGER AND JASON CRUM—Plastic sculptural paintings by the former and oil paintings by the latter; through May 24. (Mindscape, 496 Broome St., at West Broadway. Thursdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

NORMAN BLUHM—Paintings by an Abstract Expressionist who has stayed with it; through Saturday, May 9. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

BILL BOLLINGER—Fifteen large constructions which use industrial materials and most of which contain water; through May 20. (Starrett-Lehigh Building, nineteenth floor, 601 W. 26th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

GANDY BRODIE—Expressionist paintings with figure and landscape elements; starting Thursday, May 7. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ANTHONY CARO—Abstract works by a leading British sculptor; through May 20. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAN CARSMAN—A first one-man show, consisting of Pennsylvania landscapes; starting Saturday, May 9. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

CORNEILLE—Expressionistic paintings with figurative elements by a founder of the Cobra group; through Saturday, May 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

HOWARD DAUM—Large freely painted abstractions; starting Monday, May 11. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings from 7:30 to 9:30; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

DOROTHY DEHNER—Thirty-five Abstract bronzes, some with totemic suggestion; through May 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

HAMILTON FRASER—Abstract landscapes by a British painter; through May 28. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

LOUIS HARRIS—Figurative paintings by an old-timer; through Saturday, May 16. (Benevy, 1317 First Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL HARRIS—Lithographs and sculptures; through May 21. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

AGNES HART—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 9. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

SHEILA ISHAM—Large cloud-like paintings; through May 30. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

DONALD JUDD—Structures by a "serialist;" through Saturday, May 9. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

GYORGY KEPES—Paintings by a well-known constructivist; through May 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM KING—Sheet-aluminum figurative sculptures, often witty caricatures; through June 5. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

LYMAN KIPP—Painted-steel sculptures; through

THERE IS ONLY ONE JOY...
JOY
JEAN PATOU
PARIS
THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD

Peck & Peck tri-tones the princess bit. For a certain kind of woman.

Face it. This is a nice shape to be in. And you're bound to like the fabric—100% rayon, lined and looking wonderfully like linen. As for the tri-tones, they're black/brown/beige or teal/moss/beige. So how can you lose? 5 to 13 sizes, 32.00*

*Slightly higher on the West Coast.

Fifth Avenue and Branches

For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus 75¢ for handling beyond delivery area.

May 29. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Morris Louis—Seven works in a series called "veil" paintings; through May 23. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Sculptures with genre themes; through Thursday, May 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Mangold—Pencil drawings based on a mathematical scheme; through Thursday, May 14. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leo Manso—Paintings and collages; through Saturday, May 9. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Agnes Martin—Drawings by an influential Minimalist; through May 28. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

William McCartin—Abstractions with the effect of collage; through Saturday, May 9. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Mario Merz—A sculpture with attendant drawings and neon lights by a newcomer to the States; through Thursday, May 14. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Mario Micossi—Views of Venice in colored etchings; starting Thursday, May 7. (Wakefield, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Piet Mondrian—Reconstruction of a room according to a plan by this master, plus drawings; through Saturday, May 16. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Moore—Two showings of sculptures of the sixties: carvings in marble and travertine at Knoedler (14 E. 57th St.) and bronzes at Marlborough (41 E. 57th St.); both through Saturday, May 16. (Marlborough is closed Mondays.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—Oils and watercolors by the German Expressionist; through Saturday, May 16. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Novros—Multi-sectioned shaped canvases; through Saturday, May 16. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Dennis Oppenheim—Videotapes, films, and slides by an earthworks artist; through May 30. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernard Perlin—Flower still-lifes; through Saturday, May 9. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Gabor Peterdi—Hawaiian landscapes; through Thursday, May 14. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean-Pierre Raynaud—A French artist's first show in New York of wall paintings incorporating shovels, light bulbs, and other objects; through Saturday, May 16. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sophy Regensburg—Still-lifes; through May 28. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucia Salemme—Abstract Expressionist paintings showing traces of the city and the countryside; through Saturday, May 16. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Sample—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes by a veteran American; through May 29. (Van Der Straeten, 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Lothar Schreyer (1886-1966)—Paintings by a member of the Bauhaus in Weimar; through May 23. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

James Seawright—Seven electronic constructions; through May 30. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Segal—Plaster figures in a variety of realistic settings; through May 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Burton Silverman—Drawings, pastels, watercolors, and sculptures of people and places; through Saturday, May 16. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Hedda Sterne—Rows and rows of heads painted on unstretched canvas; through Saturday, May 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Leopold Survage (1879-1968)—Decorative paintings by a Russian who associated with Cubists in Paris; through Saturday, May 16. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

Tumarkin—Life-size bronze figures and stainless-steel abstractions by an Israeli artist; through Wednesday, May 13. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Victor Vasarely—Paintings by the leading Optical artist; through May 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Early oils and watercolors by a prominent American of the Paris School; starting Tuesday, May 12. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

H. C. Westermann—Twelve sculptures and a suite of drawings by this inventor of unusual combinations of images; through June 6. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert White—Works by a former sculptor in residence at the American Academy in Rome; starting Thursday, May 7. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Derrick Woodham—Large outdoor sculptures in steel with a baked-enamel finish, by a Briton; through May 27. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Paul Wunderlich—Sculptures and paintings, some featuring the female figure, by a German Surrealist; through May 23. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **compass**, 1390 Lexington Ave., at 91st St.: Works by Ossorio, Antes, Klaphek, Maryan, Saul, Alex Katz, Diebenkorn, Copley, and D'Arcangelo (to mention a few); through Saturday, May 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)... **cooper**, 100 Prince St., between Mercer and Greene Sts.: Works by gallery artists and guests; through May 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **danenberg**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty-five nineteenth-century American painters, among them Homer, Inness, and Moran; through Saturday, May 9.... **gallery of israeli art**, 4 E. 54th St.: Paintings and prints on the subject of Jerusalem, from the seventeenth century to the present; starting Friday, May 8. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)... **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century architectural paintings, landscapes, portraits, shields, emblems, and carvings; through May 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Forty-five American portraits from the eighteenth century through the early twentieth; through May 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **lewison**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Bierstadt, Sully, Kensett, and others; through June 19. (Closed Mondays.)... **meltzer**, 783 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: An exhibition of a private collection that includes, among other things, paintings by Marin, O'Keeffe, and Tobey; through May 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **new school**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Seventy-three works, ancient and modern, from the collections of directors and curators of such New York institutions as the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney, the Guggenheim, the New York Cultural Center, and Asia House; through May 27. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8.)... **o.k. harris**, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Paintings by John Clem Clarke, known for his copying of familiar paintings; mixed medium sculptures by Thomas Bang; and sculptural objects from the twenties and thirties. Starts Saturday, May 9. (Closed Mondays.)... **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by major twentieth-century Europeans, including Braque, Chagall, Gris, Miró, Modigliani, and Léger (a kinetic painted wood relief of Charlie Chaplin); through May 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: American narrative paintings of the nineteenth century by Blythe, Rimmer, Vedder, and others; through May 29. ... **u.s. plywood**, 777 Third Ave., at 49th St.: The Art Directors show of advertising art; through May 22. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)... **doris wiener**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: One hundred Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through May 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of approximately a hundred paintings by Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Degas, Cézanne, Gauguin, and Toulouse-Lautrec (to name a few), representing a century of Impressionism; through Saturday, May 9.... **wise**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works that the spectator does things to or that do things to him; through May 30. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Twenty winners of the Sculptors

It's so clever it could even go into business with you.

This is one of the most automatic cameras in existence.

Our Countdown Model 350.

It not only takes pictures in seconds, it'll work for you in situations you wouldn't take another camera into.

You can have a photograph of damaged goods the minute they come in the door. Snap plant sites in the morning and show them at the office before lunch. Investigate a claim and leave with the evidence in your briefcase.

Or send a prospect home with on-the-spot pictures of whatever you're selling.

Depending on the field you're in, you can use 60-second pictures to teach, sell, record, prove or disprove.

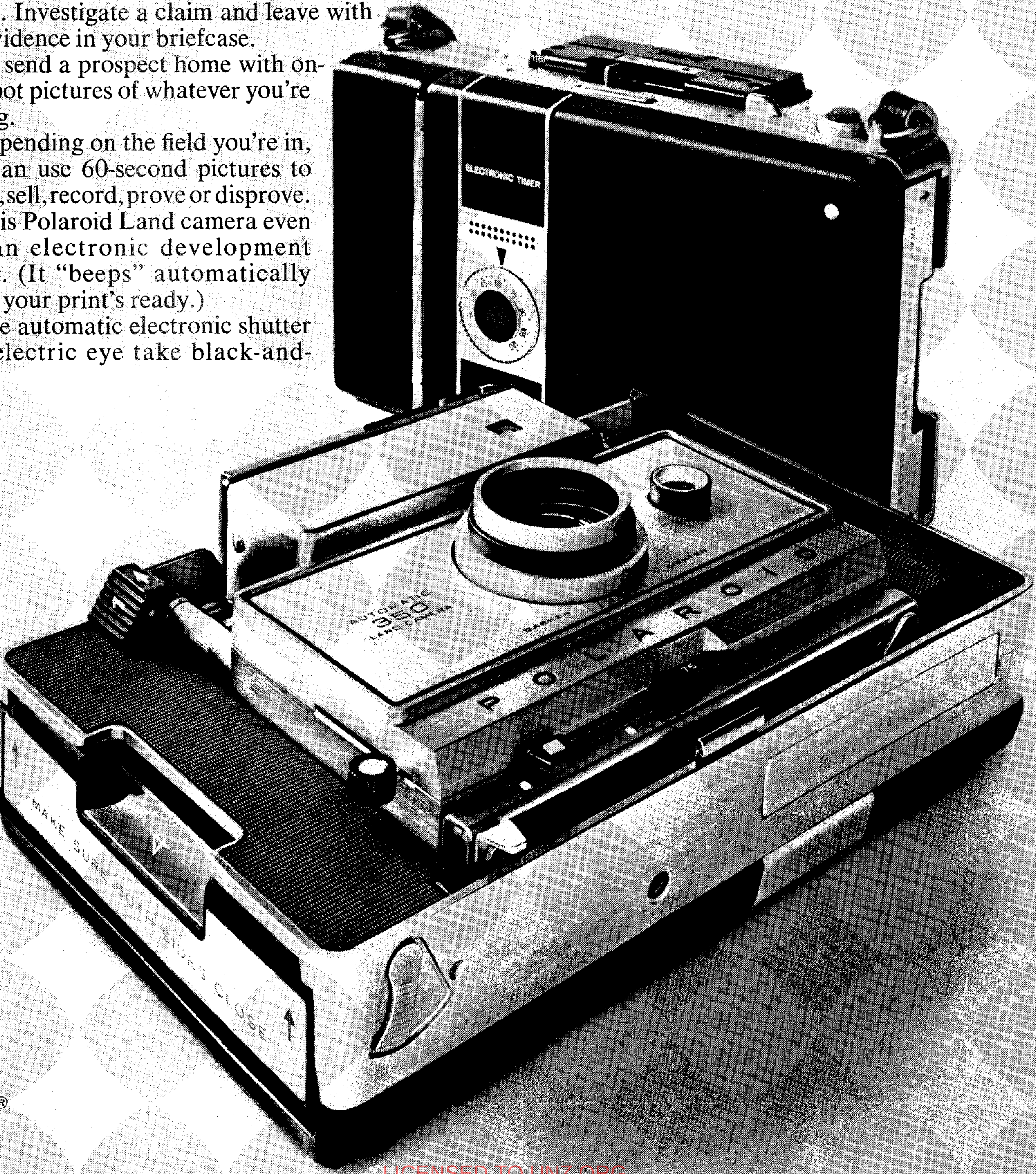
This Polaroid Land camera even has an electronic development timer. (It "beeps" automatically when your print's ready.)

The automatic electronic shutter and electric eye take black-and-white pictures in almost any light. Color time exposures up to 10 seconds long. And perfectly exposed flash shots, automatically.

A single-window Zeiss Ikon rangefinder-viewfinder (German made) also frames your picture as you focus.

And with optional accessories you can even get close-ups as close as 9 inches.

It's too clever to leave at the office on weekends.



Polaroid®

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Get packing or just go out to play in the sunshine wearing our pants outfittery of Dacron® polyester double-knit. In yellow or navy with white for 6 to 16 sizes, $56. Young Elite® Dress Collections. Mail, phone orders filled.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Guild's third annual young sculptors competition; through May 28. (797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, also period rooms and fixtures; through Sept. 7. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. . . . ¶ Nineteenth-century American drawings by Homer, Eakins, Sargeant, and others; also architectural drawings. Through May 31. . . . ¶ Over three hundred items of medieval art, including gems, manuscripts, stained glass, textiles, sculptures, and works in enamel, metal, and ivory, done between 1180 and 1220, the period when the cathedrals of Chartres, Reims, and Notre Dame, and the first palace of the Louvre were built. The exhibition, which represents the emergence of the Gothic style, comprises borrowings from fourteen countries, including the United States. Through Sunday, May 10. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Forty paintings by Frank Stella, dating from 1959 and covering the entire range of his work; through May 31. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty items and photographs of Art Nouveau by designer-architect Hector Guimard (1867-1942), including furniture, textiles, graphics, and industrial objects; through Sunday, May 10. . . . ¶ Fifty etchings done by Joan Miró between 1965 and 1968; through Monday, May 11. . . . ¶ Drawings of architectural ideas by Theo van Doesburg, leading De Stijl painter; through June 7. . . . ¶ Works in which photographs are given the illusion of solidity through various mediums; through July 5. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth annual show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Twelve large sculptures by Robert Morris, prominent for his experiments with different styles and materials; through May 31. . . . ¶ Five large paintings dealing with slavery and contemporary political personages by Thomas Nast, America's leading cartoonist of the nineteenth century; through Sunday, May 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Fifty-eight works of Asian art borrowed from museums and private collections in the United States, including Chinese and Japanese scrolls, sculptures in stone and bronze, precious objects, illuminated manuscripts, porcelains, and decorative arts; through June 7. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design, Third Ave. at 7th St.—Drawings by forty artists, including Rosenquist, de Kooning, Johns, Lindner, Steinberg, and Glarner; through Saturday, May 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Works by, among others, Indiana, Nauman, and Ortman, in holography, a new technique for super-realistic images; through June 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Behind the scenes with Rouben Ter-Arutunian—original costume and stage designs; through June 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings in honor of the centennial of the death of Charles Dickens, documenting not only his achievements as a novelist but also his dramatic and philanthropic interests; through July 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the "Book of Job;" through July 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one "conceptual" artists from seven different countries; through Aug. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A charming group of watercolors and sketches, done by Baroness Hyde de Neuville during her stays in the United States from 1807 to 1814 and 1816 to 1822, of landscapes and figures (many of Indians, understandably). . . . ¶ Paintings, lithographs, and engravings depicting New York harbor in its early idyllic days, when the air was fair; through June 14. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Rare books and manuscripts drawn from the Library's Lenox Collection; through June 3. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Over a hundred African objects (masks, figures, musical instruments, textiles, jewelry, and artifacts), together with a sampling of the Western art they inspired; through June 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz," conducted by Emerson Buckley and staged by James Lucas. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Saverio Mercadante's "Il Giuramento." Staged by Tito Capobianco, with the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra conducted by Bruno Maderna. (Juilliard Theatre, Lincoln Center. Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, at 8:15, and Sunday, May 17, at 2. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lorin Maazel conducting—Monday, May 11, at 7:30 (with Mr. Maazel acting as violin soloist, and with David Nadien, also violin); and Thursday, May 14, at 8:30; Friday, May 15, at 2; Saturday, May 16, at 8:30; and Monday, May 18, at 7:30 (all with Israela Margalit, piano).

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting the final concert of the season, with Lili Kraus, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, May 9, at 8:30.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler conducting a performance of Offenbach's "The Tales of Hoffmann" in concert form. The final offering of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 362-1911.)

Dessoff Choirs—Thomas A. Sokol directing a program of sixteenth-century choral music in the Venetian style, with Stuart Gardner, organ, and a brass ensemble. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, May 8, at 8:30.)

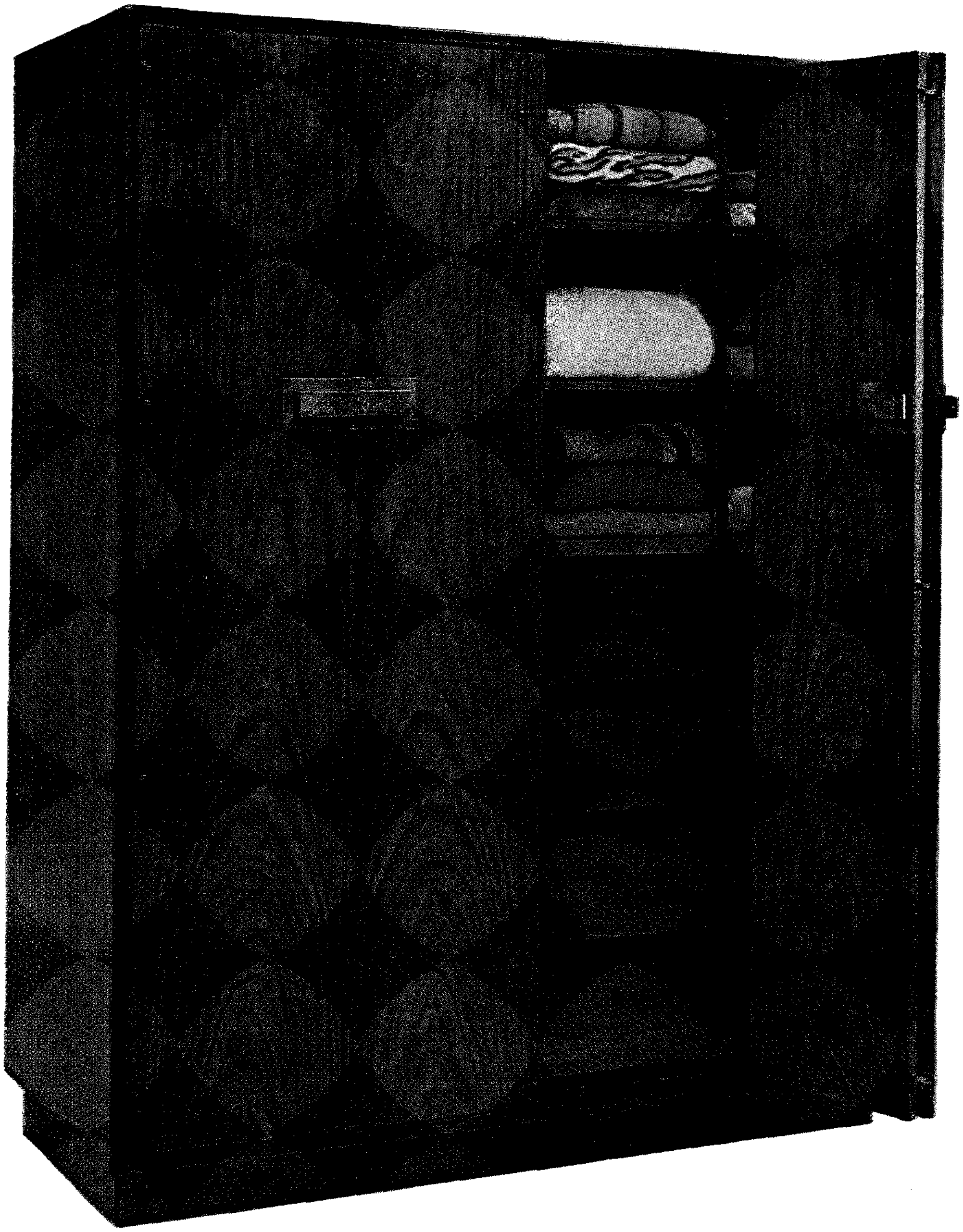
Syracuse University Chorus and Orchestra—Howard Boatwright directing a performance

Founders has a chest of Mozambique wood with enough drawers and shelves to house everything from your last safari to Mozambique. A chest to talk about after everyone's talked about your trophies. In all the world, only Founders makes fantastic chests and desks and tables and beds of exotic Mozambique veneers.

Sophisticated people like the simplest things.

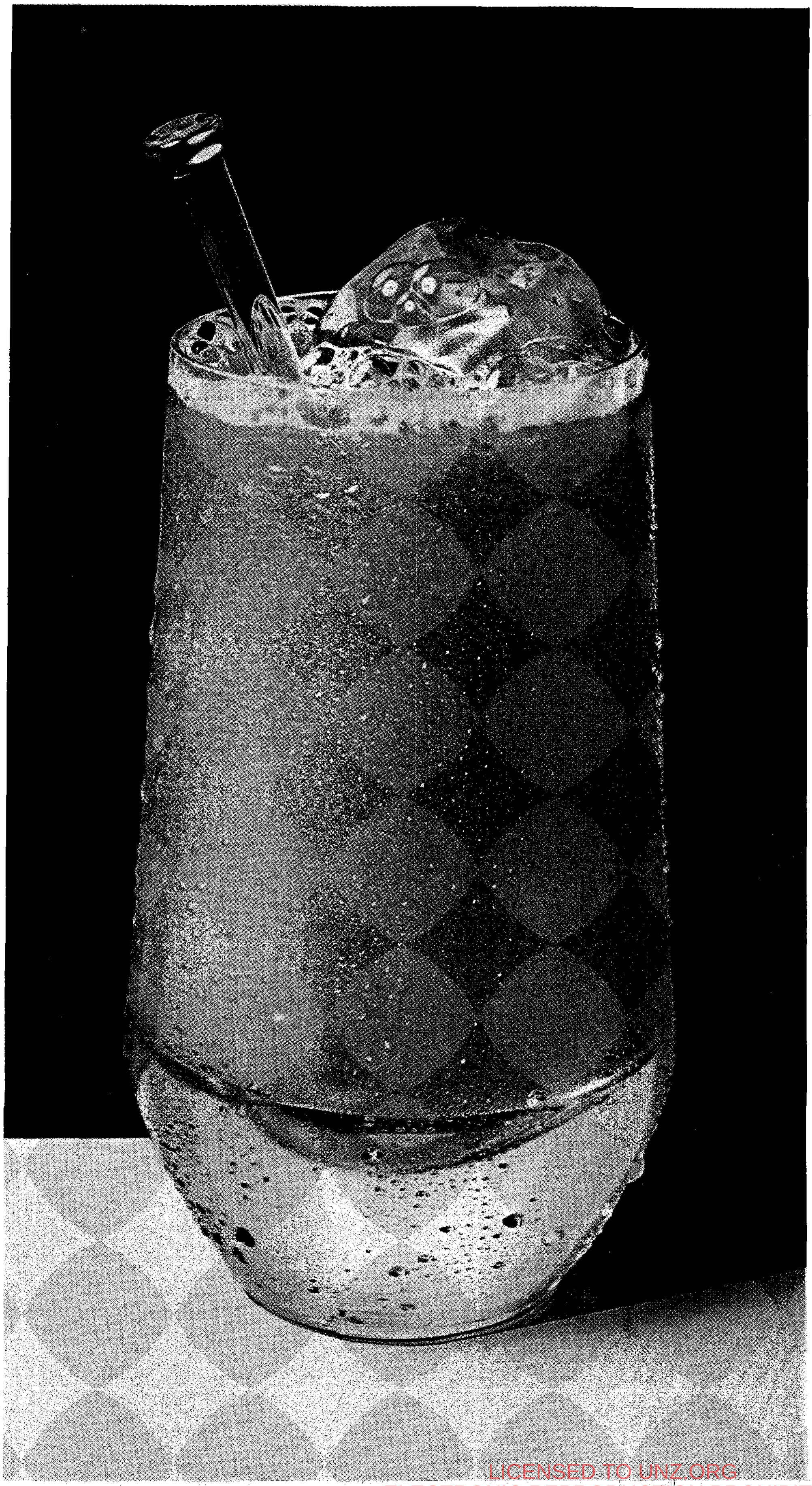
Founders Furniture, Inc., Pleasant Garden, North Carolina 27313

FOUNDERS
FURNITURE



FOUNDERS FURNITURE FROM Armstrong CREATORS OF THE INDOOR WORLD

RUM & ORANGE.
IT'S A SCREWDRIVER MADE WITH RUM.
DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.



A screwdriver tastes like orange juice. Vodka, which is virtually tasteless, does nothing for it. But it does do something to it. It makes the orange juice taste thinner.

A Rum & Orange tastes like orange juice, too. But rum does have a taste. A taste that complements the orange juice. So rum doesn't make it taste thinner. It makes it taste better.

At least Puerto Rican Rum does. It's not dark and sweet and syrupy like rum from other countries.

Ours is light and clear and dry. With no bite or strong aroma. Because all Puerto Rican Rums are distilled at high proof. And aged. And filtered with charcoal for added smoothness.

Try the taste. Make it like a screwdriver, but make it with white or silver Puerto Rican Rum.

PUERTO RICAN RUM

A FREE RUM RECIPE BOOK IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING.
WRITE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO, 666 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 10019.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Doris Mayes, mezzo-soprano; Blake Stern, tenor; and Donald Miller and Daniel Walsh, baritones. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 14, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing, with soloists and the Orchestra of America. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 15, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Benny Goodman and Peter Serkin—Clarinet and piano, with assisting artists, in a benefit chamber-music concert. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 6, at 8:30.)

Minoru Nojima—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 6, at 8:30.)

George Shirley and Margaret Kalil—Tenor and soprano, in a benefit concert. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 8, at 8:30.)

Amadeus String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, May 8, at 8:30, the second in a series of three all-Mozart programs. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, May 9, at 8:30, a varied program. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, May 13, at 8:40, the last in a series of programs—by different quartets—presenting the Beethoven cycle.)

Doris Pines—Piano, in an all-Godowsky benefit recital, with Walter Hendl and Leonid Hambro, also piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 9, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Amadeus String Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Sunday, May 10, at 3. Tickets at the box office on the afternoon of the concert.)

Fine Arts Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 10, at 8:15, an all-Beethoven program, and Wednesday, May 13, at 8:15, a varied program.)

Murray Perahia—Piano, in a recital postponed from March 16. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Monday, May 11, at 8:30.)

Michael Webster—Clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 11, at 8:30.)

Voytek Matushevski—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 12, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

"Years of Casals"—An exhibit of memorabilia, plus photographs by Albert E. Kahn, of the Maestro; through June 1. (Juilliard School, 65th St. between Broadway and Amsterdam Ave. Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Mothers of Invention with Frank Zappa, Insect Trust, and Sea Train—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, at 8 and 11:30.

Peter, Paul & Mary—Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, at 8:30.

Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 10, at 8:30.

Creedence Clearwater Revival—With others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 13, at 8.)

Grateful Dead and New Riders of the Purple Sage—Fillmore East. Friday, May 15, at 8 and 11:30.

Guess Who, Cold Blood, and Buddy Miles—Fillmore East. Saturday, May 16, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday and Thursday, May 6-7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday, May 8, at 8:05; Saturday, May 9, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 10, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Montreal, Monday, May 11, at 8:05, and Tuesday, May 12, at 2:05. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, May 15, at 8, and Saturday, May 16, at 2.

Boxing—Marcel Cerdan, Jr., vs. Donato Paduano, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, May 11. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 9.)

Dog Show—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Hempstead. Saturday, May 16.)

Horse Show—Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 8-10.)

Hunt Racing—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 9.). . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Wellsville, Pa. Saturday, May 16.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 23. The Withers, Saturday, May 9; the Youthful, Wednesday, May 13; and the Acorn, Saturday, May 16. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, May 30. The Camden Handicap, Saturday, May 16. . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 16.

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, May 9, at 1.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, May 25. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: The final children's concerts of the season, conducted by Peter Ustinov (who will also act as narrator) and Alfredo Bonavera. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, May 9, at 12:10 and 2:30.). . . AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "The Mikado." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, May 9, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . DRAGON MARIONETTES: "Cinderella," Saturday, May 9, at 2. . . . ¶ "Puss in Boots," Saturday, May 16, at 2. (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336.). . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, May 9, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Sunday, May 10, and Saturday, May 16, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.). . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Pinocchio." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 3:30.). . . PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE: "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," Wednesday, May 6. . . . ¶ "Wizard of Oz," Thursday, May 14. . . . ¶ "Annie Oakley and Buffalo Bill," Friday, May 15. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 10.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Zodiac: Realm of Wandering Stars." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In CENTRAL PARK: A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include kids, lambs, deer, monkeys, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.). . . ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a variety of small animals, among them lambs, piglets, kids, and prairie dogs. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

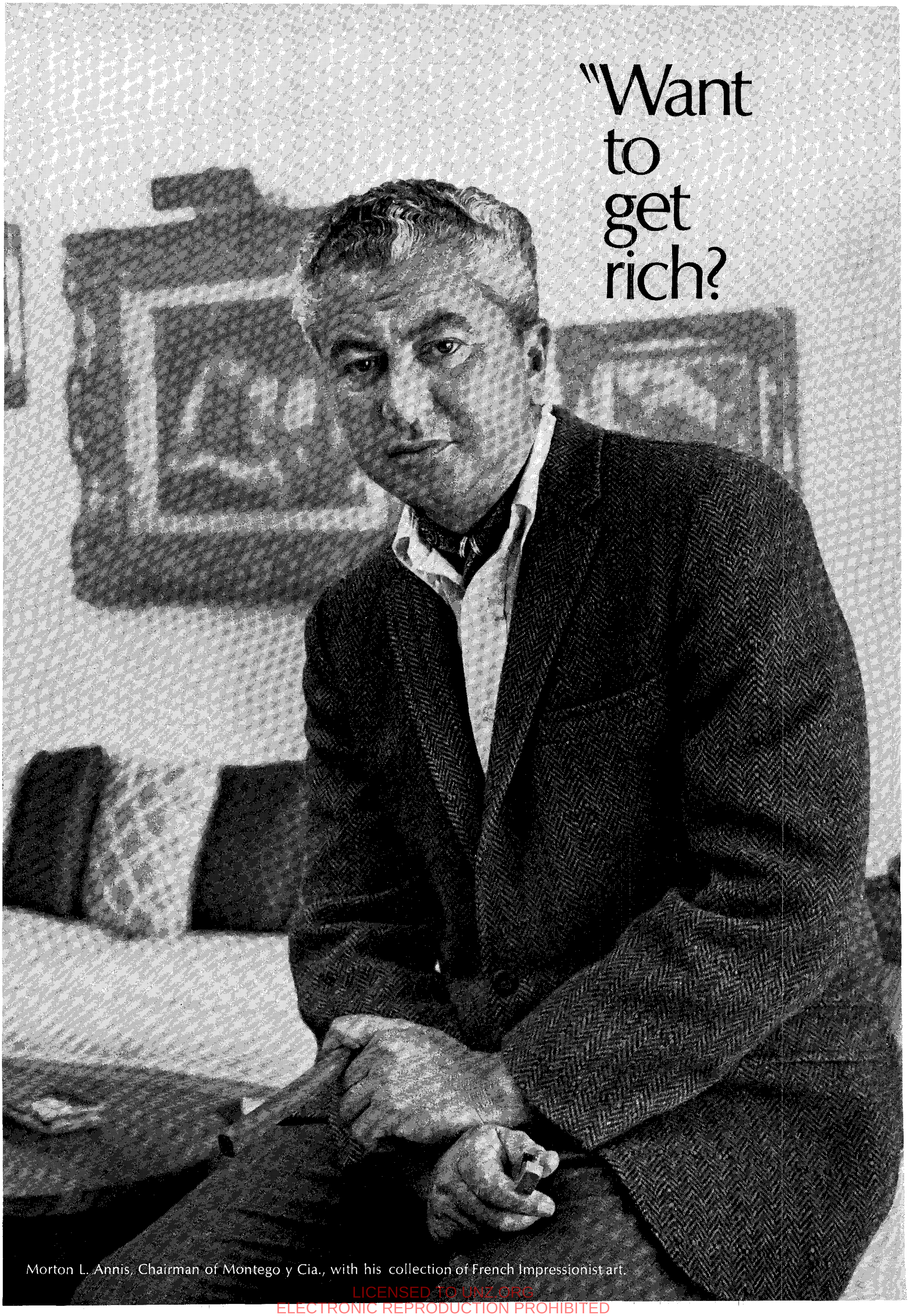
ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays

HURRY
SEND FOR

"The Status Safari." An adventurous style in brown and white turtle, lizard or jaguar cotton prints for Summer exploring. 8-16. 130.00 Slightly higher on the West Coast. Write 691 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Elizabeth Arden
The Only Place That Puts You Together


"Want
to
get
rich?

Morton L. Annis, Chairman of Montego y Cia., with his collection of French Impressionist art.

Go into the cigar business!"

Just make the best cigar money can buy. Thousands of men will pay a handsome price for a truly superb imported hand made cigar. Here's all you do:

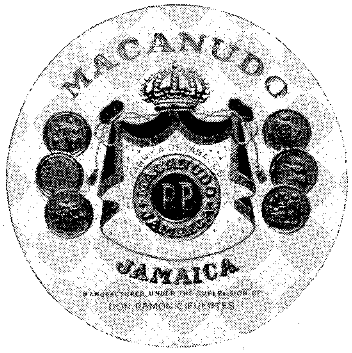
1. Buy a cigar factory. Like the century-old Soutar plant in Jamaica, West Indies. A great place to make cigars the old way, slowly and by hand. Tropic sun, cool mountain air, moist trade winds. Just like Havana.

2. Seek out a top Cuban *"experto."* Don Ramon Cifuentes, the master craftsman of *"Partagas" and "Ramon Allones"* fame.

3. Send a team of leaf tobacco pros on a search through three continents. Buy the kind of cigar tobacco few can afford. If you want to make money, you have to spend money.

4. Hire the best hand craftsmen on the Island. Native *"tabaqueros"* who through five generations have perfected the art of rolling cigars *entirely by hand.*

5. Now take a year or two if necessary to test-smoke hundreds of combinations to arrive at a perfect marriage of filler, binder and wrapper... *the blend supreme!*



It all sounds too complicated?

You don't have the time?

The money? The patience? The know-how?

Well, I've done it all for you! I present MACANUDO the magnificent! A new cigar to enrich your life. You have my word that no other cigar in all the world can match Macanudo for smoothness, –flavor and bouquet. *Rich, robust and hearty,* Macanudo's rare aroma brings back fond memories of the great luxury cigars of bygone days.

So, you're not going to get rich in the cigar business.

But at least you can enjoy the richest cigar the business has to offer !

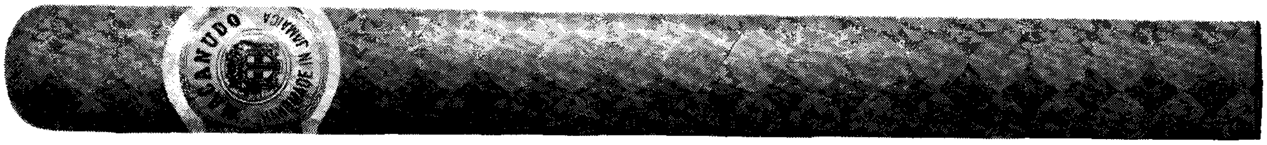
Macanudo is *completely hand made* in 8 distinctive shapes and 2 elegant wrapper shades... *Jade,* the ultra-mild light green Candela, and *Café* the rich, nut-brown sun grown English Market selection.

At select tobacconists, exclusive restaurants, the famous humidors of Alfred Dunhill of London.*

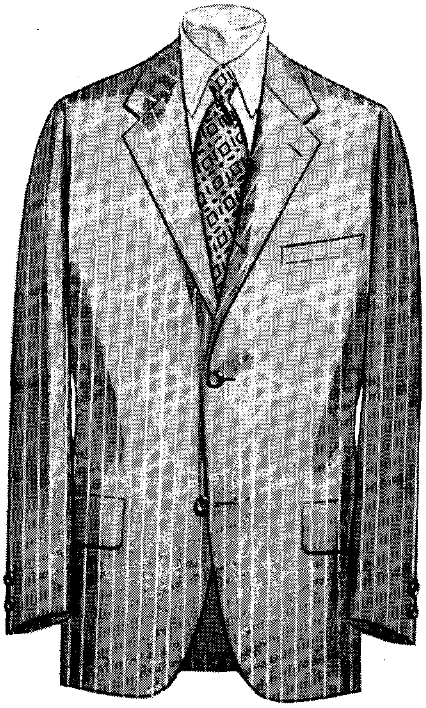
Morton L. Annis

These superb hand made cigars are necessarily limited in production and may therefore be difficult to find. I have chosen only the finest stores who can do justice to a truly great product. For the name and address of your nearest Authorized Macanudo Dealer, write Montego y Cia., P.O. Box 418, Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10016.

MACANUDO
To enrich your life.
45¢ to $2



BARON DE ROTHSCHILD...the international favorite...75¢



$95

a most popular Brooks Brothers tropical...
OUR EXCLUSIVE LIGHTWEIGHT SUIT
OF BLENDED DACRON-AND-WORSTED

This good-looking suit—so cool and comfortable for either business or travel in warm weather—is of a 7-ounce blend of Dacron polyester and worsted...with a softness of hand and fine tailoring not usually found in washable suits. We offer it on our 3-button model, in Glenurquhart plaids, stripes and solids in many colorings...as well as putty shade on a welted-edge model with patch pockets. Coat and trousers.

Price slightly higher west of the Rockies.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE & 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH • SAN FRANCISCO • SCARSDALE • WASHINGTON

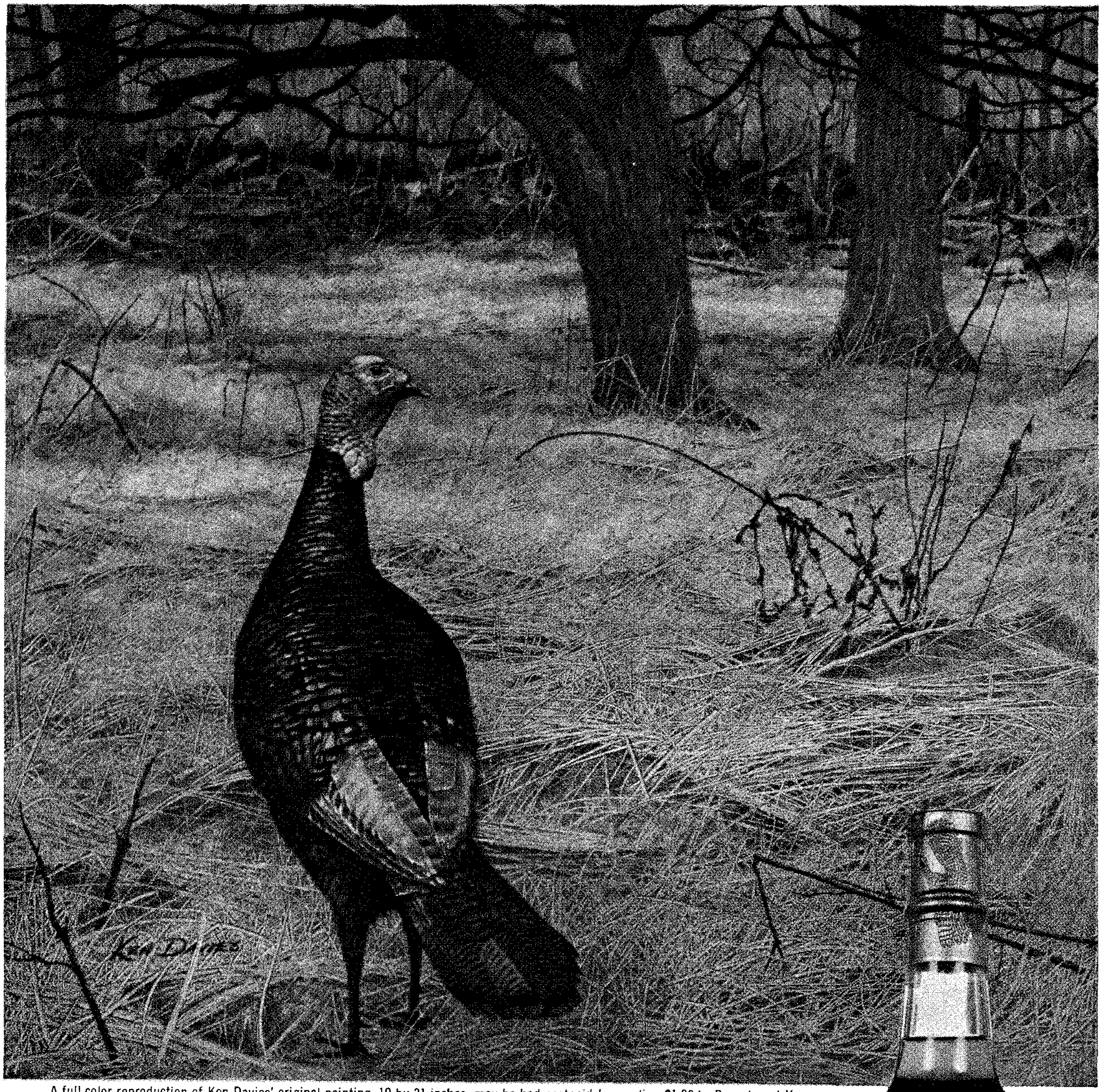
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

GARDENS—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 12, from 2 to 5:30, in a benefit exhibition. Those on display belong to Mr. and Mrs. August Heckscher, 159 E. 94th St.; Mrs. Dorothy Hirshon, 911 Park Ave.; Miss Hope Dewar Hendler, 60 E. 80th St.; Mrs. Hebard Morris, 55 E. 72nd St.; Mrs. Gordon McAlpin Pyle, 216 E. 61st St.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Gleaves, 220 E. 61st St.; and Miss Melanie Kahane, 251 E. 61st St. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 1.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 6, at 10:15: Ballet books, prints, and scores; duplicates from the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library. ...¶ Wednesday, May 6, at 2: Paintings, watercolors, and drawings depicting costume and stage design for plays, ballets, and operas; from a number of sources....¶ Wednesday, May 6, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, by such artists as Seurat, Cézanne, Matisse, and Kandinsky; from various collections....¶ Saturday, May 9, at 2: Furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors. ...¶ Tuesday, May 12, at 2: Snuff bottles, from the collection of Mrs. Elmer A. Claar. ...¶ Wednesday, May 13, at 2: English and American silver, from many owners. Exhibition starts Friday, May 8....¶ Wednesday, May 13, at 8: Impressionist and post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures by such artists as Rouault, Utrillo, Matisse, and Giacometti; from several sources. Exhibition starts Friday, May 8....¶ Thursday, May 14, at 10:15 and 2: Wedgwood, Meissen, Vienna, and other European porcelains; from various collectors, among them the late Leopold R. Gellert. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 9....¶ Thursday, May 14, at 8: Abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Lichtenstein, Warhol, Pollock, and others; from many owners. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. Exhibition starts Friday, May 8.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nine programs in a series of Japanese films, some without English titles: May 6 at 2 and 5:30, "There Was a Father" (1942); May 7 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Bad Boys" (1960); May 8 at 2 and 5:30, "One Wonderful Sunday" (1947); May 9 at 3, "The Human Condition" (1959); May 10 at 2 and 5:30, "A Cat, One Man, Two Women" (1956); May 11 at 8 and May 12 at 2 and 5:30, "Apostasy" (1961); May 13 at 2 and 5:30, "Nakano Army School" (1967); May 14 at 2 and 5:30, "The Four Seasons of Childhood, Part I" (1939); May 14 at 8, "The Four Seasons of Childhood, Part II" (1939)....¶ May 9 at 11:30: "Road to Life" (1931), a Russian film....¶ May 11 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Marie Antoinette" (1938), with Norma Shearer and Tyrone Power. (A limited number of reservations are available, but *only to those applying for them in person* at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.) ...**NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—May 6: "The Major and the Minor" (1942), with Ginger Rogers and Ray Milland....¶ May 7: "The Flame of New Orleans" (1941), with Marlene Dietrich and Roland Young....¶ May 8: "One Hour with You" (1932), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald....¶ May 9: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), with Charles Laughton and Mary Boland....¶ May 10: "World Première" (1941), with John Barrymore and Frances Farmer....¶ May 13: "My Little Chickadee" (1940), with Mae West and W. C. Fields....¶ May 14: "Destry Rides Again" (1939), with Marlene Dietrich and James Stewart. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)



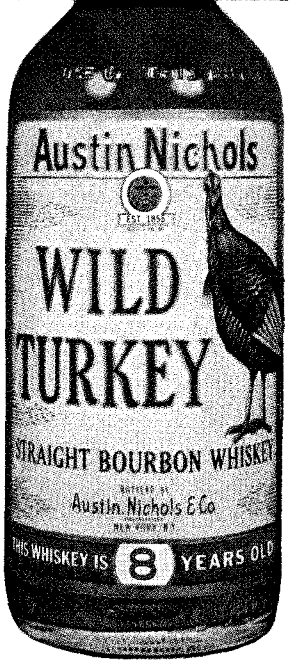
A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 by 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to Department Y, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

The Responsibility of Being the Best—

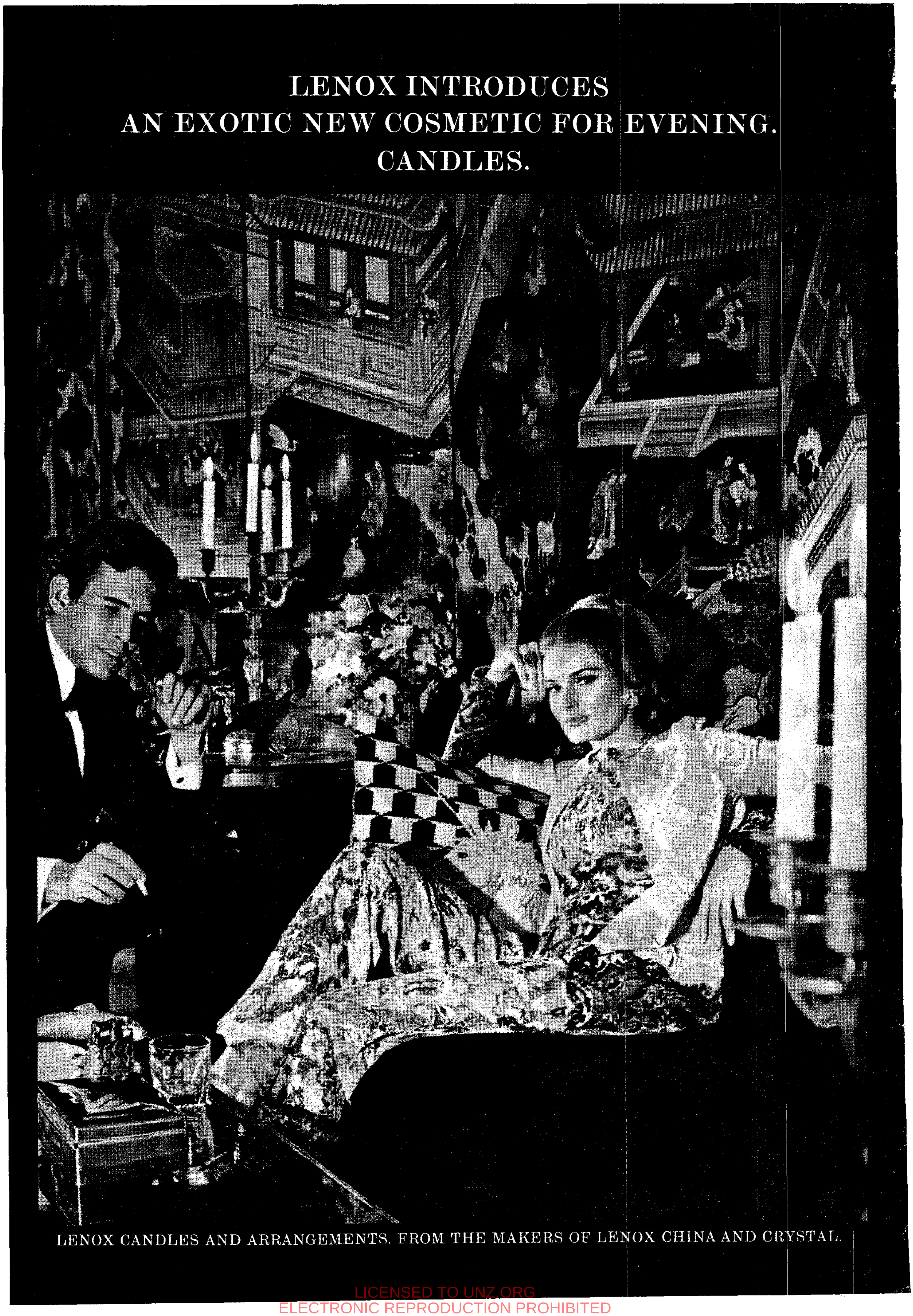
There is always one best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.


Austin Nichols
EST 1855
WILD TURKEY
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Austin Nichols & Co
THIS WHISKEY IS 8 YEARS OLD

101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York



LENOX INTRODUCES
AN EXOTIC NEW COSMETIC FOR EVENING.
CANDLES.

LENOX CANDLES AND ARRANGEMENTS. FROM THE MAKERS OF LENOX CHINA AND CRYSTAL.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Anne of the Thousand Days—Richard Burton as a mild Henry VIII, who lets himself be pushed around by Anne Boleyn (Genevieve Bujold). Well written, well acted, but rather wan. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty; she is the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her callous sexuality. Directed by Joseph von Sternberg. In German. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 7.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—Dyan Cannon (who has the smallest nose since Jane Wyman) and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage in this lively, deft comedy by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, who wrote last year's "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!" and who may just be the best new comedy team in Hollywood. With Natalie Wood and Robert Culp. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; through May 12.)

The Boys in the Band—A movie of Mart Crowley's play—written in faggot vernacular—about a gathering of homosexuals at a birthday party. The text has been preserved as if the quips were ageless; the movie disproves this supposition. Directed by William Friedkin, who emphasizes the suffering and heartbreak, and fails to freshen the comedy. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Cactus Flower—A movie derived from the kind of Broadway play that drives us to the movies. Full of those unnaturally fast commercial quips that one night, in a state of extreme exhaustion, find fairly funny. With Walter Matthau as the dentist, Ingrid Bergman as his assistant, and Goldie Hawn as his mistress—talking, talking, talking. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking heart masochistic. Not top-drawer Chaplin, but still pleasant. With Merna Kennedy. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 13.)

Downhill Racer—How Robert Redford wins the Olympic downhill race. The story is thin but the ski footage is exciting, and the film has a lot of zip. Michael Ritchie directed. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 12.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—About a grand dinner party, which the guests mysteriously can't quit. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting May 8.)

Fellini Satyricon—The pre-Christian Roman world as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. A tired, oppressive movie, with many freaky people exhibiting their grossness or abnormalities and making faces to tell us they're soulless. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

La Femme Infidèle—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

Hello, Dolly!—A great star (Barbra Streisand) redeems an impersonal big circus of a show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Intimate Lighting—Country people, their love of music, and their eccentricities. Ivan Passer's little droll comedy may be the closest thing lately to the English thatched-roof comedies of the fifties. A Czechoslovakian film. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through May 7.)

John and Mary—It's meant to be magical modern romance. There's no magic, but it *is* clever—in a skimpy sort of way. Dustin Hoffman picks up Mia Farrow at a singles bar, and everybody expects them to make box-office music. Peter Yates directed. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 13.)

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14		

The Liberation of L. B. Jones—William Wyler's melodrama about the modern South may please blacks more than it pleases whites, and it's easy to see why. A bit player named Brenda Sykes has the most beautiful face to hit the screen since Elizabeth Taylor was a child. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through May 12.)

M*A*S*H—The best American war comedy since sound came in. With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman give fine performances as the cowboy and his seedy pal Ratso in John Schlesinger's garish interpretation of the book by James Leo Herlihy. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 12.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—One of the silliest and funniest pictures ever made: a lunatic musical satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Andy Clyde, Ben Turpin, and Lyda Roberti, singing "It's Terrific." The Mankiewicz brothers (Herman J. and Joseph L.) worked together on this one, and Edward Cline directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 8-11.)

Mississippi Mermaid—A gently absurd thriller that really works only as a story about a certain kind of sacrosanct romantic love. Written and directed by Truffaut, with Belmondo as a rich colonialist and Catherine Deneuve as a mail-order bride. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Monika (1952)—Harriet Andersson in a great performance early in her career, in one of Ingmar Bergman's most interesting, least-seen movies. In Swedish. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 14.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous film about four people in Clermont-Ferrand—a drolly solemn engineer (Jean-Louis Trintignant), a Marxist professor, a quizzical beauty qualified as a doctor who wraps herself naked in a white fur rug and listens to the engineer discussing Pascal half the night, and a blonde whom he knows he's going to marry. The film has some of the qualities of a great short story by de Maupassant. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Oliver Twist (1948)—David Lean directed this phantasmagoric version of the Dickens novel, with Alec Guinness as the sly, depraved Fagin. Robert Newton is Bill Sikes, Kay Walsh is Nancy, John Howard Davies is Oliver, Anthony Newley is the Artful Dodger. The movie is beautifully done, although in its fidelity to Dickens' attack on cruelty it is sometimes a bit hard on the audience (children may be frightened by the murder of Nancy). (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; May 10-11.)

Patton—George C. Scott as Patton in an epic designed to satisfy those who think he was crazy and those who think he was great, but not those who don't just want to have their prejudices greased. Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Popi (1969)—Alan Arkin as a Puerto Rican father teaching his young sons how to pass as orphans and Cuban refugees. Directed by Arthur Hiller. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 12.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie (1969)—Maggie Smith's Jean Brodie is the kind of snobbish, romantic teacher that little girls get crushes on. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

La Ronde—The sex chestnut of the art houses of the fifties—censored then, now restored. Max Ophuls directed this graceful star-filled version of Schnitzler's play about a human chain of affairs. The ringmaster is Anton Walbrook. The ten pairs of couples include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, and Isa Miranda. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 7.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; Gunnar Björnstrand is his atheist squire. In Swedish. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; May 8-9.)

The Sicilian Clan—Henri Verneuil's efficient thriller, which has flashes of humorous bile that are a little like Hitchcock's. There is a fine piece of hi-jacking in the plot, with a jet making a landing on a New York highway under construction. Jean Gabin, Alain Delon. In French. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's picture is a fine, gentle study of adultery and its consequences. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting May 11.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—A modern comedy-romance in an improvisatory style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting May 11.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 13.)

Sympathy for the Devil—Jean-Luc Godard's film about revolution in motion. The Rolling Stones are rehearsing a song; the world outside, likewise fidgety, at work, changing, and constantly falling apart, seems to be rehearsing something too. Godard makes his own special use of interviews, readings in bookshops, political cant spilled into tape-recorders. This is a beautiful picture, ferocious and poetic. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Jane Fonda is first-rate as Gloria, the hard, funny, knowing girl who expects nothing and gets it, in Sydney Pollack's heavy-handed but effective version of Horace McCoy's thirties novel. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 13.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day—to Be Caught in the Rain?" and "Cheek to Cheek;" and it's a lovely movie. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 12-14.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her—Godard's film about a lower-middle-class wife (Marina Vlady) who idly takes to prostitution to buy herself a sweater and some American cigarettes. The "her" of the title seems to be Paris, not the heroine. Laid over the picture, often nearly drowned by sounds of traffic and buildings under construction, there is the sound of Godard's voice whispering thoughts about philosophy, politics, filmmaking. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

La Vérité (1960)—Brigitte Bardot as a messy hippie in Henri-Georges Clouzot's messy, self-serious courtroom drama. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through May 10.)

The Wages of Fear (1953)—The most exciting French melodrama of the fifties. Henri-Georges Clouzot's Existential thriller about the responses of four men to a situation in which character no longer determines fate: they are driving trucks loaded with nitroglycerine over rough roads. With Yves Montand. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through May 10.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy's novel, in two parts. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600. Part I: Through May 7. Part II: May 8-14.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—An Ingmar Bergman film with many great images; Victor Sjöstrom plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; May 8-9.)

Women in Love—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make an extravagant, sensuous experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. Read the book first; then go to the film for the virtuoso tableaux and for Glenda Jackson's bold, tense performance. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Wonder Bar (1934)—A huge Warner Brothers musical with Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, and everybody else on the lot. Busby Berkeley did the choreography, and Harry Warren and Al Dubin wrote the songs, which include "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?" and "Going to Heaven on a Mule." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through May 7.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of last summer's Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style, and the standard of sound recording is first-rate, but skeptics would be right to call the picture a media hype. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as George M. Cohan in a big, enjoyable musical well directed by Michael Curtiz. With Walter Huston. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through May 7.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's comedy-satire, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting May 8.)

Z—A political thriller with a purpose. "Z" demonstrates how Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. Directed for speed and suspense by the gifted young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Zabriskie Point—Antonioni's picture about America suffers from lassitude and inanity. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Note—At **town hall**, 113 W. 43rd (JU 2-4536): A series of Laurel-and-Hardy films. May 6 and 8, at 5:30: "The Bohemian Girl" (1936), "Hog Wild" (1930), and "Their First Mistake" (1932). . . . ¶ May 11-13 and 15, all at 5:30: "Pack Up Your Troubles" (1932), "Chickens Come Home" (1931), and "Scram" (1932). . . . **alice tully hall**, Lincoln Center (362-1911): The last two programs in a series of international films. May 7 at 6:30: "Signs of Life" (West German, 1968). . . . ¶ May 7 at 9:30: "Funnyman" (United States, 1967). . . . **brooklyn academy of music**, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-2434): The first two in a series of eight black-film programs. May 8 at 8: "Ten Nights in a Barroom" (1926) and "Sunlight" (early 1960s). . . . ¶ May 9 at 8: "Scar of Shame" (1929) and "Borom Saret" (1963).

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
ZABRISKIE POINT.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
Through May 14 (tentative): "Mandabi" (in Wolof).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 14 (tentative): "The Joke," a Czechoslovakian film.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 12: **POPI**; and "Last Summer" (1969), Barbara Hershey.
From May 13: **JOHN AND MARY**; and "A Flea in Her Ear" (1968), Rex Harrison, Rosemary Harris.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 12: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**
From May 13: "The Ballad of Cable Hogue," Jason Robards, Stella Stevens.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Diary of a Schizophrenic Girl" (in Italian).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Serafino" (in Italian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE SICILIAN CLAN (in French).

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WOODSTOCK.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
WOMEN IN LOVE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Zigzag," George Kennedy, Anne Jackson.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Bloody Mama," Shelley Winters, Pat Hingle.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Monique," Sibylla Kay.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
CACTUS FLOWER.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through May 12: **BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.**
From May 13: "Getting Straight," Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"riverrun," Louise Ober. (On Tuesday, May 12, the last showing will be at 4:30.)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
MISSISSIPPI MERMAID (in French).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 12: **THE LIBERATION OF L. B. JONES.**
From May 13: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"A Man Called Horse," Richard Harris, Judith Anderson.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Hi, Mom!," Robert De Niro.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through May 14 (tentative): "Early Works," a Yugoslav film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 7: **LA RONDE** (in French); and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German).
May 8-9: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** and **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (both in Swedish).
May 10-11: **OLIVER TWIST**; and "My Home Is Copacabana," a semi-documentary film.
May 12-13: A program of short films by Godard, Boroczyck, and others.
From May 14: **MONIKA** (in Swedish); and "Witchcraft Through the Ages" (1922).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 12: **DOWNHILL RACER.**
From May 13: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 7: **INTIMATE LIGHTING**, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Me" (in French).
From May 8: **YOJIMBO** (in Japanese); and **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** (in Spanish).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 12: "Love Is a Funny Thing" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Annie Girardot.
From May 13: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through May 10: **THE WAGES OF FEAR** and **LA VÉRITÉ** (both in French).
From May 11: **STOLEN KISSES** and **THE SOFT SKIN** (both in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through May 12: "Without a Stitch" (in Danish).
From May 13: "The Ballad of Cable Hogue," Jason Robards, Stella Stevens.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
PATTON.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID; and **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
WAR AND PEACE.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through May 10: "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film.
From May 11: "Leo the Last," Marcello Mastroianni, Billie Whitelaw.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Forbin Project," Eric Braeden, Susan Clark.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FELLINI SATYRICON (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"In Search of Gregory," Julie Christie, Michael Sarrazin.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Monique," Sibylla Kay.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Brotherly Love," Peter O'Toole, Susannah York.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film.

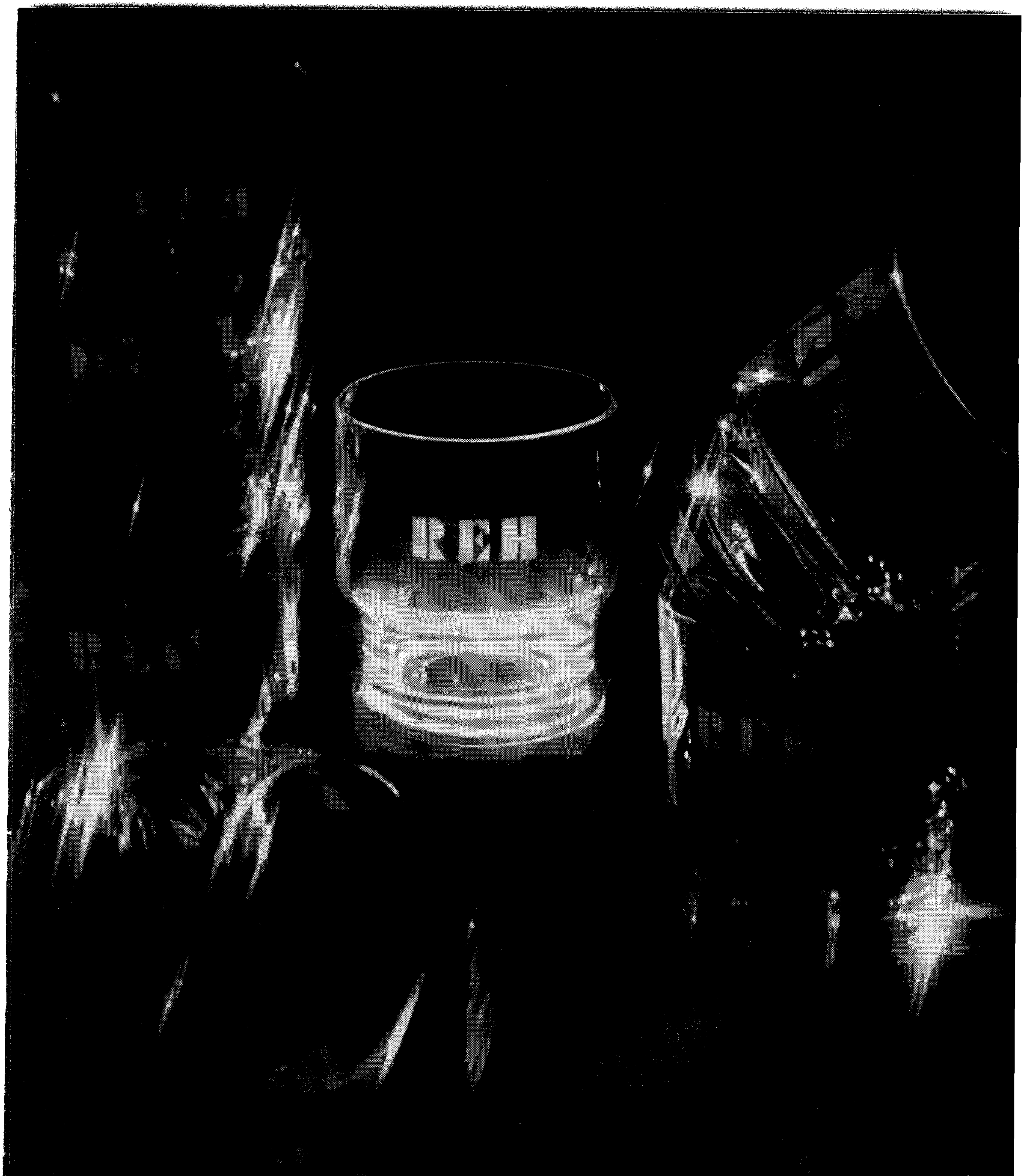
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
LA FEMME INFIDÈLE (in French); and "Trilogy," a film of three Truman Capote short stories, among them "A Christmas Memory."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 13: **TWO OR THREE THINGS I KNOW ABOUT HER** (in French).
From May 14: **TWO OR THREE THINGS I KNOW ABOUT HER** (in French); and "Earth Entranced" (in Portuguese).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 12: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**
From May 13: **THE CIRCUS** (silent); and **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 7: **YANKEE DOODLE DANDY**; and **WONDER BAR.**
May 8-11: **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**; and "Strawberry Blonde" (1941), Olivia de Havilland, James Cagney.
May 12-14: **TOP HAT**; and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941), Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 12: "Love Is a Funny Thing" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Annie Girardot.
From May 13: To be announced.



Cheers for a new shape in glass. Eight 12 oz. glasses 8.00.

Price includes two or three block initials. Allow three weeks for monogramming. Add 1.75 postage. Special Father's Day wrap 1.00. Mail orders to P.O. Box 2968, Dallas, Texas 75221. Texas residents add 4¼% sales tax.

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

Photo: Frank Lerner

olivetti is the office

And the Praxis 48, Olivetti's totally electric typewriter, takes the human frailties out of office work

The Praxis 48 is built with a unique Character Sensor. It actually has a memory. It actually prevents all the common typing errors.

Your spelling may flounder, but the memory does away with the needless errors that waste your precious time. The Praxis will not let you type ghost (ghost), pile up (piling) or space improperly (spaceimproperly)

No more counting back from the center everytime you type a title.

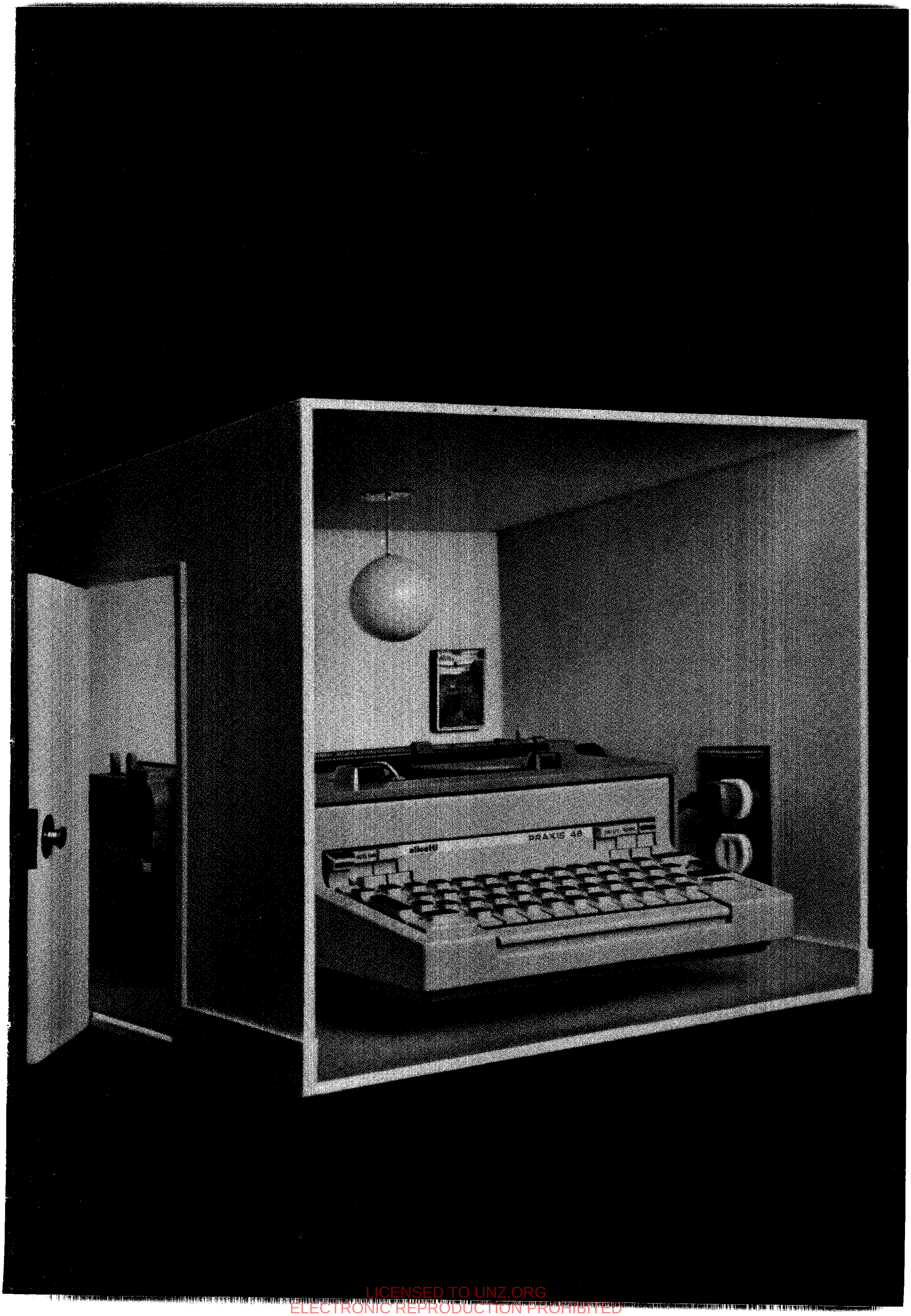
The Praxis centers titles automatically.

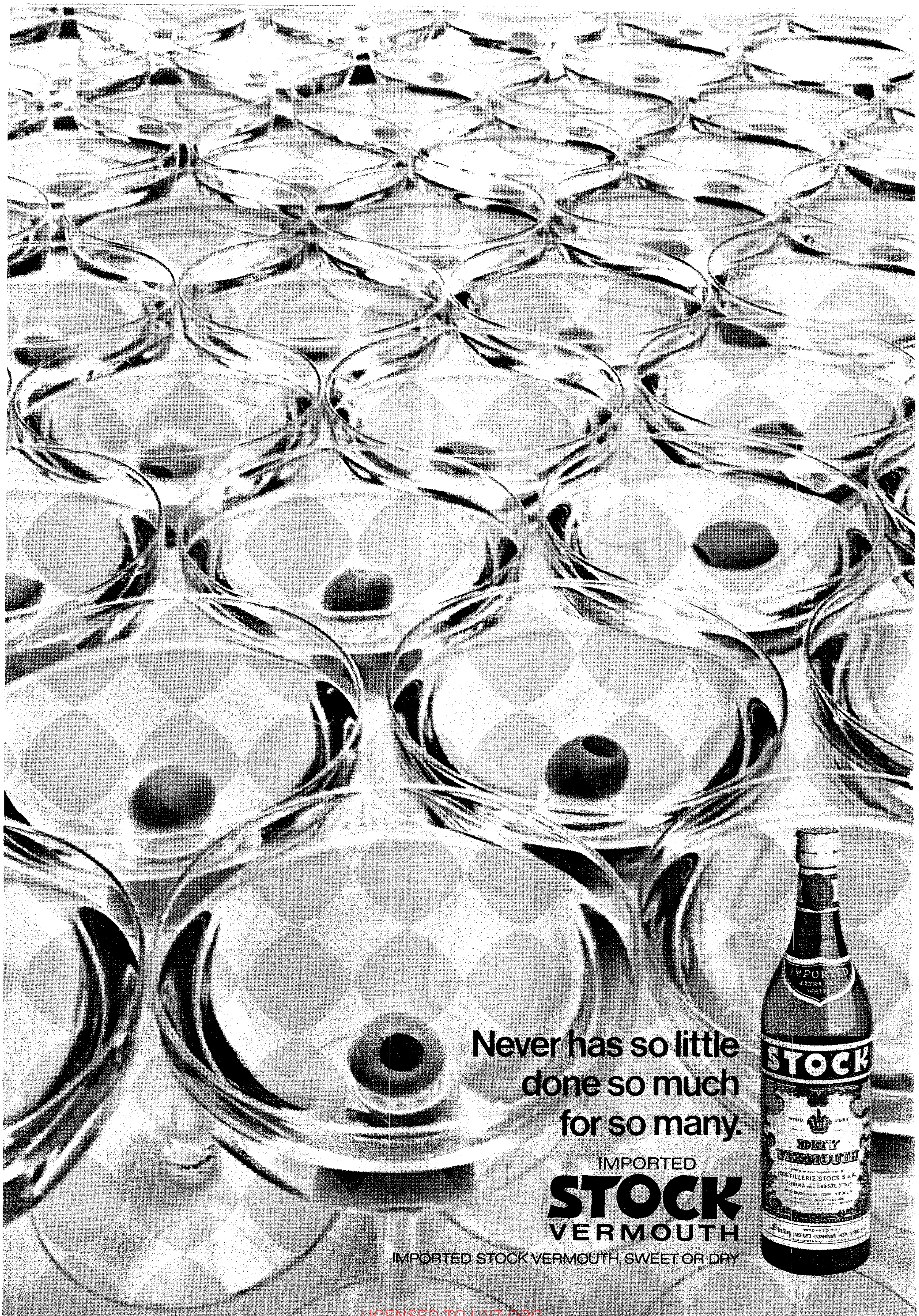
You can pound away to your heart's content. The Praxis 48 is a compact fortress of strength and reliability. It can run any office any size anywhere.

In conclusion. The Praxis will be deeply appreciated by people who like to surround themselves with tasteful and superbly-designed objects.

Interested? See the Praxis now at your Olivetti dealer. His name is listed in those famous Yellow Pages.

olivetti
praxis 48


olivetti
PRAXIS 48


Never has so little
done so much
for so many.
IMPORTED
STOCK
VERMOUTH
IMPORTED STOCK VERMOUTH, SWEET OR DRY
IMPORTED
STOCK
DRY
VERMOUTH
DISTILLERIE STOCK S.p.A.

7 facts about learning to fly.

Read how you can enjoy the exhilarating and adventurous world of flight.

1. Can Anyone Learn To Fly?

Almost anyone can be taught to take off and land, but becoming a well-rounded pilot is a different thing. It takes the kind of person who likes a challenge and can apply himself. The 750,000 people in the U.S. who fly—and the thousands who are taking it up right now—are people who relish the satisfaction of accomplishing something out of the ordinary.

2. What Are The Physical Requirements?

You just have to be in general good health. Common sense and mature judgment are the basic elements of a safe pilot. Only a simple physical examination is required. Eyeglasses are no deterrent. There is no maximum age limit. (16's the minimum age for solo.)

3. How Long Does It Take To Get A License?

The government requires a minimum of 35 hours of flight time for a Private License. Since you *are* flying while learning, the required hours are enjoyable and exciting. You learn at your leisure, and pay on a lesson-to-lesson basis.

4. How Complicated Is It To Learn?

You are introduced to the basic elements of flying one at a time. First, the effect of the controls . . . ease back on the wheel to climb, ease forward to descend . . . make turns by turning the wheel left or right to establish a bank. After several hours of practice you can handle the airplane instinctively—you're able to move confidently in the three-dimensional realm of flight.

Take-offs and landings are much simplified with modern tricycle landing gear. Landings are even easier with low wing design, as in the Piper Cherokee, because an invisible pillow of air builds up under your wing to cushion the touchdown.

When you start using an airplane for its real purpose—straight, swift transportation —you are amazed at the miraculous but simple-to-use electronic navigation aids that tell you exactly where you are.

5. What About All Those Instruments?

Sort them out and you find most are the same as on a car or boat—a clock, a compass, a speedometer, and engine instruments, plus an altimeter. The additional instruments provided in most modern panels include, for example, a dial that shows your rate of climb or descent, an artificial horizon that shows whether you're level, and a gyroscopic compass that remains steady in flight . . . all there to simplify your handling of the airplane.

6. Do You Have To Own An Airplane To Enjoy Flying?

Not necessarily so. It's very practical for you and two or three friends to share ownership in a new, over 130 mph Piper Cherokee. Since flying can be enjoyed all year round, a share can be a very sound investment. Many pilots join clubs or rent airplanes as you would a car.

7. Where Should I Learn To Fly?

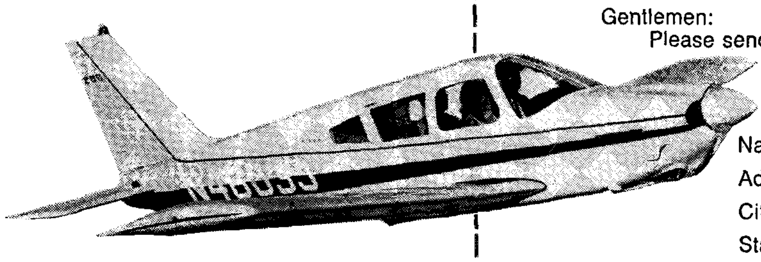
You'll learn best at a Piper Flite Center, which offers programmed aviation training with a complete 30-step system. The most modern training equipment is used and every instructor is a government-rated professional.

$5 For Your First Lesson

The first introductory lesson at a Piper Flite Center costs only $5. The Special Flying Start Course, available exclusively at Piper Flite Centers, offers four lessons, log book, and preliminary ground school instruction for only $88. Actually getting your pilot's license costs about the same as taking up golf or skiing. And when you can fly, it's something the whole family can enjoy with you.

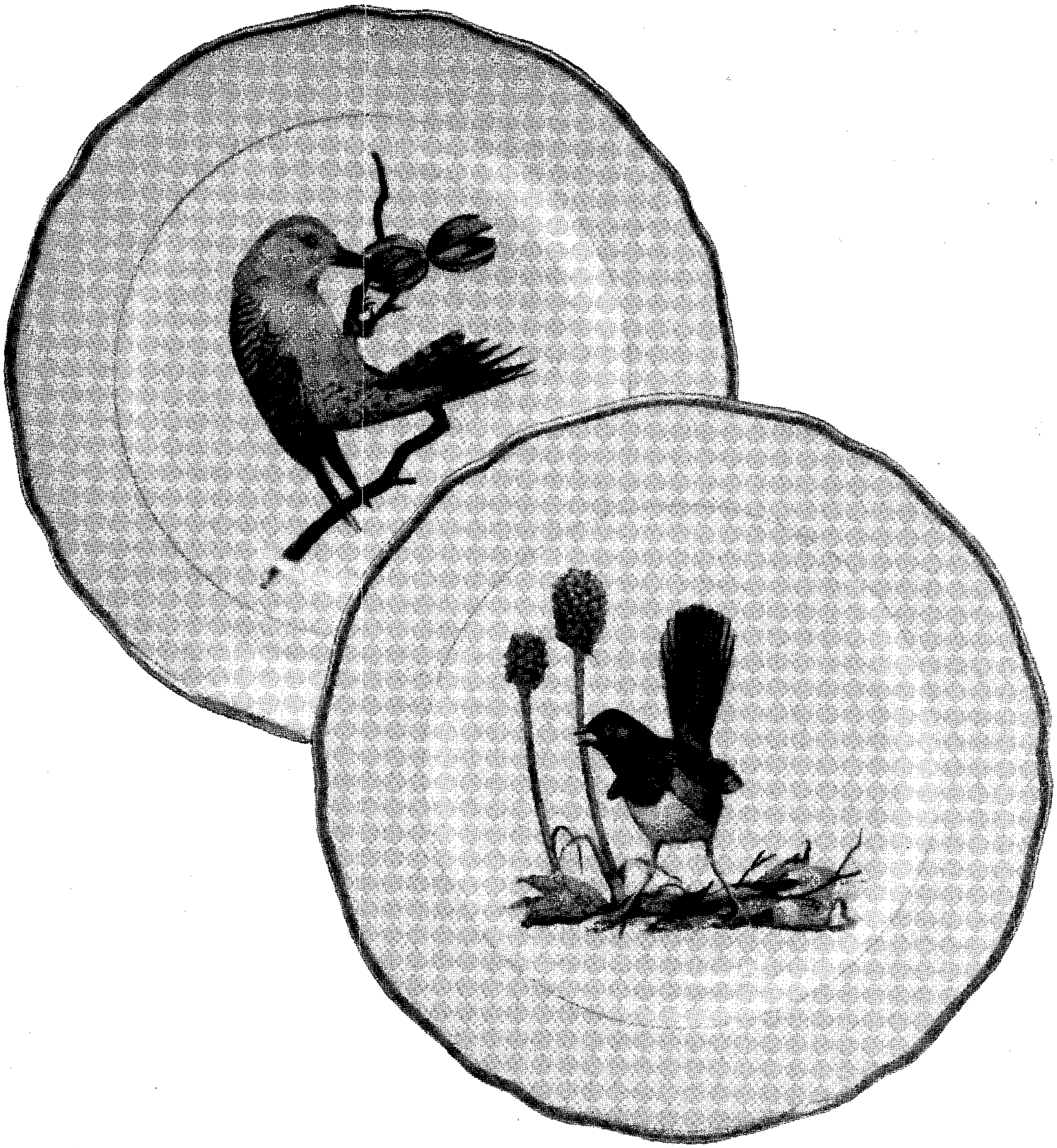
Act Now

Use the coupon below to get a complete Flight Information Kit which includes: Let's Fly! 20-page illustrated booklet on learning to fly / Piper Partnership booklet / Piper Pilot Magazine / Plus special money-saving first flight lesson coupon. Visit your Piper Flite Center (listed in the Yellow Pages) and try your first flight lesson. See if you're up to this exciting challenge.



Piper Aircraft Corporation, Lock Haven, Pa. 17745
Gentlemen:
Please send me my free FLIGHT INFORMATION KIT.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________________
State________ Zip________ Phone________
NY-5



AMERICAN SONGBIRDS... by Ray Harm on plates of Spode China... a series of twelve 9" plates in limited editions. The first two, ready now, are "Red-bellied Woodpecker" and "Rufous-sided Towhee". Each set of two, 55.00. The others, to arrive in pairs at intervals of a few weeks: "Barn Swallow", "Winter Wren", "Eastern Mockingbird", "Rose-breasted Grosbeak", "Eastern Bluebird", "Cardinal", "Steller's Jay", "Western Tanager", "Carolina Chickadee" and "American Goldfinch". Place your order now for the entire series. Fourth floor, Fifth Avenue, and branches.

B Altman & Co

THE NEW YORKER

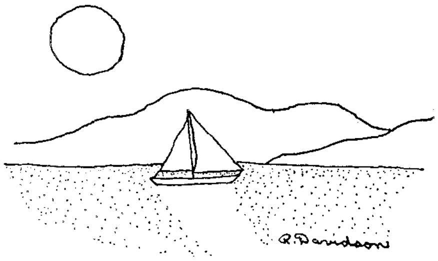
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PRESIDENT NIXON's decision to invade Cambodia and the speech he gave to justify it have precipitated one of the most dangerous crises in the nation's history. The arguments by which the President attempted to make this fateful escalation of the war appear a move toward de-escalation contained such extreme inconsistencies and such fundamental violations of logic that it becomes almost impossible to carry on rational debate in its aftermath. For example, the President was apparently unable to decide whether his action was designed to take advantage of what some members of the press have called a "golden opportunity"—afforded by the Cambodian government's momentary and highly doubtful support of our war effort—to eliminate a long-standing threat from North Vietnamese troops or whether he was responding to some fresh threat. He decided finally to have it both ways, and told us at the beginning of his speech that "in the last ten days" a new threat had appeared, and, later on in his speech, went to his map to prove that the threat had existed for five years. Our own guess is that the government is using recent political developments in Cambodia as an argument for once again chasing after the mirage of military victory. As for his contention that "once enemy forces are driven out of these sanctuaries and once their military supplies are destroyed, we will withdraw," we have had half a decade of bitter experience with this line of thinking in Vietnam, and the Army's announcement that the enemy appears to have learned of our attack in advance and withdrawn from the area before we arrived hardly comes as a surprise. (It is true that the enemy does not appear to have escaped with quite all his supplies. When Vice-President Agnew was asked on "Face the Nation" what the objective of the mission was, he answered that it was not to kill enemy soldiers but only to destroy their bases and headquarters. As an example of the mission's early success, he pointed out that the Army had captured a "laundry facility" and a large store of "freshly laundered uniforms." How will the enemy manage to continue with his uniforms unlaundered?) The enemy's disappearance, combined with the news from Cambodia that thirty per cent or more of the troops fighting the dispirited Cambodian Army are thought to be native Cambodians, makes it look more likely than even opponents of the war could have predicted that civil war has begun in Cambodia and that our troops will soon be fighting in a "second Vietnam." Indeed, it is probable that we will soon face a powerful combined force of North Vietnamese, South Vietnamese, Laotians, and Cambodians. If this happens, and if the North Vietnamese and their indigenous allies are able to overthrow the current regimes in Cambodia and Laos, it may well be that most, or all, of Southeast Asia will become the new battleground and China the "sanctuary." And at any point in the course of such a development the Chinese may choose to enter the war directly.

What must have come as a particular shock to the Cambodians, who have now said that they had no advance notice of the invasion, was the President's failure in his speech even to mention the interests of either the Cambodian government or the Cambodian people, who will, after all, suffer most immediately from the invasion. (The Vice-President's remark that "we have no responsibility to the Cambodians" cannot have reassured them.) There have already been reports of bombings and burnings of Cambodian villages, and the Administration's contention that the areas we are invading are "completely occupied and controlled by North Vietnamese forces" indicates that the scorched-earth tactics of the "free-fire zone" and of the "hundred-per-cent V.C. area" are in effect. Very soon after the invasion, Cambodia's Premier Lon Nol denounced it, perhaps because he has learned from the experience of Vietnam that few fates are as terrible for a country as American military support in a civil war. The President's statement, on the very night of the invasion, that our respect for the neutrality of Cambodia was demonstrated by the fact that we maintained fewer than fifteen diplomats in Phnom Penh was a path-breaking non sequitur. The crowning paradox in the President's speech, however, came when, just after announcing that American troops were crossing the Cambodian border, he said, "This is not an invasion of Cambodia." Cambodia—a country we had gone into uninvited and unannounced. A similar problem arose when, a day after we had resumed the bombing of North Vietnam, Defense Secretary Laird threatened that if the enemy "reacted" in Vietnam to our operation in Cambodia we would resume the bombing of North Vietnam. Yet, terrible as it is to know that, with no apparent justification, we are beginning the destruction of a second nation in Asia (or, considering our massive bombings in Laos, perhaps we should say a third), it is the implications of these events for the world at large that, seen in the context of several alarming developments here at home, must be the cause of our greatest unease.

The invasion of Cambodia comes at



a time when our republic is already seriously imperilled by the increasing use by many sections of government of a broad range of repressive measures, and by a growing impatience on the part of a significant section of the citizenry with any form of dissent. Impatience has been growing among the dissenters as well, and a minority of them have turned to violence to achieve their ends. This violence is dangerous in itself and damages the cause of peace. However, the government possesses virtually unlimited resources for repression, whereas the violent opposition is small and weak, and this means that the potential threat from the authorities is immeasurably graver than the threat from the rebels. The greatest dangers stemming from a turn to violence and illegal protest arise from the likelihood that it will provoke repressive retaliation from the government.

Before the invasion of Cambodia, only a few politicians had spoken out against these trends, but their predictions were of the most alarming kind. A few months ago, while the war was still confined to Vietnam, Senator Fulbright said that a continuation of the Administration's current war policy could lead, in the long run, to "a disaster to American democracy," and he added, "What a price to pay for the myth that Vietnam really mattered to the security of the United States." Mayor Lindsay declared that America was entering "a new period of repression." Senator Percy, Senator Goodell, Senator McGovern, and former Vice-President Humphrey were among the others who warned against the perils of growing repression. The Administration's attempt to rally the "silent majority" against the press, and the subpoenas it served on the press demanding the release of information received from confidential sources, had already damaged the press's access to news of dissenting groups, and has since caused many newsmen to think twice before they publish or broadcast controversial views or news stories. At the same time, dubious charges brought by members of the Administration against the organizers of anti-war demonstrations, and inflammatory and insulting remarks made about dissenters in general, have sent a chill of fear through the nation. Legislation has been passed by Congress to abridge the rights of people suspected of crime. Also, there is strong evidence that a national campaign by law-enforcement agencies to destroy the Black Panther Party is under way, and the Black Panthers have begun to experience the terror of facing a government they believe is bent on jailing or killing them.

In recent months, the campaign against dissenting citizens, which has jeopardized almost the entire Bill of Rights, has been paralleled by a considerable blurring of another fundamental provision of the Constitution; namely, the division of powers among the branches of government. There have been many cases in which the Senate challenged the authority of the Supreme Court. In passing the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Street Act of 1968, it specifically contradicted the Court's Miranda decision. This left law-enforcement officials with two contradictory rulings to follow in their dealings with criminal confessions. Currently, many congressmen are engaged in a political move to impeach Justice Douglas for, among other things, espousing a "hippie-yippie style revolution." The President also showed an insensitivity to the need for a strong and authoritative Supreme Court when he persisted in pushing the nomination of G. Harrold Carswell to the Court long after it was known that roughly half the Senate opposed the nomination. And during his campaign to have Carswell confirmed the President displayed a deep misunderstanding of the powers of the Senate itself. The trend toward executive usurpation of the powers of the other branches of government came close to receiving official justification in a letter that President Nixon wrote Senator Saxbe urging the Senate to confirm the nomination. In the letter, the President described himself as "the one person entrusted by the Constitution with the power of appointment" of Supreme Court justices, and asserted that a Senate rejection of the Carswell nomination would put "the traditional Constitutional balance" in "jeopardy." As many observers have pointed out, the Constitution provides that the President "shall nominate, and by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, shall appoint Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, Judges of the Supreme Court . . ." The President simply left out the part about the Senate. The reasoning in his letter, which also accused senators of substituting "their own subjective judgment" for his judgment, was of a piece with the Administration's entire campaign against dissent. The message to the press, to dissenting citizens, and to the Senate has been the same: You may express yourself freely until you begin to disagree with us.

These tendencies become all the more troubling when one reflects that the first sixteen months of the Nixon Administration has been marked by an actual slackening of opposition to government policies. President Nixon has not had to face a fraction of the bitter personal criticism that President Johnson faced, and his Administration has not had to deal either with ghetto riots or with the often violent large-scale demonstrations that characterized the Johnson years; nor, for that matter, has he been faced with anything like the volume of opposition in Congress that Johnson was faced with. But it is clear that with the invasion of Cambodia all this has been changed at a stroke, and that opposition will now revive, probably with unprecedented vigor. Immediately after the Cambodian speech, the students and faculties of universities and high schools all over the country decided to go on strike. Scores of newsmen and large numbers of political leaders of both parties who had remained silent since 1968—and many who had been silent even then—immediately expressed their alarm over the expansion of the war. One must now have apprehensions about how an Administration that has made threats against civil liberties in a period of relative calm will respond in a period of what might well be the most intense opposition faced by any recent Administration. The country will be fortunate if protest is so vast and comes from so many quarters that the Administration will become convinced that the cause of peace and the cause of protecting our democratic institutions will be best served by a reversal of our new course of action in Southeast Asia. There were, however, several passages in the President's speech that made such a turn of events seem doubtful. At one point, he said, "We live in an age of anarchy, both abroad and at home. We see mindless attacks on all the great institutions which have been created by free civilizations in the last five hundred years. Even here in the United States, great universities are being systematically destroyed." If this Administration believes that what we have now is anarchy, what will it think of what may come? Later in his speech, the President said, in reference to past wars, "The American people were not assailed by counsels of doubt and defeat from some of the most widely known opinion leaders of the nation. I have noted, for example, that a Republican Senator has said that this action I have taken means that my party has lost all chance of winning the November elections." And still later in his speech he said, "I realize in this war there are honest, deep differences in this country about whether we should have become involved, that there are differences to how the war should have been conducted. But the decision I announce tonight transcends those differences, for the lives of American men are involved." Does the President believe that the lives of American men were *not* involved in the decision to enter the war? Does anyone have to remind the President that because of that earlier decision more than forty thousand Americans have already died in Vietnam? The President has no monopoly on decisions that involve the lives of Americans—to say nothing of the lives of Vietnamese, Laotians, and Cambodians. Our legislators and even ordinary citizens also have decisions to make. The President has impugned both the right of our citizens and the right of our senators to question our war policy. The unnamed senator who made the remark about the November elections is Senator Aiken, the senior member of the Republican Party in the Senate, and the President's reference to him is a signal that virtually no one is immune to the charge of betrayal who openly disagrees with the President.

One sentence in the President's speech brings up an entirely new theme. His statement that "any government that chooses to use these actions as a pretext for harming relations with the United States will be doing so on its own responsibility and on its own initiative, and we will draw the appropriate conclusions" can be read as a threat to our allies. And such a threat serves to remind us that behind the issue of the survival of freedom in America there is a still more fundamental issue, and that is the survival of freedom throughout the world. The invasion was carried out not in the name of protecting Cambodia, or even in the name of protecting America, but in the name of the principle of protecting American troops. We are forced to consider in a new light the dispersion of millions of American troops in many free countries (and also in a steadily increasing number of countries that are not free), and the deep penetration of America's enormous economic power into the economies of all free nations. We must ask how many democratic governments could withstand economic sanctions by the United States, and how many democratic governments, whose plans for defense are so tightly interwoven with American military power, could withstand *withdrawal* of our support—never mind an invasion. There would be nowhere for them to turn but to Russia, which is already a totalitarian state, and has recently demonstrated in Hungary and Czechoslovakia the quality of its respect for the independence of nations within the sphere of its power.

If the United States government fails to honor the freedom of its own people, who are protected by the American Constitution, it will not honor the freedom of any people. This is the true relationship between the invasion of Cambodia and the survival of the free institutions that President Nixon mentioned in his speech, and for this reason the invasion of Cambodia and its consequences within America are the urgent concern not only of Americans but of all mankind.

Commissioner Rickles

DR. ROBERT N. RICKLES, a thirty-four-year-old chemist and an environmentalist with a national reputation as the author of forty technical articles and seven books, took the helm of the city's Department of Air Resources early last month, and before he could even get his desk cluttered we dropped in at his office, at 51 Astor Place, to ask him how he planned to go about cleaning up our city's air. The first question we actually asked, however, was why he—or, at any rate, his department—was dirtying it. A large blue van conspicuously identified as the Commission's mobile laboratory was parked outside the building, its generator running full blast, to no apparent purpose, and its exhaust pipe spewing visible pollutants.

"I have an explanation for that one," said the Commissioner, a large and hearty native of Brooklyn who has a trace of Sheepshead Bay in his accent. "The technicians who operate the laboratory run the generator to provide electricity for calibrating their instruments. Why don't you ask me a rougher question, like what am I, the Commissioner of Air Resources—and, for that matter, what is everybody, all the way up to the Mayor—doing driving around in cars that pollute the air unnecessarily?"

Without waiting for us to comply, Dr. Rickles leaned back in his chair, placed his feet on the desk, and answered the question. "I don't know about the others, but I'm pretty upset at having to add to the pollution this way," he said. "It's not my function to apologize for the city, either. I think the city should be lily-white on this, so the first thing I'm going to try to do is convert all our city vehicles to low-pollution engines—and you can bet one of the first that will be converted will be the Commissioner's car. Another thing we are planning to do is ask all major gasoline companies to make non-leaded gas available, both for city and for private vehicles, and then, after a time, we'll begin talking about outlawing the use of all leaded gasolines."

According to the Commissioner, it is questionable whether leaded gasolines are easier on car engines but certain that the unburned elements of leaded gasolines discharged by the exhausts have already had measurable deleterious effects on people. "There is evidence that people living near freeways in Los Angeles accumulate lead in their tissues, and we know that the levels of lead that have been measured out there are lower than those on some of our streets," he said. "Our levels are really pretty high."

Since we occupy an office in the midst of an area noted for its traffic density, we expressed a certain amount of alarm.

"Oh, it isn't only in midtown, but it *is* worst there," Dr. Rickles said. "If you want examples of exhaust poisoning, I can give you a great one all the way out in Staten Island. We might have to go into litigation with the Metropolitan Transportation Authority over a bus garage they have in Castleton. Apparently, they have inadequate space over there for all their old diesel-engine buses, and they've been afraid to leave them out at night for fear the engines won't start in the morning, so they've been running them—as many as seventy-five of them, by our count—all night long. We know of fifty families who live in private houses that are just fifty to sixty feet from those buses, and we can document cases of kids who haven't been able to go to school because they've been made sick by those exhausts. Now, just how long are we supposed to tolerate this sort of insult to our people?"

The Commissioner went on to say that the eventual solution, not only for the buses and for all city vehicles but for trucks and mail vans and taxis as well, would be the elimination of the internal-combustion engine in favor of electric or steam propulsion. "For the time being, though, we'll settle for the adoption of non-leaded gas," he said. "That would produce twenty to thirty per cent less hydrocarbons in the air, and would also permit us to install mufflers that would cut all emissions by as much as seventy-five per cent."

Dr. Rickles interrupted himself at this point to welcome another visitor to his office—Kenneth Johnson, the federal Regional Air Pollution Control Director. "I apologize," the Commissioner said to us, "but Mr. Johnson gives us at least eight hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars a year. It should be closer to three million, of course. That's the cost of just one of the engines of a supersonic transport. But we have to be grateful for what we do get."

"I just dropped by to give you some news along that line," Mr. Johnson said, and he went on to tell Dr. Rickles that he had learned, unofficially, that a further grant would be made to allow the city to purchase and test six low-pollution vehicles.

Commissioner Rickles was jubilant. "We asked for eight," he said, "but if they'll give us as many as six, I'll prostrate myself in gratitude in front of Foley Square Courthouse."

Mr. Johnson left a few minutes later, and Dr. Rickles began to tell us about the other major responsibility of his office—curbing industrial and residential pollution from building incinerators and heating plants. Here, he said, the city is one of the chief offenders. "You catch me a little early, because I haven't had a chance to speak to either the Department of Sanitation or the Housing Authority on these, but we are absolutely determined that the incinerators of both these agencies be upgraded—and now," he continued. "There's not even the excuse of a financial problem here. Both of them have been allocated funds for this, but they are sitting on them, because there are some discrepancies between city and state standards. Whichever they adopt will result in cleaner air, though, and we are determined that these incinerators either be upgraded immediately or be discontinued altogether." Actually, the Commissioner pointed out, three obsolete city incinerators—one on West Fifty-sixth Street, in Manhattan; one in the Bronx; and one in Queens—have already been taken out of service, and a fourth can be discontinued whenever a certain political problem is solved. "That one is up at Two Hundred and Fifteenth Street, at the tip of Manhattan, and it's an example of the difficulties we run into," he said. "The Sanitation Department is committed to getting rid of the incinerator, but that leaves the problem of what to do with the garbage they collect up there. What they would like to do is put it on barges and use it for landfill in Staten Island, but the people at the top of Manhattan are putting all kinds of political pressure on to prevent the establishment of a transfer station there. That's typical of most of the obstacles you run into in this business. We can solve the technical problems but not necessarily the people problems."

In addition to the political problem with its own incinerator, the city has run into a problem with apartment-house landlords, who have staved off enforcement of city legislation about incinerators with a lawsuit. "If we win that case, we'll enforce the law very quickly," Dr. Rickles promised. "And if we lose we'll draw up legislation that we *can* enforce immediately."

Also in the legislative works, he said, is a plan to relieve the Criminal Courts of the burden of enforcing anti-pollution legislation by the creation of a special court, to be staffed by judges who are particularly aware of the problems involved. "The trouble right now is that our inspectors bring the cases into Criminal Court and they get sandwiched in on the calendar between hearings for murder and rape defendants, and that means a long delay," he said. "When we finally do get one of our defendants before a judge, after maybe six months, the judge tends to shrug at the offense—what's some smoke compared to a murder?—and let the guy off with maybe a twenty-five-dollar fine. Now, my idea of a reasonable air-pollution fine is a thousand dollars a day for residential buildings and ten thousand dollars a day for industries."

We observed that the city did seem to have achieved at least a measure of success in its campaign against sulphur-dioxide emissions, thanks to recently adopted regulations against the use of fuels containing more than one per cent of sulphur. Those emissions into the city's atmosphere, we had been told, had been cut by some fifty-six per cent, and we said we considered that pretty fair progress.

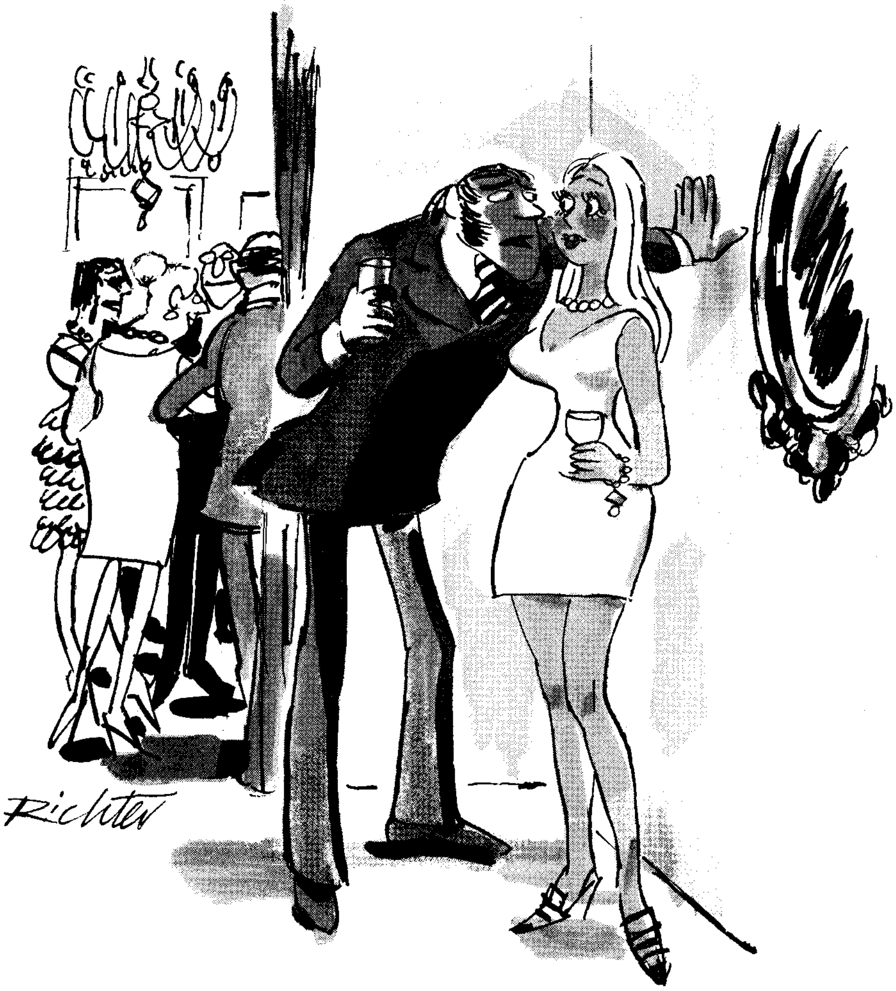
"I thought so, too, until I heard that our SO_2 levels are still way above those of Tokyo, and their pollution problem is world-famous," Dr. Rickles replied, gloomily. "What we'll do about that is introduce legislation—and I hope it will be effective by the beginning of the next heating season—to lower the sulphur levels further, all the way down to three-tenths of one per cent for very heavy industrial uses and two-tenths of one per cent for household use."

The final step in Dr. Rickles' campaign will be to increase the city's surveillance over all its pollution problems. "We already get our inspectors out to answer complaints at all hours, and we do it even though we have only eighty-six on the staff, and they're unionized," he said. "To be completely candid, we just can't possibly answer all the complaints. We're looking toward the possibility of installing television surveillance to augment the crews we now have cruising the city in cars and helicopters, and we hope to expand our volunteer surveillance corps—people who have been trained in smoke-watching and given a day or two of legal instruction about the kind of evidence they'll have to bring to court. New Yorkers are really becoming aware of the dangers of pollution, and lately we've found that people are growing more and more anxious to call us about violations."

Dais

"THIS is an important day in your life, if you are ready and Willing to Listen! I don't mean *hear*. When I use the word symbol 'Listen,' I am talking about people who are willing to motivate themselves at will into Action. This is an important day in *my* life if within these few minutes I can reach you, and through you perhaps hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, or hundreds of thousands of people. I am interested in the masses. Nowhere in our system is the individual taught to motivate himself at will into action, and yet in America we have the greatest literature in the world—and I don't mean belles-lettres; I'm talking about books like Norman Peale's." On the dais of the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, a few nights ago, W. Clement Stone, who is chairman of the board and chief executive officer of the Combined Insurance Company of America and chairman of the board of the American Foundation of Religion and Psychiatry, was speaking at a testimonial dinner given in honor of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, who is co-founder of the American Foundation. Mr. Stone, who started with a hundred dollars and a dream, was one of four Horatio Alger Award winners on the dais. Also on the dais, but not yet Horatio Alger Award winners, were Mr. and Mrs. David Eisenhower and Colonel Frank Borman, the astronaut. Art Linkletter was master of ceremonies.

More of Mr. Stone's speech: "Next of all, I want to talk about the mind polluters who are making *cowards* of our youth. As Art knows, and as many of us who are in the field of trying to make this a better world know, it is these cowards who are pigs. Pigs they are, but they call decent, fine people who are trying to look out for them pigs. These cowards are dirty and vulgar. They are motivated to lie, cheat, thieve, and commit sex crimes. They are motivated to bludgeon, stab, kill, and become atheists. Actually, they are *devil worshippers!*"



"Actually, I'm seeking a meaningless relationship."

• •

Mr. Stone was easily the best speaker of the evening. Other speakers, including Mr. Linkletter and Mr. Hobart Lewis, who is president and editor-in-chief of the *Reader's Digest*, spoke in lower tones, mentioning their own achievements, and mentioning with more emphasis the achievements of Dr. Peale. The achievements mentioned were often rendered in impressive statistics. It was noted that Art Linkletter owns half the sheep in Australia; that Dr. Peale travels thirty thousand miles a year; that Dr. Peale's book "The Power of Positive Thinking" has sold three million copies; that Dr. Peale's column appears in two hundred newspapers, with a combined circulation of fifty million; that Mr. Stone has by now distributed over a million hard-cover and paperback copies of self-help books to a number of people, including the employees and stockholders of his companies; and that Dr. Peale preaches twice every Sunday.

Dr. Peale acknowledged the tributes paid him. He talked about the Carter brothers, who had run a grocery in the town in Ohio where he grew up. The Carter brothers had predicted he would never amount to anything. "I only wish the Carter brothers could be here tonight," said Dr. Peale. "Wherever they are, I'll bet they're looking down at us—or looking up at us. I just wish the Carter brothers could know that before this meeting tonight the President of the United States actually called me on the telephone." Dr. Peale asked his wife, Ruth, to stand up. "Isn't she beautiful?" he asked. "The dress she has on tonight I picked out myself. [Applause] And I paid for it, too. [Laughter]"

The evening to honor Dr. Peale started quietly, with a reception in a small room adjoining the Grand Ballroom. There Dr. Peale met and chatted with the honored guests, many of whom later appeared on the dais. These included ex-Governor Thomas E. Dewey, Colonel Harland Sanders, Colonel and Mrs. Borman, Mr. and Mrs. Linkletter, and Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhower. Mr. Linkletter introduced former Governor Dewey to a middle-aged lady in a black dress. "Hey, Governor!" said Mr. Linkletter. "This will interest you. This lady sold the first war bonds in the State of New York."

Mrs. Borman explained to those around her how she and Colonel Borman came to be there. They were standing in for Mr. and Mrs. Neil Armstrong, who were originally supposed to come, she said, and she went on, "Neil is on a very urgent mission to investigate the Apollo 13 incident. We're very close to Neil, and we live very close to him, and he just said, 'Hey, you two, since you're going to be in New York anyway, why don't *you* go?' So we're here."

As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhower came into the reception room, much of the attention that had been given to the Bormans and the Linkletters and former Governor Dewey was transferred to them. Mrs. Eisenhower wore a yellow-and-pink dress with beaded flowers on it, and she had daisies in her hair. Everyone remarked on how very young Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhower looked.

"She's a *lot* prettier than her pictures," one lady near us said to another.

"Yes," said the other. "She looks a little bossy on TV, but she's not. She's *sweet.*"

SHARON

UNCLE HERNAN, my mother's brother (his full name was Hernando de Soto Wirth), lived right near us—a little way down the road, if you took the road; across the pasture, if you didn't—in a house surrounded by thick privet hedge, taller than a man riding by on a mule could see over. He had live oaks around the house, and I don't remember ever going there without hearing the whisper of dry fallen leaves beneath my step on the ground. Sometimes there would be a good many Negroes about the house and yard, for Uncle Hernan worked a good deal of land, and there was always a great slamming of screen doors—people looking for something they couldn't find and hollering about where they'd looked or thought for somebody else to look, or just saying, "What'd you say?" "Huh?" "I said 'What'd you *say*?' "—or maybe a wrangling noise of a whole clutch of colored children playing off down near the gully. But in spite of all these things, even with all of them going on at one and the same time, Uncle Hernan's place was a still place. That was how it knew itself: it kept its own stillness. When I remember that stillness, I hear again the little resistant veins of a dry oak leaf unlacing beneath my bare foot, so that the sound seems to be heard in the foot's flesh itself.

As a general rule, however, I wasn't barefoot, for Uncle Hernan was a gentleman, and I came to him when I was sent for, to eat dinner, cleaned up, in a fresh dress, and wearing shoes. "Send the child over on Thursday," he would say. Dinner was what we ate in the middle of the day—our big meal. Mama would look me over before I went—ears and nails and mosquito bites—and brush my hair, glancing at the clock. "Tell Uncle Hernan hello for me," she would say, letting me out the side door.

"Marilee?" she would say, when I got halfway to the side gate.

"Ma'am?"

"You look mighty sweet."

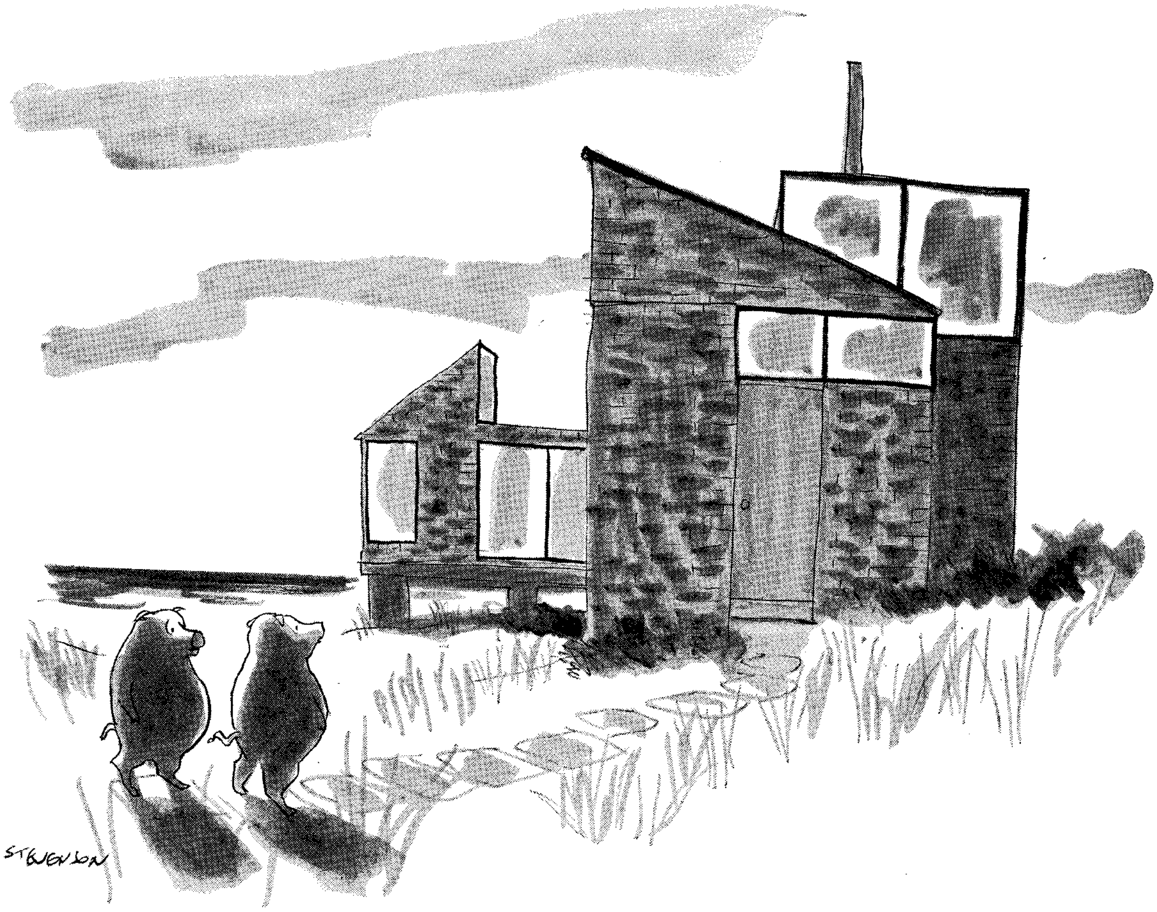
"Sweet" was a big word with all of them; I guess they got it from so many flowers and from the night air in south Mississippi, almost all seasons. And maybe I did really look that way when going to Uncle Hernan's.

I would cross a shoulder of pasture, which was stubbled with bitter weed and white with glare under the high sun, go through a slit in the hedge, which towered over me, and wriggle through a gap in the fence. This gap was no haphazard thing but was arranged, the posts placed in such a way that dogs and people could go through but cows couldn't, for Uncle Hernan was a good farmer and not one to leave baggy places in his fences from people crawling over them. He built a gap instead. As I went by, the dogs that were sprawled around dozing under the trees would look up and grin at me, giving a thump or two with their tails in the dust, too lazy to get up and speak. I would go up the steps and stand outside the door and call, looking into the shadowy depths of the hall, like a reflection of itself seen in water. I had always to make my presence known just this way; this was a house that expected behavior. It was simple enough, one-story, with a square front porch, small by Southern standards, opening out from the central doorway. Two stout pillars supported the low classical triangle of white-painted wood, roofed in shingle. The house had been built back before the Civil War. Uncle Hernan and Mama and others who had died or moved away had been brought up here, but they were anxious to let you know right away that they were not pretentious people but had come to Mississippi to continue being what they'd always been—good farming people who didn't consider themselves better or worse than anybody else. Yet somebody, I realized fairly early on, had desired a façade like a Greek temple, though maybe the motive back of the desire had been missing and a prevailing style had been copied without any thought of its effect.

Uncle Hernan, however, was not one of those who protested in this vein anymore, if he ever had. He lived the democratic way and had friends in every walk of life, but Sharon—that was the name of the house—had had its heyday once, and he had loved it. It had been livened with more airs and graces than anybody would have patience to listen to, if I knew them all to tell. That was when Uncle Hernan's pretty young wife was there. Mama said that Uncle Hernan used to say that the bright and morning star had come to Sharon. It all sounded very Biblical and right; also, he called her his Wild Irish Rose. She was from Tennessee and brought wagonloads of stuff with her when she came, including a small rosewood piano. Every tasselled, brocaded, gold-leafed, or pearl-inlaid thing in Sharon, you knew at once, had come from Tennessee with Aunt Eileen. At the long windows, for instance, she had put draperies that fastened back with big bronze hooks, the size of a baby's arm bent back, and ending in a lily. Even those lilies were French—the fleur-de-lis. All this was in the best parlor, where nobody ever went very much anymore, where the piano was, covered with the tasselled green-and-white throw, and the stern gold-framed portraits (those belonged to our family). It was not that the parlor was closed or that there was anything wrong with going into it. I sometimes got to play in there, and looked at everything to my heart's content. It was just that there was no reason to use it anymore. The room opposite, across the hall, was a parlor, too, full of Uncle Hernan's books, and with his big old plantation desk, and his round table, where he sat near the window. The Negroes had worn a path to the window, coming there to ask him things. So life went on here now, in the plain parlor rather than the elegant one, and had since Aunt Eileen died.

She had not lived there very long, only about three or four years, it seems, or anyway not more than five, when she got sick one spring day—the result, they said at first, of having done too much out in the yard. But she didn't get better; one thing led to another, all during the hottest summer Mama said she could ever remember. In September, their hopes flagged, and in the winter she died. This was all before I could remember. Her portrait did not hang in the best parlor with the other, old ones, but there was a daguerreotype of her in a modest oval gold frame hanging in the plain parlor. She had a small face, with her hair done in the soft upswept fashion of the times, and enormous eyes that looked a little of everything—fearful, shy, proud, wistful, happy, adoring, amused, as though she had just looked at Uncle Hernan. She wasn't the angel you might think. Especially when she was sick, she'd make them all jump like grease in a hot skillet, Uncle Hernan said, but he would say it smiling, for everything he felt about her was sheer affection. He was a strong, intelligent man; he had understood her but he had loved her, all the time.

UNCLE HERNAN never forgot that he'd asked me to dinner, or on which day. He would come to let me in himself. He always put on the same coat, no matter how hot it was—a rumpled white linen coat, faded yellow. He was a large, almost portly man, with



"I decided on brick, because my brothers had unfortunate experiences with other materials."

• •

a fleshy face, basically light in color but splashed with sunburn, liver spots, and freckles, and usually marked with the line of his hatband. He had untidy, graying, shaggy hair and a tobacco-stained mustache, but he kept his hands and nails scrupulously clean—a matter of pride. I was a little bit afraid of Uncle Hernan. Though I loved to come there, I was careful to do things always the same way, waiting to sit down until I was told, staying interested in whatever he told me, saying, "Yes, thank you, Uncle Hernan," and "No, thank you, Uncle Hernan," when we were at the table. He was fond of me and liked having me, but I was not his heart of hearts, so I had to be careful.

Melissa waited on us. Melissa had originally come there from Tennessee with Aunt Eileen, as her personal maid, so I had got it early through my head that she was not like the rest of the Negroes around home, any more than Aunt Eileen's tasselled, rosewood, pearl-inlaid, gold-leafed, and brocaded possessions were like the plain Wirth house had been before she got there. Melissa talked in a different style from other Negroes; for instance, she said "I'm not" instead of "I ain't" or "I isn't" (which they said when trying to be proper). She even said "He doesn't," which was more than Mama would do very often. It wasn't that she put on airs or was ambitious. But we all stood in awe of her, a little. You never know for sure when you come into a Negro house whether you are crossing the threshold of a rightful king or queen, and I felt this way about Melissa's house. It was just Uncle Hernan's cook's cabin, but I felt awkward in it. It was so much her own domain, and there was no set of manners to go by. She had turned scraps of silk and satin into clever doilies for tables and cushion covers and had briar-stitched a spread for her bed with rich dark pieces bound with a scarlet thread; you could tell she had copied all her tastes from Aunt Eileen. The time I discovered that I really liked Melissa was when she came to our house once, the winter Mama had pneumonia. She came and stayed, to help out. She wore a white starched uniform, so then I learned that Melissa, all along, had been a nurse. It seemed that when Aunt Eileen was about to get married, Eileen's father, seeing that Uncle Hernan lived in the wilds of Mississippi, had taken Melissa and had her trained carefully in practical nursing. I guess he thought we didn't have doctors, or if we had we had no roads for them to go and come on; anyway, he wasn't taking any chances. After Mama passed the danger period, Melissa spent a lot of time reading aloud to me. I would sit in her lap by the hour and listen and listen, happy, until one day I went in to see how Mama was and she said, "I wouldn't ask Melissa to read to me too long at the time, Marilee."

"She likes to read," I said.

"I know," she said, "but I'm afraid you'll get to smell like a Negro."

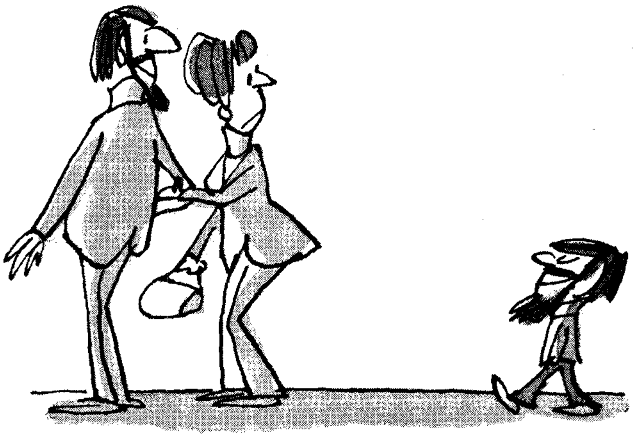
Now that she mentioned it, I realized that I had liked the way Melissa smelled. I wanted to argue, but she looked weak and cross, the way sick people do, so I just said, "Yes, Ma'am," and went away.

It is a mighty asset in life to be a good cook, and Melissa never spared to set the best before me when I came to Uncle Hernan's to dinner. If it was fried chicken, the crust would be golden, and as dry as popcorn, with the thinnest skim of glistening fat between the crust and the meat. If it was roast duck or turkey or hen, it would come to the table brown, gushing steam that smelled of all it was stuffed with. There were always hot biscuits—she made tiny hot biscuits, the size of a nickel three inches high—and side dishes of peach pickle, souse, chopped pepper relish, green-tomato pickle, wild-plum jelly, and blackberry jam. There was iced tea and buttermilk both, with peaches and dumplings for dessert and maybe homemade ice cream—so cold it hurt your forehead to eat it—and coconut cake.

Such food as that may have been the main excuse for having me to dinner, but Uncle Hernan also relished our conversations. After dinner, I would sit with him in the plain parlor—he with his small cup of black chicory coffee before him, and I facing him in a chair that rocked on a stand—telling him whatever he asked me to. About Mama and Daddy, first; then school—who taught me and what

WISHING WELL

WISHING WELL



they said and all about their side remarks and friends and general behavior. Then we'd go into his part, which took the form of hunting stories, recollections about friends, or stories about his brother, Uncle Rex, who had died when a boy, or about books I ought to be reading. He would enter right into these books he favored as though they were a continuation of life around us. "Les Misérables" was a great favorite of his, not so much because of the poverty and suffering it depicted but because in spite of all that Valjean was a man, he said, and one you came little at a time to see in his full statue. His statue increased, he would say, and always put his hand down low and raised it up as high as it would go. I guess he was not so widely read as he seemed to me at that time to be, but he knew what he liked and why, and thought that knowing character was the main reason for reading anything. One day, he took a small gold box from his pocket and sniffed deftly, with his hand going to each nostril in turn. When I stared at him, startled into wonder, my look in turn startled him. His hand forgot to move downward and our eyes met in a lonely, simple way, such as had not happened before.

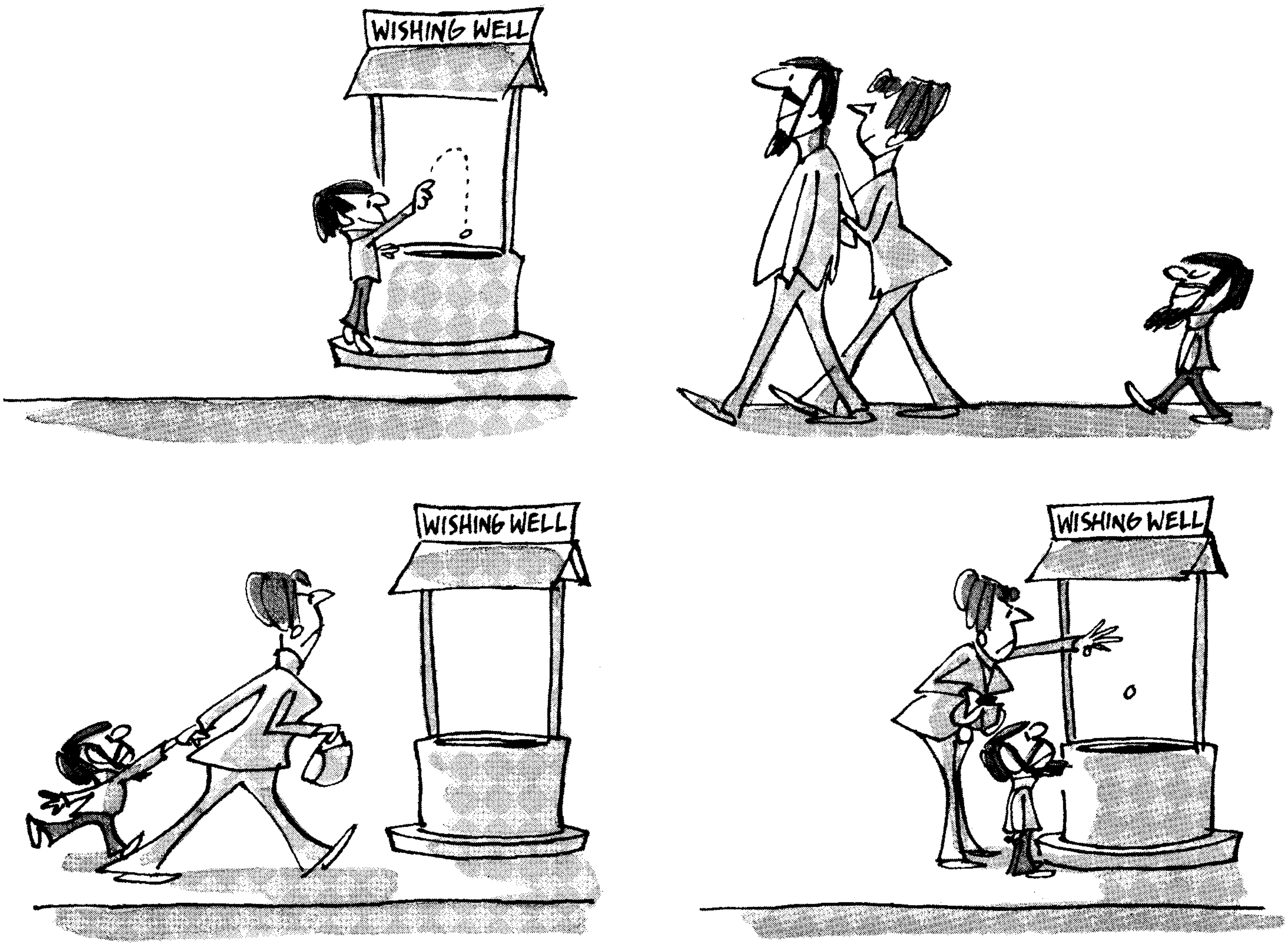
Then he smiled. "Snuff," he said. He snapped the box to and held it out. "You want to see? Don't open it, now. You'll sneeze." I took the box in my hands and turned it—golden, with a small raised cage of worked gold above the lid. I thought at once I had come on another of Aunt Eileen's tracks, but he said, "I picked that up in New Orleans a year or so back," and here I had another facet of Uncle Hernan—a stroll past shops in that strange city I had never seen, a pause before a window, a decision to enter and buy, cane hooked over his forearm. The world was large; I was small. He let me out the front door. "You're getting to be a big girl," said Melissa, from halfway back down the hall. "I'm soon going to have to say 'Miss Marilee.' "

THE one thing I could never do was to go over to Uncle Hernan's without being asked. This was laid down to me, firmly and sternly. It became, of course, the apple in the garden. One summer afternoon when I was alone and bored, getting too big, they said, to play with Melissa's children anymore, I begged Mama to let me go over there. She denied me twice, and threatened to whip me if I asked again, and when Daddy got in from the field she got him to talk to me. They were both sterner and more serious than I ever remembered them being, and made sure I got it straight. I said to Mama, being very argumentative, "You just don't like Melissa." She looked like I had slapped her. She turned white and left the room, but not without a glance at Daddy. I knew he was commissioned to deal with me (he knew it, too), but I also knew that he was not going to treat me as badly as Mama would have if he hadn't been there. He sent me to my room and hoped for the best. There I felt very sorry for myself and told myself I didn't know why I was being treated so harshly, sent to bed in a cold room with no supper, all for making such an innocent remark. I said I would stay in my room till I died, and they'd be sorry, Mama especially. I pictured the sad words that would certainly be exchanged.

Mama relented well before I came to this tragic end. In fact, she came in the room after about an hour. She never could stand any kind of unhappiness for long, and after urging me to come and get supper (I wouldn't reply) she brought me a glass of milk and lighted a little fire to take the chill off the room. But, sweet or not, she was a feline at heart, and at a certain kind of threat her claws came out, ready for blood. She was never nice to Melissa. I overheard them once talking at the kitchen door. Uncle Hernan had sent some plums over and when Mama said, "How are you, Melissa?," in her most grudging and offhand way, Melissa told her. She stood outside the steps, not touching the railing—they had reached their hands out to the farthest limit to give and receive the bucket, and Mama had by now closed the screen door between them—and told her. She had a boil on her leg, she said; no amount of poultices seemed to draw it out and it hurt her all the way up to her hip. She had also been feeling very discouraged in her heart lately, but maybe this was due to the boil.

"I don't see why you don't go on back to Tennessee," Mama said, cold as ice. "You know you ought to, now, don't you?"

"No, Ma'am," Melissa answered her politely, "I don't know that I ought to.



I promised Miss Eileen I'd stay and care for Sharon."

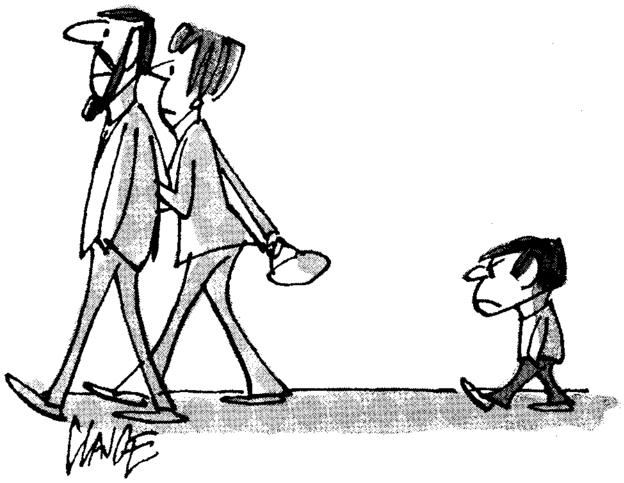
"You aren't fooling anybody," Mama said. "If Miss Eileen—"

"Good morning, Marilee," said Melissa sweetly.

I said, "Morning, Melissa," and Mama, who hadn't noticed me, whirled around and left without another word.

The day came when I crossed over. Wrong or not, I went to Sharon when nobody had asked me. Mama was away to a church meeting, and Daddy had been called down in the pasture about some cows that had got out. It was late September, still and golden; school hadn't been started very long. I went over barefoot and looked in the window of the plain parlor, but nobody was there, so I circled around to the other side, stopping to pet and silence a dog who looked at me and half barked, then half whined. I looked through the window of the fine parlor, and there they both happened to be, Uncle Hernan and Melissa, talking together and smiling. I could see their lips move, though not hear them, for in my wrongdoing and disobedience I was frightened of being caught, and the blood was pounding in my ears. Melissa looked pretty, and her white teeth flashed with her smiling in her creamy brown face. But it was Uncle Hernan, with the lift of his arm toward her, seated as he was in a large chair with a high back that finished in carved wood above his head, whose gesture went to my heart. That motion, so much a part of him whom I loved, was for her and controlled her, as it had, I knew now, hundreds of times. She came close and they leaned together; he gathered her surely in. She gave him her strength and he drank it; they became one another.

I had forgotten even to tremble and do not remember yet how I reached home from Sharon again. I only remember finding myself in my own room, seated on the edge of my narrow bed, hands folded in my lap, hearing the wrangle of Melissa's children out in the gully playing—they were beating some iron on an old washtub—and presently how her voice shouted out at them from across the back yard at Uncle Hernan's. She had four, and



though they could all look nice on Sunday, they were perfect little devils during the week, Mama complained, and Melissa often got so mad she half beat the hide off them. I felt differently about them now. Their awful racket seemed a part of me—near and powerful, realer than itself, like their living blood. That blood was ours, mingling and twining with the other. Mama could kick like a mule, fight like a wildcat in a sack, but she would never get it out. It was there for good.

—Elizabeth Spencer

NINE POEMS

NOT DYING

These wrinkles are nothing.
These gray hairs are nothing.
This stomach that sags
with old food, these bruised
and swollen ankles,
my darkening brain—
they are nothing.
I am the same boy
my mother used to kiss.

The years change nothing.
On windless summer nights
I feel those kisses
slide from her dark
lips far away,
and in winter they float
over the frozen pines
and arrive covered with snow.
They keep me young.

My passion for milk
is uncontrollable still.
I am driven by innocence.
From bed to chair I crawl
and back again.
I shall not die.
The grave result
and token of birth, my body,
remembers and holds fast.

THE GOOD LIFE

You stand at the window.
There is a glass cloud in the shape of a heart.
There are the wind's sighs that are like caves in your speech.
You are the ghost in the tree outside.

The street is quiet.
The weather, like tomorrow, like your life,
is partially here, partially up in the air.
There is nothing you can do.

The good life gives no warning.
It weathers the climates of despair
and appears, on foot, unrecognized, offering nothing,
and you are there.

THE RECOVERY

Holding forth in the blue courts of weather,
and wishing I were wrapped in the stones, the sheets
of silence, the long bones of my father
laid out in the ground, and, later,

after much waiting, watching
the sun fall into the hills and the night
close down over the least light, I walk
to the water's edge.

The doctors wave from the deck of a boat
that steams from port. Their bags are open,
and under the moon their instruments shine like ruins.
It is no more than anyone might have predicted.

THE SLEEP

There is the sleep of my tongue
speaking a language I can never remember—
words that enter the sleep of words
once they are spoken.

There is the sleep of one moment
inside of the next, lengthening the night,
and the sleep of the window
turning the tall sleep of trees into glass.

The sleep of novels as they are read is soundless
like the sleep of dresses on the warm bodies of women.
And the sleep of thunder gathering dust on sunny days
and the sleep of ashes long after.

The sleep of wind has been known to fill the sky.
The long sleep of air locked in the lungs of the dead.
The sleep of a room with someone inside it.
Even the wooden sleep of the moon is possible.

And there is the sleep that demands I lie down
and be fitted to the dark that comes upon me
like another skin in which I shall never be found,
out of which I shall never appear.

THE GUARDIAN

The sun setting. The lawns on fire.
The lost day, the lost light.
Why do I love what fades?

You who left, who were leaving,
what dark rooms do you inhabit?
Guardian of my death,

preserve my absence. I am alive.

THE HILL

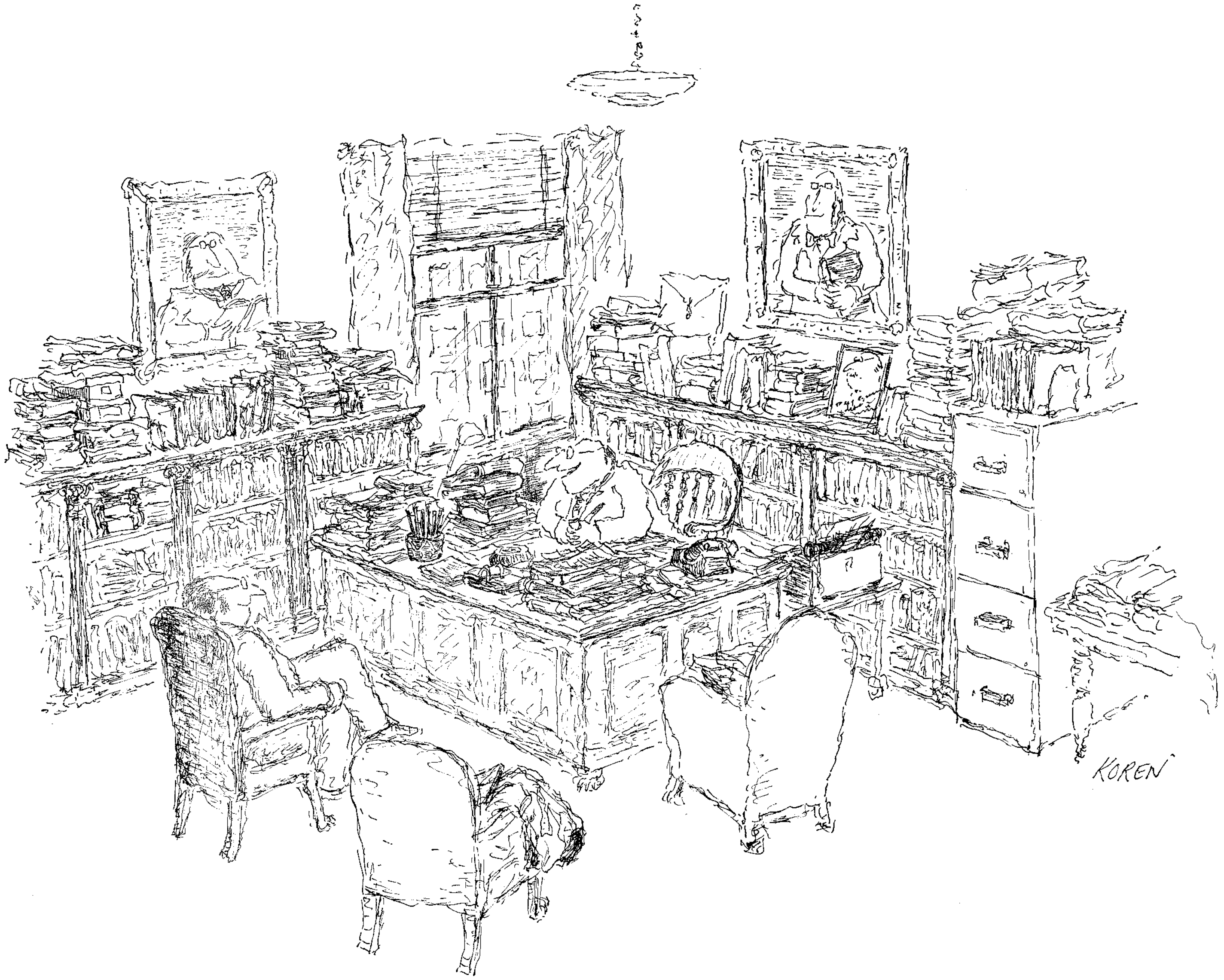
I have come this far on my own legs,
missing the bus, missing taxis,
climbing always. One foot in front of the other,
that is the way I do it.

It does not bother me, the way the hill goes on.
Grass beside the road, a tree rattling
its black leaves. So what?
The longer I walk, the farther I am from everything.

One foot in front of the other. The hours pass.
One foot in front of the other. The years pass.
The colors of arrival fade.
That is the way I do it.

THE DRESS

Lie down on the bright hill
with the moon's hand on your cheek,
your flesh deep in the white folds of your dress,
and you will not hear the passionate mole
extending the length of his darkness,
or the owl arranging all of the night,
which is his wisdom, or the poem



"What we'd like is a four-hundred-thousand-word novel that oversteps the bounds of decency."

• •

filling your pillow with its blue feathers.
But if you step out of your dress and move into the shade,
the mole will find you, so will the owl, and so will the poem,
and you will fall into another darkness, one you will find
yourself making and remaking until it is perfect.

BREATH

When you see them
tell them I am still here,
that I stand on one leg while the other one dreams,
that this is the only way,

that the lies I tell them are different
from the lies I tell myself,
that by being both here and beyond
I am becoming a horizon,

that as the sun rises and sets I know my place,
that breath is what saves me,
that even the forced syllables of decline are breath,
that if the body is a coffin it is also a closet of breath,

that breath is a mirror clouded by words,
that breath is all that survives the cry for help
as it enters the stranger's ear
and stays long after the word is gone,

that breath is the beginning again, that from it
all resistance falls away, as meaning falls
away from life, or darkness falls from light,
that breath is what I give them when I send my love.

TOMORROW

Your best friend is gone,
your other friend, too.
Now the dream that used to turn in your sleep,
like a diamond, sails into the year's coldest night.

What did you say?
Or was it something you did?
It makes no difference—the house of breath collapsing
around your voice, your voice burning are nothing to worry about.

Tomorrow your friends will come back;
your moist, open mouth will bloom in the glass of storefronts.
Yes. Yes. Tomorrow they will come back and you
will invent an ending that comes out right.

—MARK STRAND

NEVER TOUCH A BUTTERFLY

IN the beginning, you are four years old (in a faraway country, in a strange land where people still stare at airplanes in the sky). It is peacetime, but not really. Yielding to your entreaties, Dad takes out the elaborate, professional paintbox, a gift from Uncle Simon. You want him to paint some birds. After going through the ritual of the water jars and the moistening of brushes, he draws the birds for you—or, rather, copies them from the colorplate in the encyclopedia. Then he tints them with watercolors, and there they sit for you, on a sheet of paper. (It is forbidden to rip out pictures from books.) You want to be able to paint as well as Dad. And later, in the kindergarten, your own work is placed on exhibit; you are an acknowledged artist.

These are the times during the two kings' rule. Their internecine warfare is the ruin of the country, the land where you live. These are prosperous times on the surface, spent in a series of glowing summer vacations by the Lake. The Lake is surrounded by a chain of castles squatting on volcanic peaks, with vineyards rolling away at their feet. Turkish marauders rarely foray into these regions. While the peaceful summer days swim away amidst rustling rushes and the swaying of enticing cattails, prodded by the nose of the golden carp underwater, King Ferdinand in his castle at Innsbruck is plotting the downfall of his rival, King John. Things look promising for a while when King John is exiled to the obscure town of Tarnów, but he manages to hang on to his portion of the realm. Conspirators, noblemen, Jews, and innocent citizens are put to cruel death. Meanwhile, the Ottomans wait in the wings, surefooted, ominous, unpredictable.

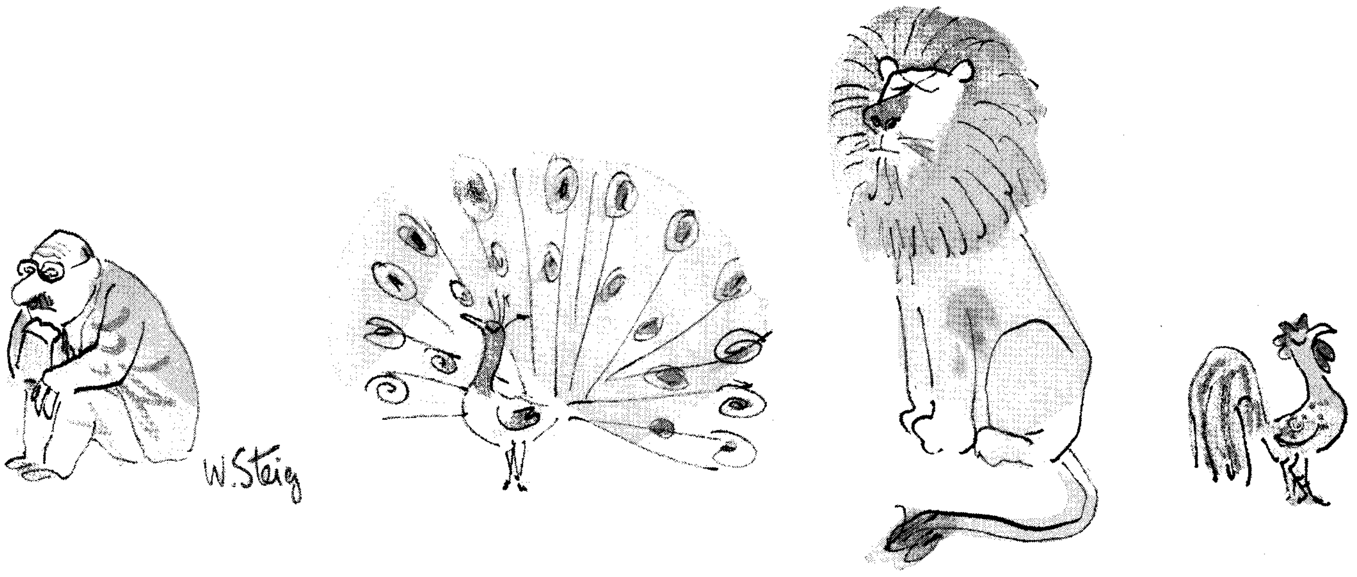
The train returning to the city on a summer afternoon passes through fields, vegetable gardens, back yards—the outskirts of the capital. Here come the first three-story buildings, and the train journey suddenly takes on the aspect of a ride in a speeding streetcar. Time to get ready; take the suitcases down from the racks. The small perch from the big lake has not fared well in the pickle jar appointed as his travelling quarters. He has developed a kind of ulcer on his back, for no apparent reason (as a form of protest, probably—his water, after all, was changed three times during the trip). And the next day will find him floating upside down in the spacious aquarium that had been the home of two goldfish in the legendary past. (Their untimely demise was followed by a funeral in the toilet bowl.) On your arrival, the city streets are found to be unusually quiet. Something is in the air. The wide-open spaces of street intersections are populated by streams of emaciated, sunbrowned sleepwalkers. Even the two buses that speed by in rapid succession appear to be in a deep reverie. On a corner, in front of an ice-cream parlor, two men in military uniform, home on leave, are engaged in plotting against the government. Their companions soon join them—shabby civilians with open shirt collars revealing hairy necks—and all of them depart toward some secret meeting place. All this, to a boy of thirteen, is blatantly obvious, crying for comment, action, or meditation at least, but the adults are too deeply submerged in their everyday somnambulism to notice anything. Even the conspirators are unaware of their conspiracy.

Open warfare breaks out in the fall. There is excitement in the air, which is natural amidst the gunfire, troop movements, daring sallies—the drunkenness of war, in short. Indeed, the picture of galloping cavalrymen is very tempting; it can even incite some poets to reel off verses in praise. For you and your family, however, a migration to the West is in order. It is necessitated by—no reason at all. Merely an urge, a metaphysical imperative. You must fulfill your destiny.

Vienna (has this been dreamt before?) is the first stage of your migration to the West. (Anzonico, in the canton of Ticino, is to be the last, with many a stopover in between.) Vienna is a city of many lights, after your miles and miles of marching through the mud and gunfire of the night. The Turk has withdrawn from the gates of Vienna, and now it is a city of pleasant, strolling people. Vienna is where you first taste bananas and other exotic delights. Every day, you play with a young Irish setter down

"Have this Xeroxed and promulgated."

the block. And after Vienna comes New York.



• •

IN college, Freshman Week finds you still innocent, so first you make friends with snobbery. Thus equipped, you're ready to meet any obstacle. For four years, with a sense of growing recognition, you are immersed in Marcel Proust. And friends come to you: Joe Dappeldaun, with his thirty pairs of shoes and twenty tweed jackets. From Joe you get a standing invitation to borrow any item from his wardrobe. On the infrequent occasions when you visit him, you find him polishing his shoes. He is a student of mathematics. Then there is Danny Dreier, who drops in on you every day, usually when you are listening to the radio in your dorm room. He regales you with a minutely detailed dissection of one of his neuroses, or talks enthusiastically about the women he watches for hours over his book in the library, like a paralyzed spider watching its free-flying prey. On a lonesome Saturday, the two of you descend to the Village and arrive just in time to ogle a girl closing up an art gallery on Bleecker Street. Danny, by the way, is an ardent follower of the fencing team. Then there is the Nis, also known by his friends as Byron Nicholson. The Nis is great; he is a national champion, something that you'd dearly love to be. Something that you are not to be, however. One day, the two of you go forth to make a pickup at a nearby party, and end up with two pathetically respectable girls—transfers from a New England college. And finally, to close this list of your intimate friends, there is the Duke. The Duke flunks out in his sophomore year for reading too many books not on the reading list. For reading, in fact, almost exclusively books not on the reading list. You feel like handing in some kind of protest to the dean, but it never materializes. And anyway, the Duke stays in the dorm for his remaining two and a half years after he flunks out.

Radio music plays in the background of your four years in college. From creaking, crackling waves of the past comes a song (rendered in loose translation): "It's for you, this summer night's serenade, it flies over hill and glade, meant for you alone.... Good night my love, my love good night...." (Memories of Turks, lilacs, wet leaves on a warm summer night, more lilacs, and a green lizard in dazzling sunlight, on a stone of the Citadel.) An instrumental version of "Arrivederci, Roma." (Memories of Vienna.) "Petite Fleur." (Memories of Danielle with her short blond hair, and her friend the Principessa Marina, who worked in an office on campus and who married a South African diplomat a few weeks after you asked her out to the opera.) Bob Dylan: "Bow down to her on Sunday, salute her when her birthday comes. For Halloween give her a trumpet, and for Christmas buy her a drum." (Memories of Celeste.) Muggsy Spanier: "Riverboat Shuffle." (Easy, easy, easy . . .)

Fencing, you stand on the strip, opposite your opponent, with a queasy feeling presiding in the region of your stomach. You slept late, as usual, waking up less than an hour before the start of the meet, and have had nothing to eat yet. Or else you did have lunch with the rest of the team but the dessert is creeping up your gullet now. Anyway, there you stand on the strip, with shoulders squared, fists hanging by your sides, clenched, the sabre in your right hand, and you try to look glowering, menacing, mean. Sometimes you can hardly control the shaking of your knees; at other times a leaden dullness soaks through your limbs. And suddenly you find yourself hypnotized by the director's command: "Fence!" Your opponent is short, squat, and probably mediocre; you are lean, lithe, and (supposedly) not bad at all—yet he moves in and scores against you. He may even beat you. The blunt fool, in his innocent mediocrity, makes mincemeat of you. His head cuts are raining down on top of your mask, elegant little stop cuts nick your forearm, unexpected thrusts and feints make havoc of your plans. At other times, it's you who wins the bout. Sometimes you really look good, but victory is always soured by the embarrassed, no longer threatening face of your beaten foe as he removes his mask in defeat. Once, when your bout clinches the meet, your teammates carry you off the strip on their shoulders. But you are not a national champion. You are not even elected captain of the team in your senior year. And you get to know Celeste too late for her to see you in a meet—but then, maybe it's just as well. Other girls, however, like to see your lunges, your flèche attacks, your shiny sword in action.

Graduation is held early in June, on a large plaza in the center of campus between two libraries facing each other. It is attended by about three thousand people—participants and spectators. While your classmates are wilting away under academic shrouds and the heat (there is not a breeze from the Hudson), you are packing your small suitcase for a summer in Europe. Four years later, Celeste and the bearded young artist she lives with will be there, at the same place, perhaps expecting to see you graduate from med school.

WHAT kind of name is Celeste? Light, airy, celestial.

What kind of girl is Celeste?

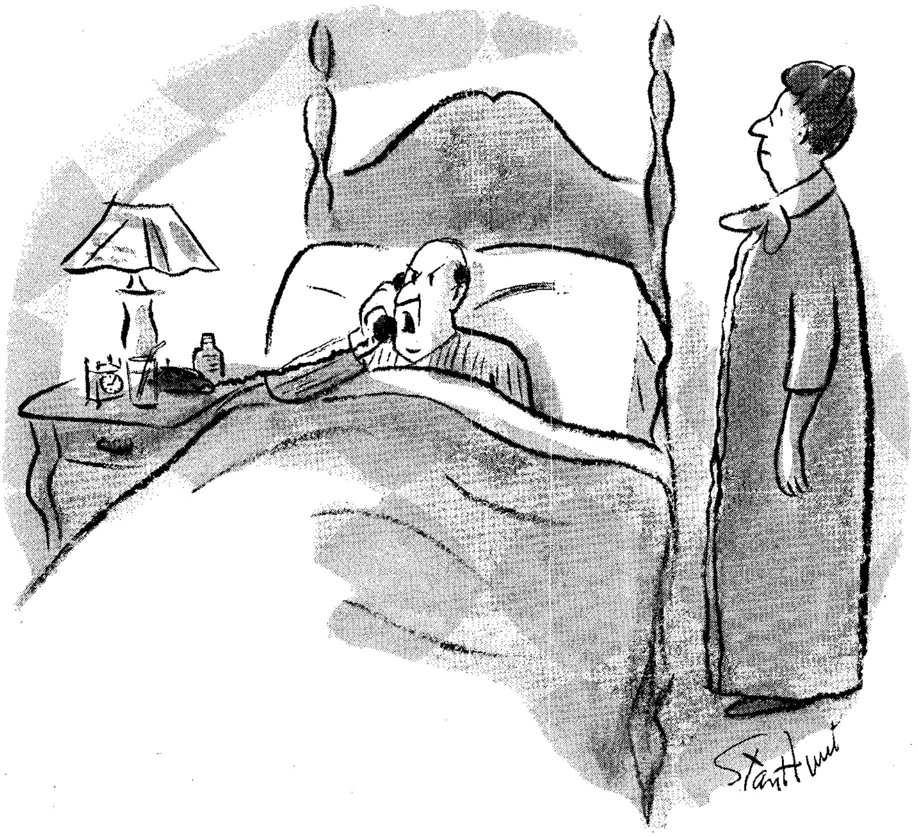
Slight, with smooth dark hair and shiny eyes. One who smokes Greek oval cigarettes while waiting in line for a movie near the corner of Third Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. One to be looked at throughout the movie, with constant side glances that are bound to be noticed by her, her date, and your own date. But you manage to find out that she goes to an art class on Wednesday nights.

Hopjes are Dutch candy, cube-shaped, coffee-flavored, individually wrapped in two wrappers, the inner one silver. Celeste gives one to you when she declines your offer to take her home after her art class. And she gets on the crosstown bus alone.

Braque, Gris, Miró hang on the walls of the living room at Celeste's parents' apartment. Soon she is to move out, though, to a flat on Bank Street. Now she lets you kiss her on the couch surrounded by Braque, Gris, Miró, and perhaps the taste of her lips and the flavor of those paintings, the smell of her neck and the fragrance of those painters, are all mingled in your mind to produce a pleasant haze. (When you ask her, afterward, what scent she was wearing, she laughingly informs you that it was merely an underarm deodorant.) But you have come far; the lurking janissaries are all forgotten, the Turks all out of sight.

Bank Street on a May evening makes you wonder about the permanence of things. What is lasting? Celeste, you yourself, the whispering trees, the glowing street lights, the mysterious town houses with an occasional softly lit window? The evening is young and warm. You decide that the time, the place, and you, the actors, all combine into a unique quantum whose essence will somehow survive. At any rate, you think it should. You consider Celeste and yourself lovers, and the two of you slip into a small grocery store to buy sliced turkey, cucumbers, and rolls before going upstairs, where, with the aid of mayonnaise, these ingredients combine into tasty, memorable sandwiches. Later, on the couch, she exclaims, "Oh, you are seducing me!" Afterward, she makes you feel good by comparing the muscles on your hip to those of Greek statues. Then she makes you feel bad by insisting that you leave. "I don't like to find last night's leftovers in the morning," she says. You think that's a pretty mean thing to say, but you shrug it off your rhinoceros hide.

Your illusions are shattered the next day in Fort Tryon Park, when Celeste says to you, "It's so nice to have a lover in the springtime." Now, since your sense of possibility abandons you for a moment, you can interpret this in only one of three ways: either she means it straight, or she means it ironically, or, what's even worse, pejoratively. You choose this last possibility, in the light of what she said about "last night's leftovers." And you get mad at her. Sensing an insult to your manhood, you sulk, but to pass the time away you play chess with her on the grass in the springtime, buy creamsicles for her from pathetic venders with pushcarts, and draw satirical sketches, which she ignores. Thus a misleadingly romantic veneer covers an unresolved mass of misunderstandings, wounded pride, anger. You talk to her about your summer plans for travelling in Europe. You invite her to come along, but the tone you use (joking, superficial) does not lead her to treat it as a serious offer, and she shrugs it off. Besides, she may have plans of her own. And anyway you don't really know if you want her along.



"Damn it, Miss Renzell! I'm not reporting in sick. I am sick."

LOVE letter from Rome:

DEAR CELESTE,

I love you very much. Please believe me.

(Signed)________________

But this letter wasn't sent; if sent, it wasn't received; if received, it wasn't read; if read, it was ignored.

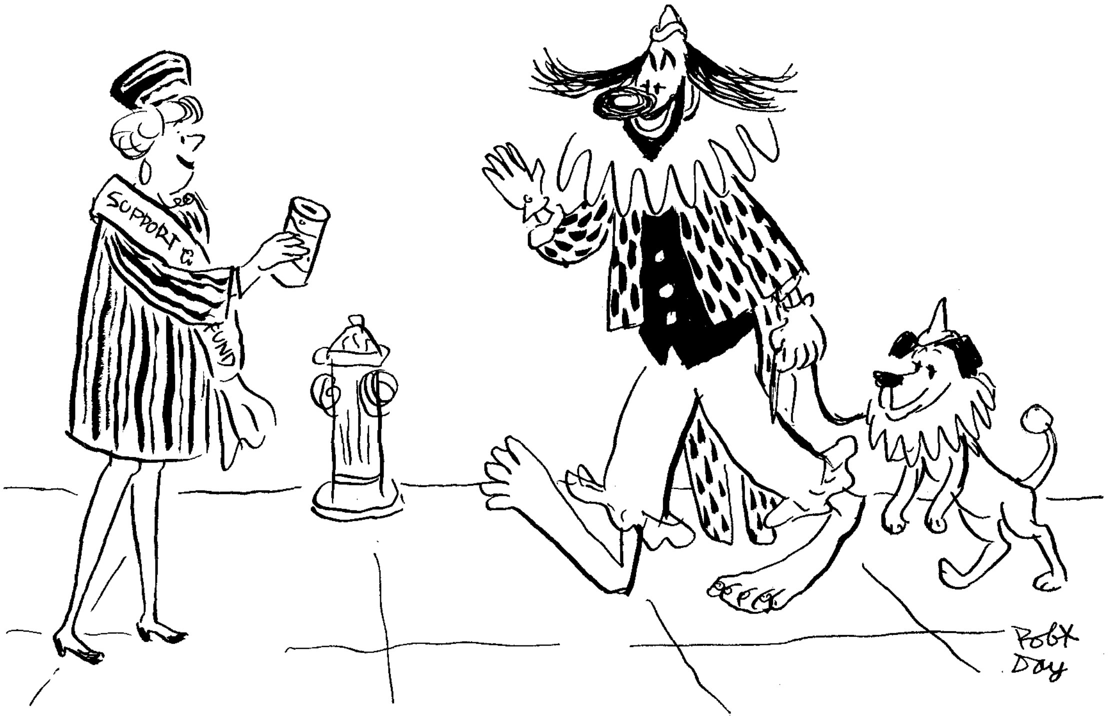
Excerpt from a four-page fragment entitled "The Kiss," dating from his first encounter with Celeste:

> ...your eyes, at first glance: the earnest concentration of a child ... reflections of an eternal peace in those two pools, whose depth invites me ... yes, the promise came from your eyes....

Need we go on? Celeste's instincts told her to beware of this young man. He was romantically inclined.

SUMMER ITINERARY: New York—London—Vienna—Budapest—Vienna — Frankfurt — Luxembourg — Brussels — Amsterdam — Copenhagen —Munich—Salzburg—Vienna—Salzburg — Venice — Florence — Rome — Florence—Rome—Florence—Verona — Milan — Antibes — Paris — New York.

In Vienna, our young man runs into Joe Golden, who had been Celeste's escort on that memorable night at the movies. Joe is affable and, if not affluent, ambitious. He says he knew Celeste only casually, through the Ski Club, and reflects, with a shake of the head (or its mental equivalent), "She



"I gave at the circus."

• •

was always so quiet. Perhaps she should have seen a psychiatrist. Perhaps she was seeing one."

In Antibes, on the dazzling Riviera, there were no accommodations to be had, it being precisely the height of the season. After three sleepless, cold nights spent in the garden of a very distant acquaintance (almost an enemy), he came down with something resembling mono. He decided to move on somewhere else—anywhere. Since his decision was made late at night, he couldn't travel by train; the station was closed. There was nothing left but to hitch a ride, which he did. Three rides and three hours later, he found himself walking in a daze on the highway toward dawn and Monte Carlo. He had been deposited there by a drunken young man with a beard, in a red sports car, who claimed to have gone to school with him, and who by his own admission was heading toward the villa of his mistress in Eze. A cool, starry night, with the sea crashing on the rocks down below on the right. In the hills on the left, lights in the villa, and people, music, free-flowing liquor, conversation. The red Aston-Martin (driven all the way from England) glistens on the gravel in the driveway under the fig trees. Men in white jackets circulate in the garden, serving Cordon Rouge. The night is soft and balmy in the hills. A sprinkling of stars, a moonbeam. Behind him there is a rustle of smooth silk, a hint of perfume mixing with the fragrance of the garden; it is a girl from Montreux, bent on seduction. Before he turns to her, as he looks down to the moonlit highway winding toward Monte Carlo, suddenly he catches a glimpse of his own self, walking in a daze under the murmuring stars.

He came across a stag beetle in the Boboli Gardens, by the Palazzo Pitti. Stag beetles were an old interest of his, from way back. As a child, he used to catch them on summer evenings, when the gigantic insects flew low and could be easily knocked down. Once, on an excursion to the country, he strayed into the midst of a pitched battle between supporters of the two kings. It was an ambush made by some horsemen on a supply train slowly progressing on the winding road in the valley. He lay low in a thicket of oak and watched the skirmish with interest as the attackers rode by him with flashing sabres and ungodly whoops. He couldn't tell which side was which, who were the supporters of King John and who were Ferdinand's men. Then, to his delight, he noticed several stag beetles in the shrubbery around him. He caught two gigantic males and returned to his parents, who were already looking for him.

Again, he is four years old. On this morning, after an early rain, he is allowed to play alone in the garden. It is not a very big garden. Raindrops hang on the undersides of leaves. The dark topsoil among the rosebushes is still moist. Snails are making their rounds of the grounds—all over the garden, on the lawn, on gravel walks, on flower stalks, on rose branches. There are little snails with stripes, dark on white, and white or yellow on black. The large snails are all beige-colored. When they are lifted up, they tuck in their tender, vulnerable antennae. When they are placed back on the ground, they slowly reëmerge into the daylight, extend their antennae, and stomach-foot it at top speed, leaving a silvery trail of slime behind them. But the butterflies are his real delight. Those magnificent swallowtails! Unlike the snails, almost impossible to capture with the bare hand. An enormous swallowtail, after flitting all around him, has finally made up its mind to land on a rose nearby. While its majestic wings are slowly pulsating open and closed, he sneaks up behind it with infinite care. Now he is near enough to see the delicate pattern of colors, the ribbed framework of veins in the wings, and the tufted, powdery, tiny wing scales themselves, the "dust" of the butterfly's wings. His hand slowly creeps through the air, thumb and index finger parted, pincerlike . . . when he feels a gentle touch on his shoulder. The butterfly flutters away. Behind him stands a stranger, a middle-aged man dressed immaculately, if somewhat warmly, on this sunny summer morning, wearing a high collar with a necktie and pin, a dark-blue blazer, gray trousers, and black shoes. He holds a walking stick in his hand. He has a high forehead, pale-blue eyes, a sparse but long mustache over his thick, wide lips and somewhat receding chin. He is smiling and waving a forefinger in warning. "Never touch a butterfly, little boy," says the man in a foreign language, and then slowly walks away.

—JOHN BATKI

•

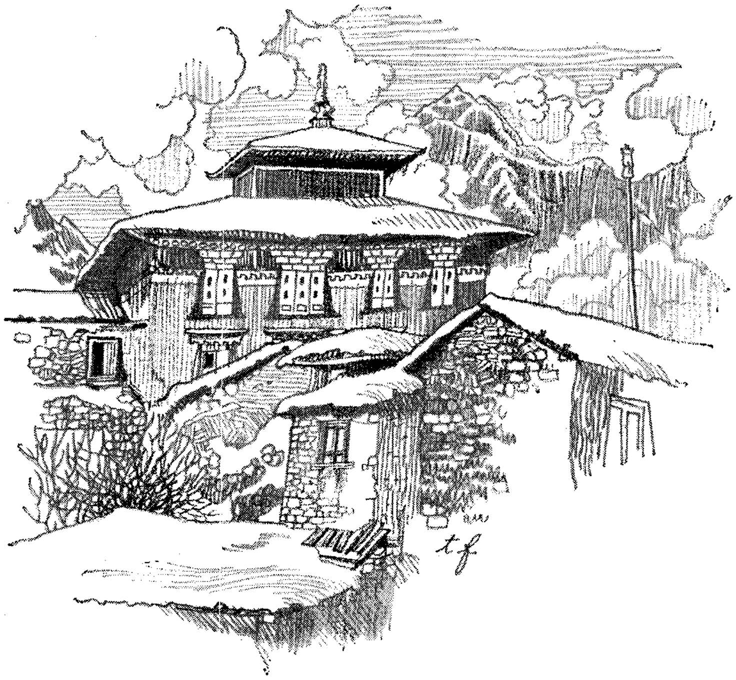
The new Mrs. Levitt is a young svelte French beauty with a classic profile, and gorgeous skin and figure. In a white evening gown, severe black hair-do, and rubies and diamonds on her ears and around her throat that took her breath away, she was something to look at.
—*Betty Beale in the Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News.*

Levitt better add a link to that choker.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ALTITUDE: 150 TO 29,028

II—SOME WALK GOING

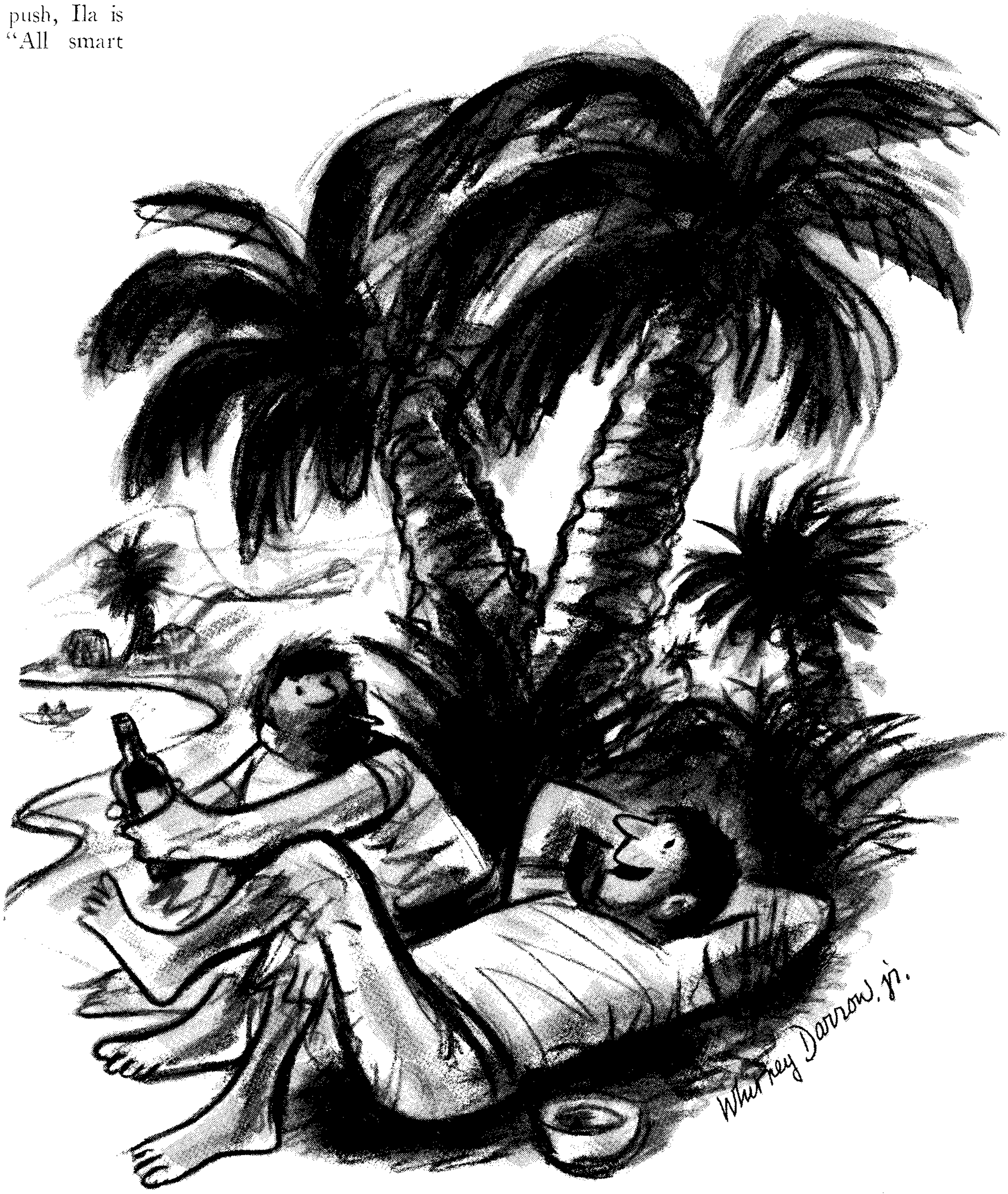


IN many ways, Ila Tsering, who is thirty-five, is a typical Sherpa. Like most of his fellow-tribesmen, he is, by geographic nationality, a Nepalese—a resident of that tiny kingdom tucked into a corner between northern India and Tibet. Like all Sherpas, he is short (five feet three, the Nepalese average), dark, and Mongolian-looking. (In Tibetan, “Sherpa” means “man from the east,” but no one knows what “the east” refers to, exactly. Several centuries ago, it is thought, the Sherpa tribe migrated south into Nepal from Tibet. As for the Tibetans themselves, they bear a remarkable resemblance to our American Indians.) Like most Sherpas, Ila wears his hair short. (Tibetans wear *their* hair extremely long and braided, like a woman’s, and tie it up in coils with bright ribbons.) Like most Sherpas, he is married to one woman (both polygamy and polyandry, though now forbidden by Nepalese law, are practiced by a few Sherpas, the most common arrangement being the marriage of a woman to two brothers) and has a fairly large family—three boys and a girl. (Family planning is almost unknown in Nepal—the government is just beginning a campaign to promote it—and Nepalese families would be even larger except that so many children die young. In the area where Ila lives, forty per cent of the children die before they are fifteen.) As is true of many Sherpa families, there is a history of tuberculosis in Ila’s family—his wife had the disease until it was arrested by the recent arrival of modern medicine in his community. Like most Sherpas, Ila lives in the Solu-Khumbu region of Nepal. Solu and Khumbu are contiguous districts in the northeast, next to Mount Everest. Solu, the more southerly, is in the “lowlands”—its villages are at about nine thousand feet. In Khumbu, the villages are at eleven or twelve thousand feet, and the yak pastures, where the Sherpa herdsmen live in the summer, are as high as seventeen thousand feet, which is almost two thousand feet higher than Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe. Ila and his family live in Namche Bazar, the district capital of Khumbu, which is at twelve thousand feet. Like most Sherpas, Ila is multilingual. His mother tongue, Sherpa, is closely related to Tibetan but has no written form, so Tibetan serves as the written language. Ila speaks and writes Tibetan. He also speaks and writes Nepali, the national language of Nepal. Most Sherpas now understand Nepali, and the younger generation, having had the advantage of formal schooling, read and write it as well. In addition, Ila speaks Hindustani, a mixture of Hindi and Urdu spoken in India. He understands English, and speaks it with both a charming accent and a rather astonishing turn of phrase. (There does not seem to be any sound in Sherpa equivalent to the English “f,” so “fruit” comes out “prut” and “breakfast” “birkpass.”) Like all Sherpas, Ila is a Lamaistic Buddhist, his religious life being guided by the lamas who live and study in the monasteries in Solu-Khumbu. The spiritual leader of the Lamaistic Buddhists is the Dalai Lama, who lived in Lhasa before the Chinese occupation of Tibet. He is now in India, and for the Sherpas of Khumbu his spiritual representative is the abbot of the monastery at Thyangboche, a few miles from Namche Bazar. In addition, the Sherpas are animists—they believe in a complex set of spirits and deities who live in the streams, trees, and high mountains of Solu-Khumbu.

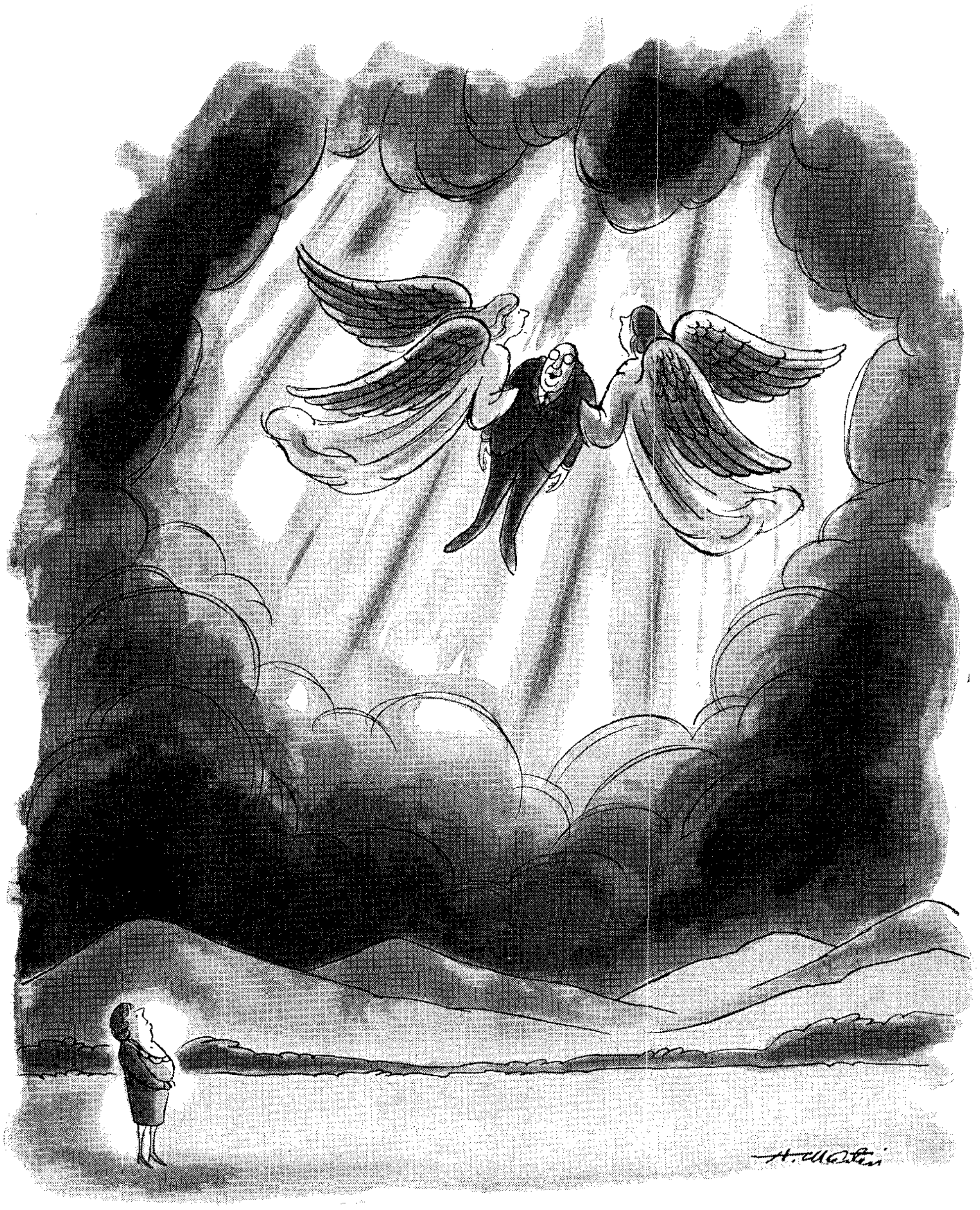
What distinguishes Ila from most Sherpas, who are farmers, herdsmen, or traders, is his occupation, which he describes as “some walk going.” Ila’s “walk going” has taken him with English, Japanese, Indian, and American climbing teams. His function is what he calls “carrying go.” There is carrying and there is carrying; Ila’s version consists of transporting food and other supplies to very high altitudes over difficult mountain terrain. Technically, Ila is a “tiger.” The British, who discovered the extraordinary physical and human virtues of the Sherpas in the course of their first Everest expeditions, in the nineteen-twenties, gave the nickname “tiger” to those Sherpas who carried the highest or who showed special courage. It soon became a custom for the Himalayan Club of Darjeeling—the Indian hill station east of Nepal where so many early assaults on the peaks were mounted—to make formal “tiger” awards to outstanding Sherpas. In the nineteen-fifties, a Himalayan Society was formed in Nepal and became a kind of Sherpa union. Every Sherpa registered with the society has a sort of passport bearing his picture and his signature—a thumbprint if he can’t write—along with a record of his work with various expeditions. The Himalayan Society also set the rates for “carrying,” which are now somewhere between ten and fifteen Nepalese rupees—a dollar to a dollar and a half—a day. By Nepalese standards, this is very good pay. Ila has been with many expeditions throughout the Himalayas, but his most outstanding work was probably done with the American expedition to Mount Everest in 1963. On March 23rd of that year, he was with a group that was caught in an avalanche on the lower slopes of Everest; an American climber, Jake Breitenbach, was killed, and a Sherpa, Ang Pema, was badly injured. Ila carried

Ang Pema down to the base camp on his back. There the members of the expedition debated whether or not to try again, and decided to do so, this time making it to the top. The success of the expedition was due, at least in part, to the fact that the Sherpas were willing to carry on after the accident. On May 1st, James Whittaker and a Sherpa, Nawang Gombu, of Darjeeling, made it to the top. On May 21st, Ila and four other Sherpas carried to an altitude of 27,250 feet on the West Ridge of Everest—less than two thousand feet below the summit and higher than all but a handful of mountains in the world—in support of two more successful American assaults, each by a different route. For their work on Everest (before the final push, Ila is reported to have said, "All smart Sherpas down sick. Only crazy Sherpas up here"), Ila and four other Sherpas were chosen to visit the United States, with the aid of a grant from the State Department's Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs. On the way, Ila stopped in Switzerland long enough to climb the Matterhorn, which he found pretty tame. On July 8th, President Kennedy presented the Hubbard Medal of the National Geographic Society to the American members of the expedition and to the Sherpas as well. Hanging in Ila's house in Namche Bazar is a delightful picture showing the late President bending down to put the medal's ribbon around Ila's neck. Both men are grinning broadly.

In 1965, the Nepalese government temporarily banned all mountaineering expeditions, because their number had become unmanageable and their irresponsibility intolerable. (They would go where they had no permission to go, and, more important, sometimes cross the border into Tibet, inflaming the Chinese government.) The ban was rescinded in 1969, and in the intervening years the expedition Sherpas of Solu-Khumbu fell on relatively hard times. Their situation would have been incomparably worse if it had not been for a retired British Army officer, Lieutenant-Colonel James Owen Merion Roberts, formerly of the 2nd King Edward VII's Own Gurkha Rifles. Roberts, who is now fifty-one, has been climbing in the Himalayas for more than thirty years, and served as the transportation officer for the 1963 American Everest expedition. This was hardly a sinecure, since the expedition required over nine hundred porters to move its equipment from Kathmandu, the capital of Nepal, to the base of Everest, sixty miles beyond Namche Bazar—a total distance of about two hundred and fifty miles, over some of the most rugged terrain on earth. There is probably no one in the world who knows the Himalayas better than Roberts; in addition, he served as military attaché to the British Embassy in Kathmandu from 1958 to 1961, which has given him considerable familiarity with the intricacies of Nepalese governmental administration. He speaks both Nepali and Hindustani, and is a brilliant mountain photographer. In 1965, Roberts, who lives in Kathmandu, founded an outfit called Mountain Travel. His idea was to or-



"Then one day she said, 'The trouble with you is you haven't any get up and go.' So, like the man said, I got up and went."



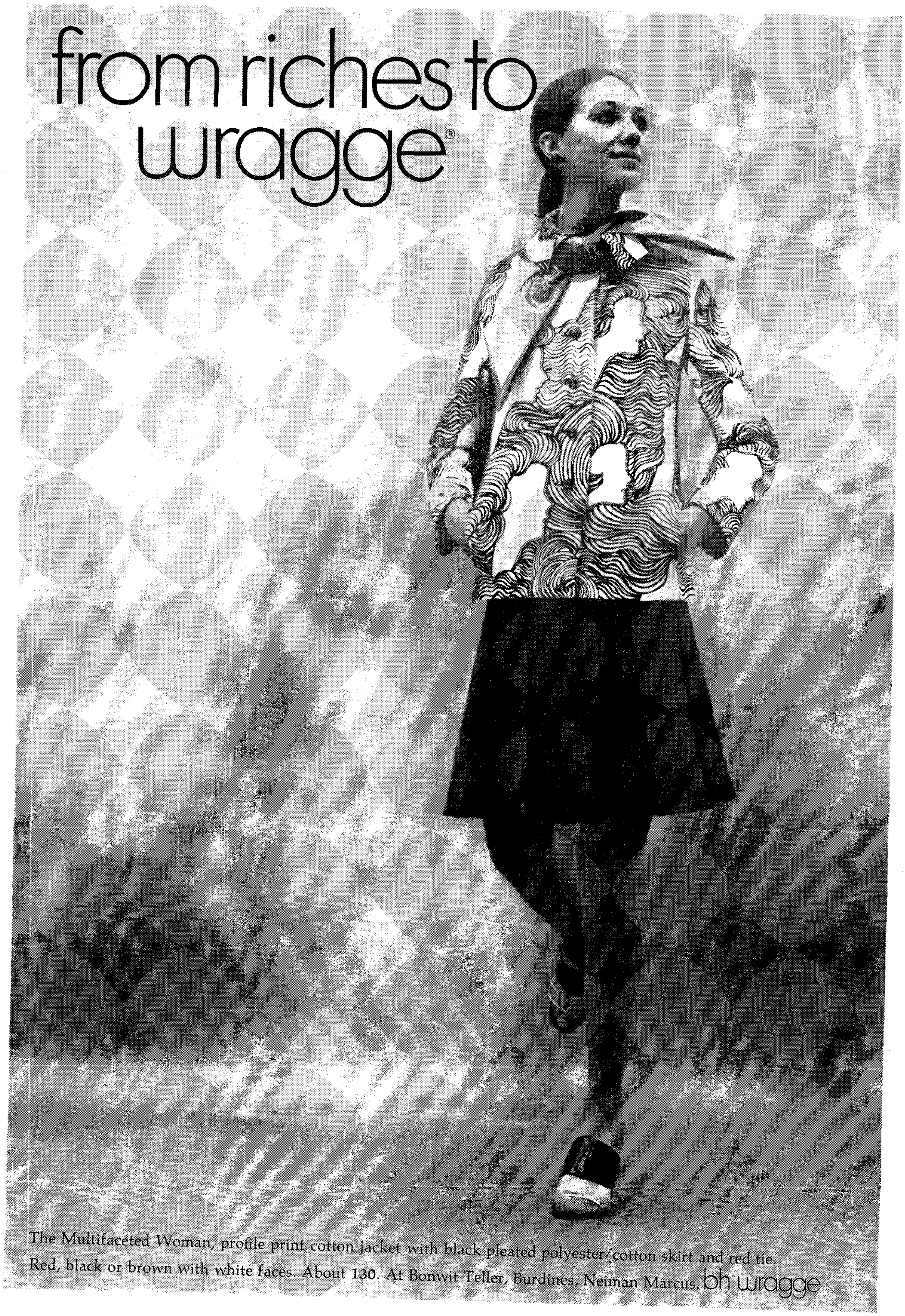
"Goodbye, Beata. Give my papers to Princeton."

• •

ganize and equip small trekking expeditions into the back country of Nepal—which is completely inaccessible except on foot—for people who were willing to hike and camp but might not know how to get along in a strange, primitive country with an incomprehensible language. His first clients were three American ladies, aged fifty-six, sixty-two, and sixty-four, from the Midwest. They must have been in splendid shape, because, in the company of three Sherpas and nine porters, all supplied by Roberts, they made the trek from Kathmandu to Namche Bazar and back—a dogleg route of a hundred miles each way as the crow flies—in a little over a month, and apparently enjoyed the trip thoroughly. (The distance as flown by a crow is not a very relevant measure of this trip, since so much of it is nearly vertical; some of the passes rise to almost twelve thousand feet, and the total distance covered on foot is actually a hundred and ninety miles.) Today, Roberts handles several hundred trekkers a year and employs the equivalent of three or four major expeditions' worth of Sherpas as guides and cooks, and at least a hundred and fifty porters, who are recruited from the hill towns along the way. For a fee that comes to a little more than thirteen dollars a day per person for the Everest trek—which, if one goes all the way to the base of Everest, several days' march beyond Namche, lasts thirty-seven days, round trip—Roberts supplies food, tents, and sleeping bags, along with sufficient personnel to carry the equipment and cook the food. All the trekker must supply are his personal gear and what Roberts calls in one of his brochures "feet in good, hard shape."

Ila Tsering is one of Colonel Roberts' *sirdars*, or expedition leaders. It was in this capacity that I came to know him. He was the *sirdar* for a thirty-five-day trek that I made with my friends Claude and Michèle Jaccoux (he is a French alpine guide, and she is a former member of the French national ski team) into the high mountain country of Solu-Khumbu in fulfillment of a childhood dream—to at least *see* Mount Everest. Its history and the almost legendary tales surrounding the attempts to climb it have always fascinated me. Mount Everest is a "British mountain," thanks to Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norkay in 1953, although the British were nearly forestalled by two Swiss expeditions in 1952. (And if the British had failed in 1953, an extremely strong French group was scheduled to make an attempt in 1954.) Until 1950, almost no foreigners were allowed in Nepal; when the gates were opened, the government started selling climbing rights to its mountains, which include eight of the ten highest in the world. The fee was arranged according to altitude. The eight highest—Everest (29,028), Kanchenjunga (28,146), Lhotse (27,890), Makalu (27,750), Dhaulagiri (26,811), Cho-oyu (26,750), Mansalu (26,658), and Annapurna (26,504)—cost forty-eight hundred Nepalese rupees, or about seven hundred dollars, apiece. Any other mountains above twenty-five thousand feet cost thirty-two hundred rupees each, and mountains below twenty-five thousand feet cost sixteen hundred. The last category must have presented some ambiguities of interpretation, because northern Nepal abounds in "hills" and glacial passes that range between eighteen thousand and twenty thousand feet but, in their context, hardly seem like real mountains at all. Although all of the "eight-thousanders"—the peaks over eight thousand metres—have been climbed, most of the mountains in Nepal have never been attempted, and a vast number of them are not even named. Today, what with inflation, the climbing fees have gone up somewhat. The Japanese party that established its third camp 22,730 feet up the southern side of Everest a few weeks ago paid an even thousand dollars for the privilege.

IN any event, it was the British who "discovered" Mount Everest. In 1852—according, at least, to legend—a Bengali, Radhanath Sikhdar, who was working as a statistician for the



The Multifaceted Woman, profile print cotton jacket with black pleated polyester/cotton skirt and red tie.
Red, black or brown with white faces. About 130. At Bonwit Teller, Burdines, Neiman Marcus. bh wragge

British Survey of India is said to have rushed into the office of Sir Andrew Waugh, the Surveyor-General, and announced, "Sir, I have discovered the highest mountain in the world!" Until that time, the mountain in question had been listed in the survey as "Peak XV," with no altitude shown. It was not until 1856 that Sir Andrew formally named it for his predecessor, Sir George Everest. The original survey, which took place in 1849-50 (two more years were required to complete the calculations), and which led to the Bengali's announcement, gave Everest an altitude of 29,002 feet. Two later calculations from surveys—one made in 1905 and the other in 1921-22—raised the altitude by about a hundred and fifty feet. The most recent determination, made in 1954, gives 29,028, with a possible error of .8 of a foot. Dr. B. L. Gulatee, who was the director of this survey, carried out under the auspices of the Indian government, commented in the *Himalayan Journal:*

> The new determination stands in a class by itself, and its close agreement with the older value [the one based on the 1849-50 survey] does not signify that the latter was well determined. It is really due to the fact that like is not being compared with like. Judged by modern standards, the earlier deduction of the height of Mount Everest was vague in several respects, and was burdened with large errors on account of neglect or incomplete consideration of certain physical factors. It so happened that by chance the various individual errors, although large, tended to cancel each other.

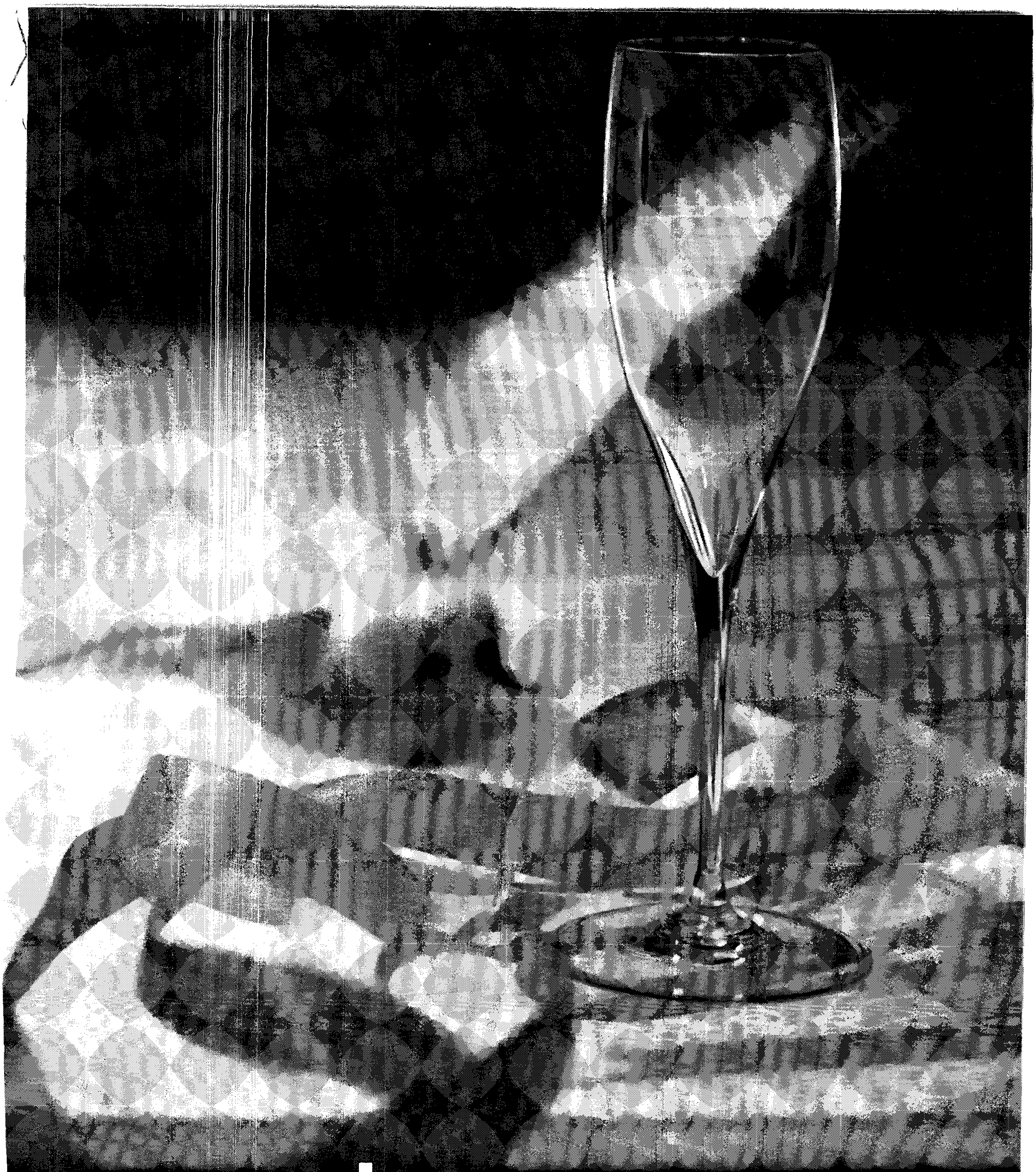
Of course, the Tibetans and Sherpas who lived near the base of Everest were aware of its existence long before the British arrived in India. Indeed, the Tibetan name for Everest is Chomolungma, which has been translated as "Goddess Mother of the World" or "Goddess Mother of the Snows." But, big as it is, Everest is one of the most difficult mountains in the world to get a good view of. From the Kathmandu Valley it is not visible at all, although one can see it on a clear day from various hilly vantage points a short drive from the valley. Even then it does not seem like much; indeed, if one does not know just where to look one can easily miss it altogether. It is no wonder that the Nepalese thought several other peaks were higher. (In some books on Nepal written before 1850, Dhaulagiri, in western Nepal, was said to be the highest mountain in the world.) Because Nepal was completely closed to expeditions before 1950, the southern flank of the mountain, which lies in Nepal, remained unexplored until it was visited briefly in that year by a small British-American party. As for the northern approaches to the peak, Tibet, too, was closed to Westerners during the nineteenth century. In 1904, Sir Francis Younghusband arrived with a contingent of British troops and opened up diplomatic and trade relations with the country, but it was not until 1921 that a British reconnaissance party made its way to the Rongbuk Valley, at the northern base of the mountain. In 1922 and 1924, British parties engaged in two absolutely extraordinary attempts to climb the mountain from the Tibetan side. A member of both parties was George Leigh-Mallory. (It was Mallory who, at a lecture in Philadelphia, replied "Because it is there" to a question about why he wanted to climb Everest.) Since first coming to Everest, in 1921, Mallory had been enslaved by the mountain. E. F. Norton, a climber with the 1924 party, wrote of him, "The conquest of the mountain became an obsession with him, and for weeks and months he devoted his whole time and energy to it, incessantly working at plans and details of organization; and when it came to business he expended on it every ounce of his unrivalled physical energy."

Reading the accounts of these pioneering attempts, one is constantly struck by the almost completely casual and innocent heroism of the participants. Almost all were public-school men (Mallory, indeed, taught at Charterhouse), and when not otherwise occupied they could be found in small tents at various altitudes reading aloud to one another from "The Spirit of Man," "Hamlet," or "King Lear." As Mallory wrote in his account of the 1922 expedition, "On another occasion, I had the good fortune to open my Shakespeare at the very place where Hamlet addresses the ghost. 'Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us,' I began, and the theme was so congenial that we stumbled on enthusiastically, reading the parts in turn through half the play." This reading of the Bard took place at twenty-one thousand feet, above the Rongbuk Glacier, and shortly thereafter Mallory and two companions, without oxygen, managed to climb to twenty-seven thousand feet—just two thousand short of the summit. A second team, using oxygen, got a little higher, but a third attempt on the peak ended in disaster when seven Sherpas were killed in an avalanche. This expedition marked the first use of oxygen (which the Sherpas called "English air") in climbing, and it also marked the first appearance of Sherpas in a mountaineering expedition.

In 1924, the British were back en masse, with three hundred and fifty porters and twelve climbers. Mallory was now thirty-seven, which seems to be a prime age for Himalayan climbing. (Young climbers usually lack the kind of temperament required to slog away day after day, often with little or no apparent progress, on a Himalayan giant.) On June 4th, E. F. Norton and T. H. Somervell reached over twenty-eight thousand feet, without oxygen, and had to fall back. On June 7th, Mallory started up with a young companion, Andrew Irvine. They were followed by N. E. Odell, the expedition geologist (who, incidentally, discovered a marine fossil high on the mountain, proving its suboceanic origin). Odell had shown himself to be so strong that he had been given the task of following Mallory and Irvine one camp behind, to offer them whatever support they needed. On the seventh, Odell, who was in Camp V, at a little over twenty-five thousand feet, received a note from Mallory carried down from Camp VI by some Sherpas, which ended, "Perfect weather for the job!" The next morning, Odell started up after Mallory and Irvine, and his record of what he saw remains one of the most celebrated passages in all alpine literature:

> At about 26,000 feet I climbed a little crag, which could possibly have been circumvented but which I decided to tackle direct, more perhaps as a test of my condition than for any other reason. There was scarcely a hundred feet of it, and as I reached [the top] there was a sudden clearing of the atmosphere above me, and I saw the whole summit ridge and final peak of Everest unveiled. I noticed far away, on a snow slope leading up to what seemed to me to be the last step but one from the base of the final pyramid, a tiny object moving and approaching the rock step. A second object followed, and then the first climbed to the top of the step. As I stood intently watching this dramatic appearance, the scene became enveloped in cloud once more.

This was the last time that Mallory and Irvine were ever seen. Odell continued up alone—and in a driving blizzard—to over twenty-seven thousand feet in the vain hope of finding them. But there was no trace. Nine years later, on the next expedition to the mountain, Mallory's ice axe was recovered at a point not far above the place from which Odell had been watching. How did it get there? Did



baccarat

At the following leading stores:

Coleman E. Adler & Sons, New Orleans, La.
J. E. Caldwell Co., Philadelphia, Penna.
The Carlton House, Houston, Tex.
Cartier's, Inc., New York
Foster's, Westwood, Calif.
Friedlander & Sons, Seattle, Wash.
Nessa Gaulois, Miami Beach, Fla.
Gump's, San Francisco, Calif.
The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland, O.
Hall's, Kansas City, Mo.
R. Harris & Co., Washington, D.C.
B. D. Howes & Son, Pasadena, Calif.
Constance Leiter, Kansas City, Mo.
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Martin's, Washington, D.C.
C. D. Peacock, Chicago, Ill.
Reizenstein's Inc., Pittsburgh, Penna.
Saks Fifth Ave., New York
Saks Fifth Ave., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Shreve & Co., San Francisco, Calif.
Shreve, Crump & Low Co., Boston, Mass.
Spaulding & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Tiffany & Co., New York
Tilden-Thurber Corp., Providence, R.I.
George Watts & Son Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.
Zell Bros., Portland, Ore.

Also at most other prestige stores and at:

baccarat
55 East 57th Street, New York 10022

Write Dept. Y9 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware, china, or gifts, 25c each, and/or $1 for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

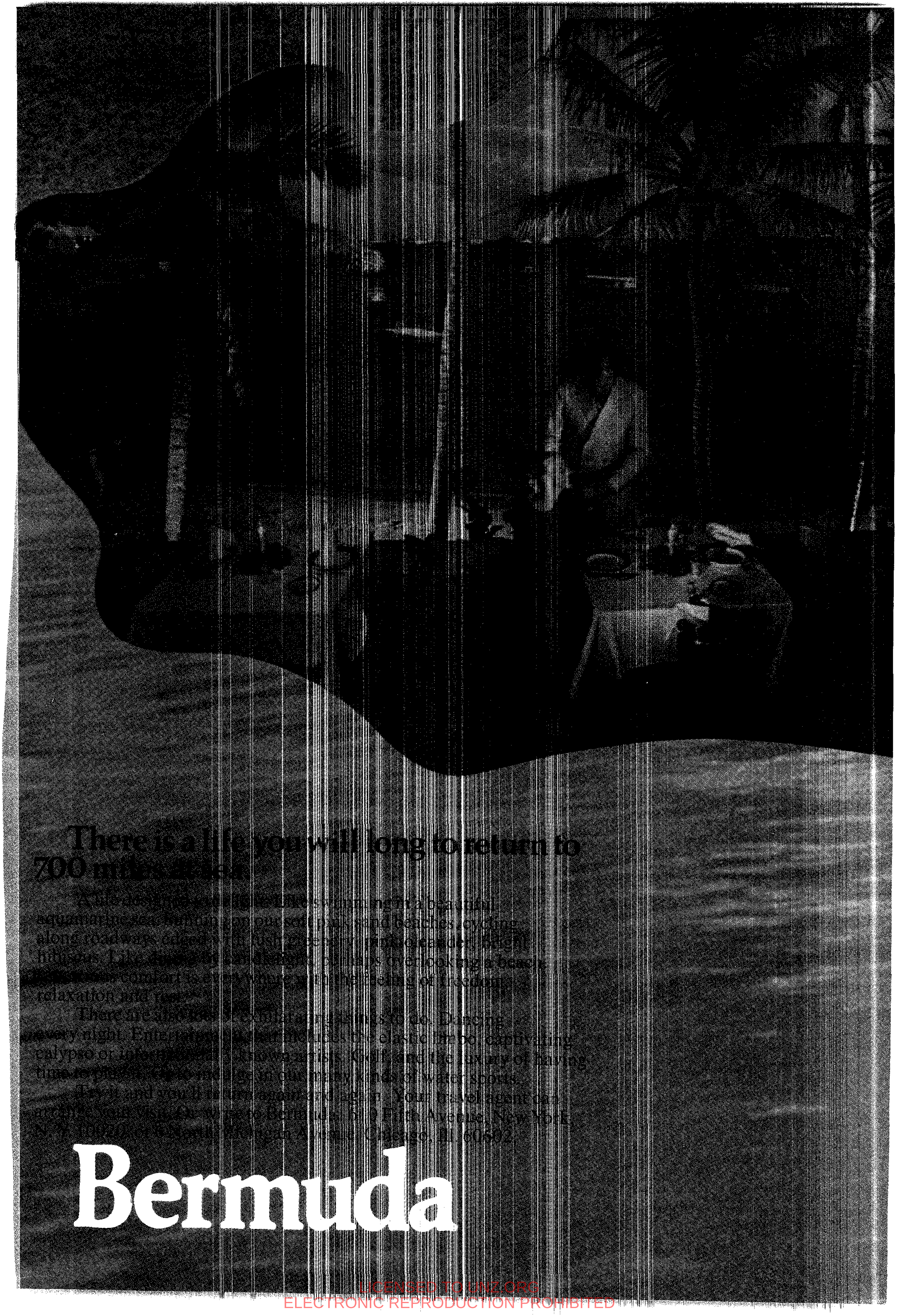
the men get to the top and fall on the descent, or were they lost in the snows before reaching the summit? No one will ever know.

In the nineteen-thirties, the British mounted four Everest expeditions from Tibet, the last one in 1938. All were stopped short of the summit. In 1933, they sent two small planes over the top of Everest, and for the first time the Nepalese approaches to the mountain were photographed. In 1934, a rather bizarre and somewhat pathetic English mystic named Maurice Wilson made a solo attempt on the mountain in order to publicize some of his theories, which included the notion that if a man was able to go without food for three weeks he would emerge in a state like that of a newborn child but with the benefit of all the experience of his past life. Wilson had never been on a mountain, but he somehow got the idea that if he could succeed in climbing Everest alone it would help to establish his theories. At first, he planned to crash-land a small plane as high as possible on the mountain and make the rest of the trip on foot. He got as far as Purnea, in India, where his plane was confiscated, and then walked the rest of the way—about two hundred miles—to Darjeeling. There he trained for four months and arranged with some Sherpas to take him, disguised as a Tibetan, to the base of Everest. He, of course, had no permission to climb, but he made a favorable impression on the head lama of the monastery in Rongbuk, with whom he had many discussions. In May, 1934, he started for the summit and died of exposure in his tent somewhere above twenty thousand feet. His body and diary were found by the British expedition of 1935.

Himalayan climbing was suspended during the Second World War, and it was not until 1950 that expeditions to Everest were resumed. (In 1947, there was another solo attempt by a Canadian, E. L. Denman, who also disguised himself as a Tibetan and was accompanied by none other than Tenzing Norkay. They retreated safely from a point a little above where Maurice Wilson had died.) The political situation had completely altered. Tibet was now closed and Nepal open. In 1950, a small Anglo-American group made the first trek by Westerners into Namche Bazar, and in 1951 a very strong group led by the great Himalayan climber Eric Shipton explored the whole southern flank of Everest, mapping the general outlines of what became the first successful climbing route. The next year, the Swiss got permission to try the mountain, and approached it via Namche Bazar. The party succeeded in forcing the great icefall that leads from the Khumbu Glacier to the Western Cwm (a glacial valley that Mallory had seen from the north in 1921 and had given a Welsh name in honor of the fact that he had done his first climbing in Wales), and in late May of 1952 Tenzing and Raymond Lambert, a famous Swiss guide from Geneva, reached a point on the Southeast Ridge that was little more than eight hundred feet below the summit. The Swiss were back in the fall of 1952, and once again Tenzing and Lambert were stopped, this time at a somewhat lower point. Of course, on May 29, 1953, Hillary and Tenzing reached the top, following the Swiss route as far as it went, and in the snows of the summit Tenzing buried a little red-and-blue pencil, given him by his daughter Nima, as an offering to Chomolungma, the Goddess Mother. This was Tenzing's sixth Everest expedition.

EVER since the Swiss traversed Nepal from Kathmandu to Namche Bazar, all expeditions to Everest have used substantially the same route, and have set up their camps at more or less the same places. Indeed, all of Roberts' Everest trekkers use the Swiss route. This is very convenient, since the Swiss published an extensive account of their trip across Nepal in a book called "Avant-Premières à l'Everest," from which the prospective trekker can get an idea of what he is up against. In reading the book while my trip with Claude and Michèle Jaccoux was still in the formative stages, I was immediately struck by the decisive role of the monsoon in determining when one can travel in Nepal. The monsoon comes to Nepal in early June and leaves, as a rule, by mid-September. It is caused by the fact that during the early summer the thin, dry air above the Tibetan plain becomes heated and rises, creating an enormous low-pressure system to the north of Nepal that draws up moist air from the Bay of Bengal. This moist air is wrung dry as it rises to cross the Himalayan barrier, with the result that to the north of the mountains the land is essentially a desert, while to the south it is something of a tropical paradise. During the monsoon, travel is all but impossible. The dirt trails, often exceedingly steep, become as slippery as ice, and the rivers are swollen with rain and with water from the melting snows of the Himalayas. Everest is to the east of Kathmandu, and all east-west travel in Nepal involves crossing the innumerable rivers that flow south from Tibet. The bridges, if they exist at all, generally consist of a few logs thrown across the stream, and during the monsoon the logs are almost invariably carried away; it is quite rare to find a bridge that is high enough and strong enough to resist the monsoon waters. A third difficulty of travel during the monsoon is the insects, snakes, and, above all, leeches that abound in the tropical countryside during the summer. While a leech bite does not usually cause any serious trouble, there is nothing more revolting. The leeches of Nepal are, on the average, about an inch long. After a rain, they line the foliage along a muddy trail and sway back and forth until a man or an animal passes. Sometimes they drop down from leaves above the trail, but most often they climb into one's shoes and lodge themselves between one's toes. It is useless, and even somewhat dangerous, to pull a leech off, since this causes a wound that tends to ulcerate. As a rule, leech bites do not hurt, so one is unaware of having been bitten until one discovers that one's clothes are covered with blood. Travelling over leech-infested terrain is no picnic.

All Everest expeditions have had to reckon with the monsoon. What with one thing and another, the earliest that the Jaccoux and I could make the Everest trek was in late September—a time that worked out very well for Jaccoux, since it fell exactly between his climbing and his skiing seasons. Sometime in April, I wrote to Roberts, and a few weeks later I got back a cheerful reply on Mountain Travel stationery, which has printed across the bottom "Pack a suitcase and take off for Mount Everest." Roberts indicated that a trek to Ev-



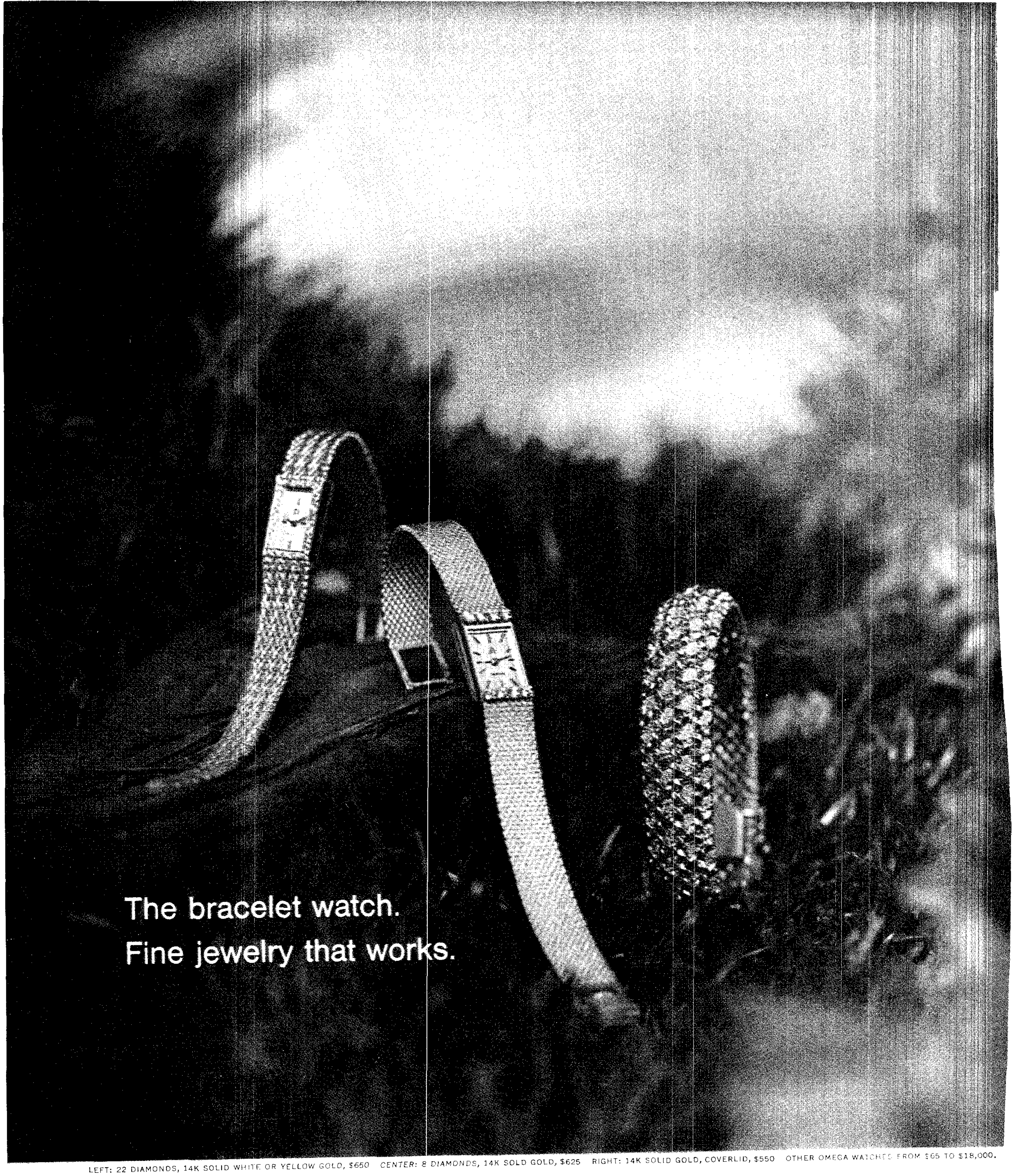
There is a life you will long to return to 700 miles at sea.

A life designed for delight. Like swimming in a beautiful aquamarine sea. Sunning on our soft pink sand beaches, cycling along roadways edged with lush greenery, pink oleander, bright hibiscus. Like dining by candlelight, perhaps overlooking a beach. [illegible] comfort is everywhere with the feeling of freedom, relaxation and rest.

There are also lots of exhilarating things to do. Dancing every night. Entertainment that includes the elastic limbo, captivating calypso or internationally known artists. Golf and the luxury of having time to practice. Or to indulge in our many kinds of water sports.

Try it and you'll return again and again. Your travel agent can arrange your visit. Or write to Bermuda, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020 or 6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60602.

Bermuda



LEFT: 22 DIAMONDS, 14K SOLID WHITE OR YELLOW GOLD, $650 CENTER: 8 DIAMONDS, 14K SOLD GOLD, $625 RIGHT: 14K SOLID GOLD, COVERLID, $550 OTHER OMEGA WATCHES FROM $65 TO $18,000.

A gold and diamond bracelet in itself is an exciting gift. And an Omega bracelet watch is an elegant gift that has brightened the lives of millions of women.

Put together, they become a partnership of jeweler's art and watchmaker's precision. It is one of the finest gifts you can ever select.

The bracelet is of 14K solid gold, the diamonds are flawless. The watch is famous throughout the world.

Year after year, Omega has quietly won virtually every honor that a watch may receive and last July it was the first and only watch worn on the moon.

The bracelet watch is available at Omega jewelers, carefully selected to match the quality of Omega watches.

For free Luxury Watch Brochure, write Omega Watch Co., Omega Bldg., 301 E. 57th St., New York 10022

Ω
OMEGA
FIRST WATCH WORN ON THE MOON

erest might well be organized for late September, when, with luck, the monsoon would have ended. These days, Roberts is booked up months in advance, so, monsoon or no, we accepted the dates he proposed and began making arrangements for the trip.

Among other things, Roberts sends his clients a detailed list of things to bring and medical precautions to take. Among the latter is a formidable set of suggested vaccinations, including typhoid, tetanus, cholera, typhus, smallpox, polio, and gamma globulin, to prevent hepatitis. During the spring, I involved myself in an all but endless series of visits to my doctor for shots, and I assumed, naïvely, that the Jaccoux were likewise engaged. The French, although they invented vaccination, do not much believe in it, and when I arrived in Europe, in early June, the Jaccoux announced that they were going to take the bare legal minimum—cholera and smallpox—and *tant pis pour les autres*. Despite my fervent arguments about the terrible dangers they were exposing themselves to, they stuck to their intention, and, I must confess, got through the trek in splendid health. However, they did pay a visit to Dr. Guy de Haynin, the chief surgeon at the hospital at Mulhouse, who had been the doctor for one of the last French expeditions to Nepal, and Dr. de Haynin, in a gesture of great kindness, offered to supply us with a complete pharmacy, suitable for every medical situation that we might come up against, short of major surgery. Fortunately, most of the huge array of medicines that we took along came back unused.

Of much more relevance was the matter of clothing. From the Swiss account, it was clear that during the trek the climate was going to change from tropical to arctic. Nepal is about a hundred miles across, and in that span the altitude varies from 150 feet in the south to 29,028 feet—Everest—in the north. We planned to wind up our trek somewhere near the base camp of the British 1953 expedition, which is at 17,900 feet, and from all accounts we could expect extreme cold, high winds, and snow. On the other hand, during the first week or so of the trek we would be passing through tropical jungles, and our main problem would be averting heat prostration. Shorts, bathing suits, and parasols would solve the heat and sun problem, but the cold was something else. The Jaccoux teach skiing, and, as Michèle said when we were discussing the matter, "*Nous, on connait le froid.*" Following their advice and a clothing list supplied by Roberts, I ended up taking along—working from the inside out—long thermal underwear, two wool shirts and a pair of heavy climbing pants, two heavy sweaters, two windproof light nylon jackets, a heavy down jacket, two wool hats, a pair of wool gloves, a pair of leather gloves, a pair of enormous mittens, several pairs of extra-heavy wool socks, hiking shoes and climbing shoes, and a track suit, which Jaccoux had suggested would make a good pair of pajamas. (On one memorable evening when we were camped in our tents in the snow at sixteen thousand feet, I wore almost all of it, and Michèle claimed that she had on seven layers.) In addition, we took three cameras and enough film for several thousand pictures, a battery-powered electric razor, a sewing kit for Michèle, a transistor radio (which broke down almost immediately), Malraux's "Anti-Mémoires" for Jaccoux, two months' supply of Gauloise cigarettes and an equivalent quantity of pipe tobacco, two decks of cards, two small ice axes and a coil of light nylon climbing rope, and several boxes of laundry soap. I had also purchased twelve aerosol cans of the best Swiss insecticide and twelve cans of insect repellent, as well as several thousand chlorine tablets for purifying the drinking water. As a last-minute inspiration, we stocked up with Vitamin C tablets, on the ground that there might not be much available in the way of fresh fruit. Actually, we had fruit of one kind or another almost every day.

As it happened, I spent most of that summer near Geneva, which allowed me to undertake an extensive training program of hiking in the Alps. About a month before we were supposed to leave, I slipped on a wet rock during a hike and sprained my ankle, which nearly finished the expedition right there. Fortunately, by the time we left, the ankle, although weak, was usable. Jaccoux, on the other hand, was in splendid shape after a summer of guiding, and Michèle, although svelte, has the natural stamina of a musk ox. By early September, we had everything in one place, including our visas. Nepal is one of the few nations in the world where one's entry visa does not allow one to travel freely in the country. Our visas, which were valid for fourteen days, gave us permission to

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Satellites and striations, half-moons and halos-of-Saturn, they're all part of our great Ban-Lon® design. Traveling light and easy in the softest jersey of texturized nylon, hand-washable, of course. In black-and-white for 6 to 16 sizes, $52. Sportdress Collections. Mail, phone orders filled.

There's a Canada in Canada tha never heard about. We can fly you t

It's not the Canada you're likely to see on the late, late movie. The one where Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald echo Indian love calls among snow-capped mountains, zero degree temperatures and a team of wild Huskies.

The new Canada is a Canada that Nelson and Jeanette never got to see.

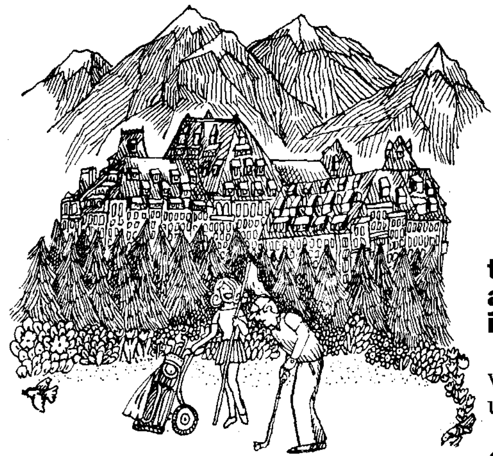
It still has mountains and clean air and clear lakes—a bit unusual these days. But it also has a few other things.

Like fun, for example. And pink, sandy beaches. And one of the most exciting young cities in the world.

When you're ready, Air Canada can fly you to it. We know more about the new Canada than any other airline.

We'll plan your entire itinerary; take care of hotel reservations, reserve a car for you and we'll wrap it all up in a surprisingly low cost tour.

And when you fly with us, we'll make you feel like you're flying on the best airline in the world.



We can fly you to a Canada where Nature decided to spend the rest of her life. You can relax there in a Scottish castle. And golf and swim and sail.

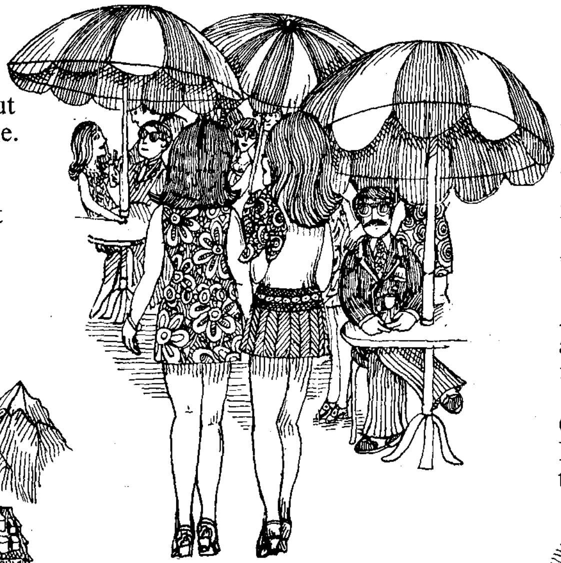
It's not noisy, it's not crowded, it's peaceful, clean and clear.

It's a place where trails stretch for miles through untouched mountains and around natural, quiet lakes.

It's a fresh, new world. The world of Banff and Jasper and Lake Louise, and it sits serenely in Western Canada just waiting to be discovered.

Discover it tomorrow on Air Canada.

We know more about the secluded mountain resorts in the Canadian West than any other airline.



We can fly you to a Canada that few people know or hear about. The flavor is strictly international and so are the girls.

If you're young and like night life with an international flavor then come up to Toronto.

It's the fastest growing city in Canada.

And it's filled with young, healthy people who dig lively entertainment.

You'll find some of the best looking girls in the world up here. The friendliest, too.

Where? Try Malloney's on Grenville street. Its stand-up bar allows for plenty of manoeuvering.

If you like an improvisational crowd, come to the Castle George (Dundas Street East.

Later on, run over to Julie's Bombay Bicycle Club on Jarvis Str The music's fast and so is the crow And by the way, don't tug the waitr sari, Julie gets mad.

We can fly you to a Canada where nobody sleeps until the wine runs dry and the musi wears out.

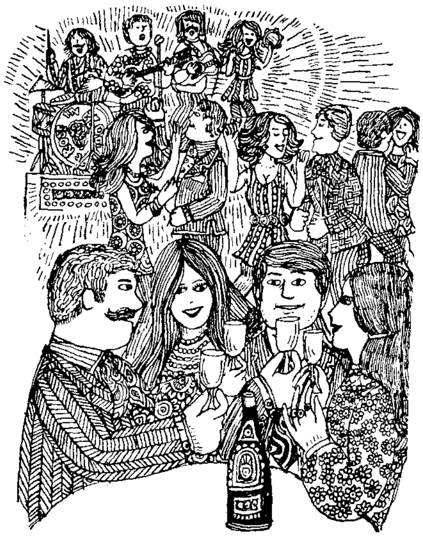
Its flavor is strictly internationa and its atmosphere strictly uninhibit

On the outside it's Montreal. On the inside, it's the liveliest city in the world.

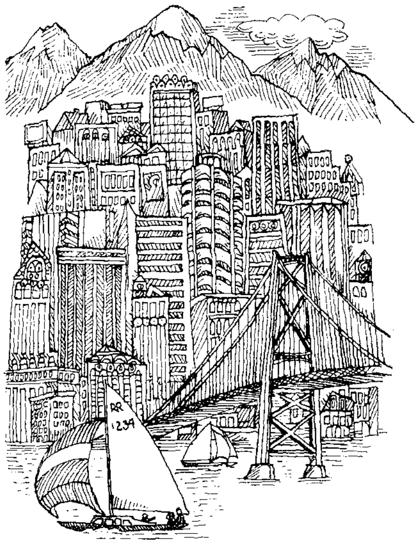
On Crescent Street, it's the Winston Churchill Pub. A smoke-filled, do-your-own-thing cellar with the best-looking checkroom girl in town.

On Mackay Street, it's the Chez ZouZou, a discotheque with a Frenc atmosphere and friendly crowd. And they go all night.

In short, Montreal is the kind of Canada where you can do your thing No matter what your thing happens to be.



elson Eddy & Jeanette MacDonald



We can fly you to a Canada ıt sits resting by the sea. ople call it the w San Francisco.

Instead of riding cable cars, you ı ride a gondola to the top of a ·untain and lunch at a Swiss Chalet. d if you like to swim, there are 'es of golden beaches only minutes ıay.

There's Fraser Valley, too. A nd of rolling pasture and rugged untains.

In the evening, there's fun. The d of fun Nelson and Jeanette never w existed.

There is theatre (all kinds). Jazz. cotheques. Concerts. Even ıinatown. And it's the second est in North America.

And besides the sophistication of ant restaurants and art festivals, e are 115 quiet parks and luxurious ens.

The place? Vancouver. It's the ıest, youngest city on the West st. If you like big city atmosphere, ıre, clean air and the kind of night ou thought only San Francisco l boast about, then this is the ıda for you.

We can fly you to a Canada where the air is sparkling and pure, the water crystal clear and the only rule of life is to have fun.

This place is studded with thousands of lakes where you can swim and sail and fish and water-ski. When you've had your fill of stuffy, overcrowded cities, come here.

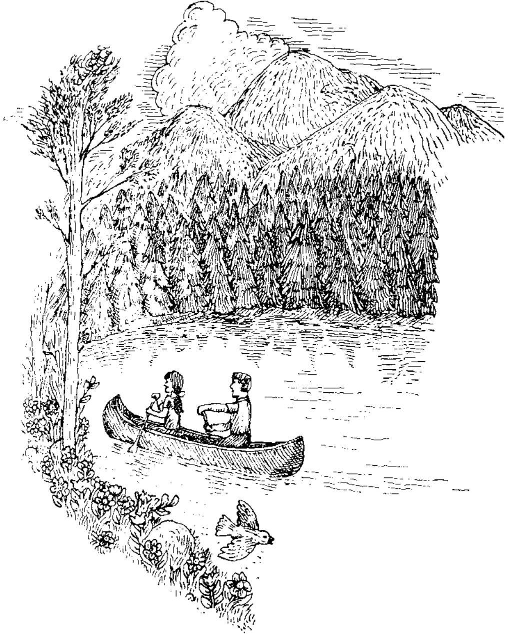
Outdoorsmen call it Mecca; it's more famously known as The Laurentians (just north of Montreal) or the world's most beautiful playground.

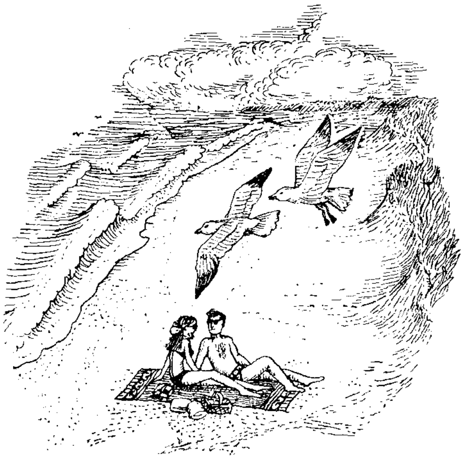
Of course, there's plenty of culture here, too.

Music and art festivals, summer theatre, handicrafts, historic sites; it goes on and on.

And since fresh air is so big up here, your appetite is bound to be, too. That's why there is a group of French chefs with an enviable reputation for fine cuisine.

If you'd like some fresh air for a change, along with some peace and quiet, then come to the Laurentians this summer.





We can fly you to a Canada where pink sandy beaches stretch for a thousand miles and the water is the warmest north of Florida.

The way Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald used to bundle up, you'd think all of Canada was cold and icy.

Not Prince Edward Island.

In summer the salt water reaches above 70. And the sun above 85.

Uncrowded beaches are wide and slope (very gently) toward the sea. You can swim there and golf and water-ski and bake fresh lobster by the sea. Or fish for the world's largest tuna.

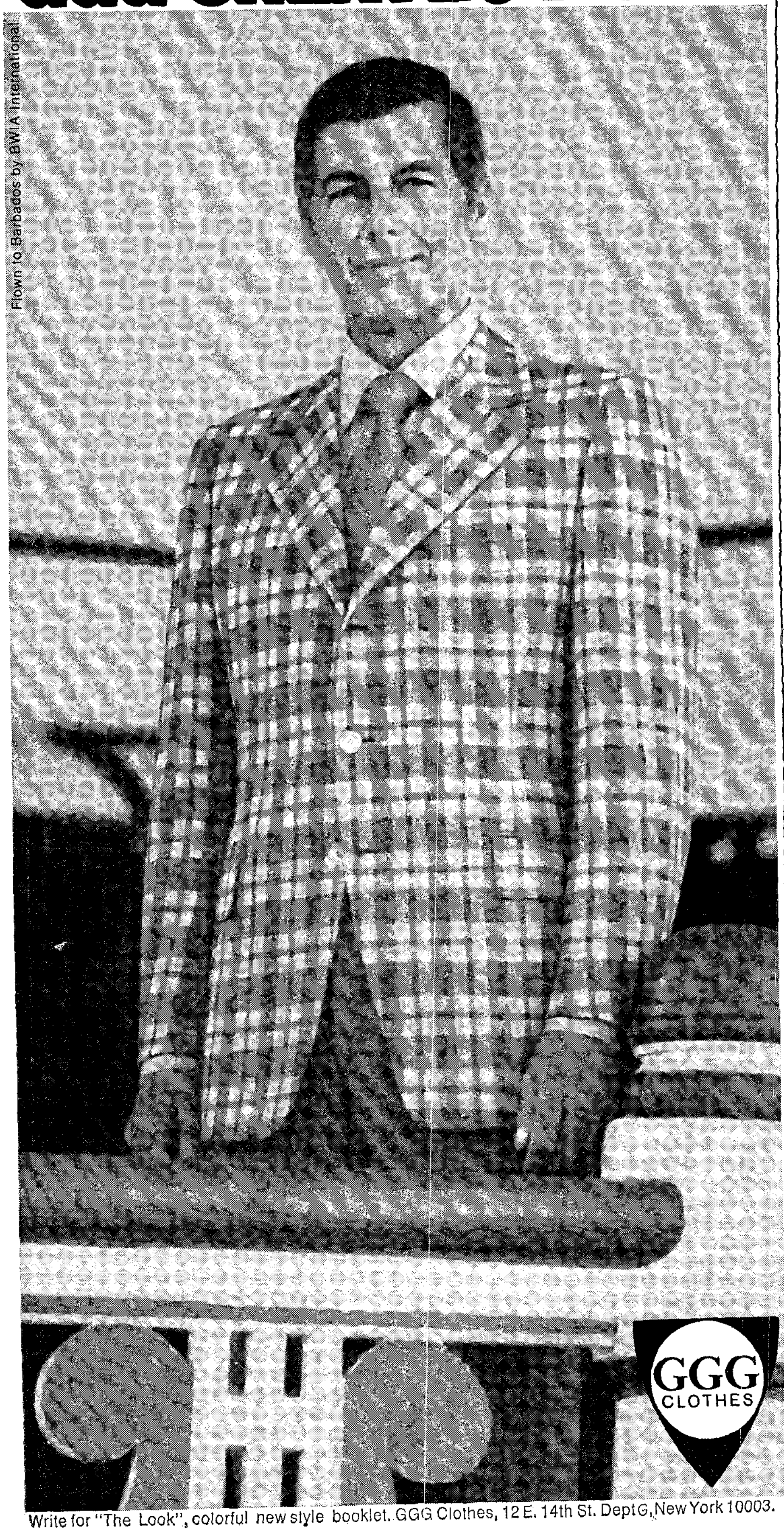
Or, if you like to roam through untouched mountains and around quiet lakes, nearby Nova Scotia is filled with them. And symphony music. And pageantry. And Scottish castles.

If you'd like to do some exploring Air Canada has special Fly In and Camp Out vacations. We'll provide a detailed map, a camper or Motor Home; you name it, we'll take care of everything for you.

We can also provide you with Fly 'n Drive package tours. For more information about any one of our plans just call your travel agent. Or write: Air Canada, P.O. Box 598, Montreal 101, P.Q., Canada.

AIR CANADA We want to be the best airline in the world.

THE LOOK.
GGG CREATES IT.



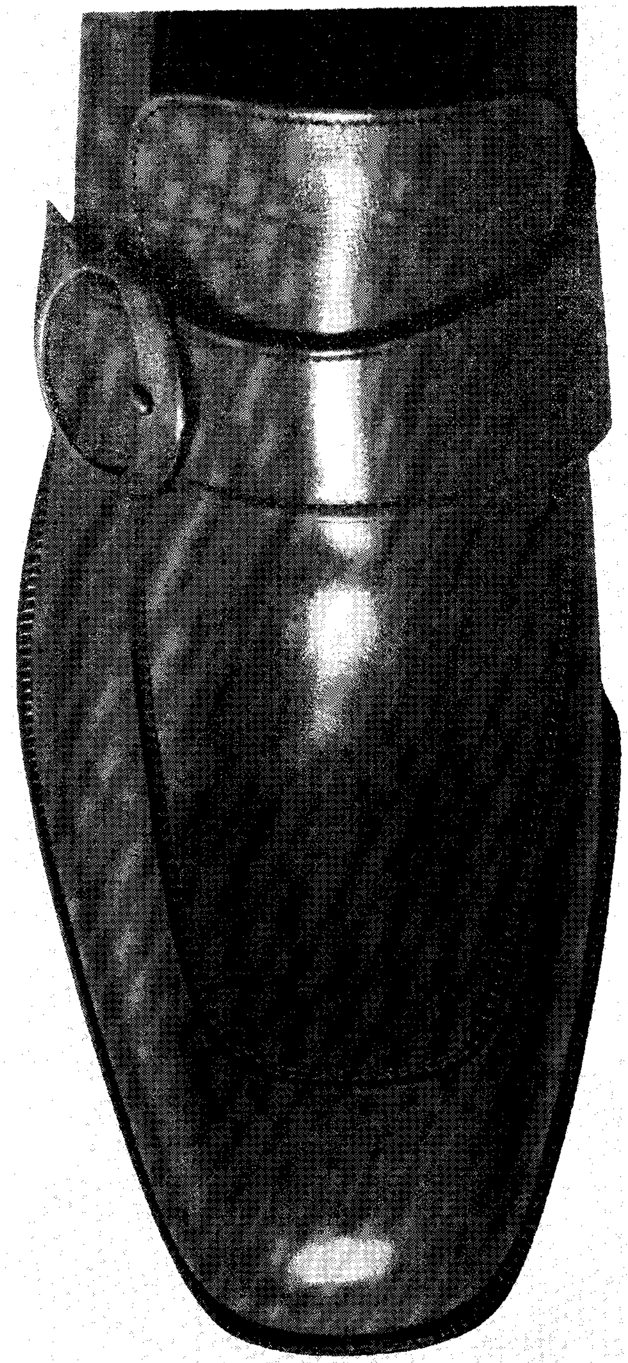
Flown to Barbados by BWIA International

GGG CLOTHES

Write for "The Look", colorful new style booklet. GGG Clothes, 12 E. 14th St. Dept G, New York 10003.

visit only Kathmandu, Pokhara (a large market town in the midwestern part of Nepal), and the Tiger Tops game preserve in the south. For our tour, Roberts had had to apply for a "trekking permit" for each of us—a sort of passport, with photograph, which spelled out precisely where we could go. The fact that one is required to have such a document and must not vary at all from the assigned route is a reflection of the Nepalese government's concern about letting foreigners get too close to its northern border. Under almost no circumstance is a foreigner allowed to get close to Tibet. Even if one charters a plane to see the Himalayas, the government insists that a representative from the Foreign Ministry be aboard to make sure that the plane does not stray too close. The Nepalese walk a delicate tightrope between China and India, and they are determined not to have their balance disturbed by incidents on the borders. So we filled out long forms for our trekking permits and enclosed several pictures, and in the middle of September Roberts informed us that everything was in order.

BY the end of September, Jaccoux and Michèle and I were flying over the flooded rice fields of northern India, across the Himalayan foothills, past the great snow-covered peaks of western Nepal, and down into the valley of Kathmandu. Roberts had sent a Land-Rover to meet us at the airport, and later in the day, when we had settled in, he dropped by the hotel to say hello and to introduce us to Ila Tsering. Roberts, a courtly gentleman with a slight limp that apparently does not impede his walking or climbing, has the air of someone who has spent a great deal of his life out-of-doors. I asked him whether he thought the monsoon was over, and he said that it hadn't rained in two days, which was a good sign. He told us that the leeches had been particularly bad during this monsoon, but added, "I shouldn't think you will have much trouble if the rain holds off." While this conversation was going on, Ila stood silent, studying us. I suppose he was wondering what sort of people he was about to spend the next five weeks with. After Roberts left, Ila came to our rooms to see how our equipment was arranged. We had been instructed to have everything packed in plastic bags, which, in turn, were to be put into wicker baskets carried by the porters. Each of us had been allowed about thirty pounds of gear, plus whatever we wanted to carry



The Wear-With-Anything-Anywhere-At-Anytime Shoe!

Take a classic oxford. Add a buckle and a strap. Then finish it up in our new, hand-burnished Aged Amber color, and you're equal to any occasion. Equally comfortable, too, thanks to Wright's four exclusive features that help support your arch, relax your foot and hold the shape of the shoe for good. Look for it — Style 250 — at fine shoe stores and shoe departments nationwide.

wright
arch preserver® shoes
E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC., ROCKLAND, MASS. 02370

ourselves. When Ila saw the climbing rope and ice axes, he remarked, "Climbing something?" with a cheerful laugh that seemed to indicate he didn't take the prospect very seriously.

Early on the morning of September 30th, we piled our gear into one of Roberts' Land-Rovers and left Kathmandu on the first lap of the route to Everest. For the first thirty miles, we were able to take advantage of the "Chinese Road." This is an excellent paved road—without a doubt the best in Nepal—built by the Chinese, at the invitation of the Nepalese government, between 1963 and 1967. It runs from a point near Kathmandu to the Tibetan border at Kodari. The road is certainly useful for transporting people and produce over a rather limited area of Nepal, but the fact that the Chinese built it so elaborately, and that it leads directly from the capital city to the Tibetan frontier, has caused a great deal of comment. Foreigners are allowed to travel only the first sixty miles of it without special permission, but for our purposes the first thirty-odd miles—to a point called Dolalghat, which is at the junction of the Indrawatti and Sun Kosi Rivers—took us in the direction we wanted to go. At Dolalghat, the rivers are crossed by the Chinese Bridge, a magnificent structure "just wide enough," as someone has said, "for two tanks and a motorcycle." The Land-Rover let us out in front of an open shed on the near side of the bridge. Clustered around the shed was a large assortment of people of various races—Tibetans, Sherpas, Tamangs, and Newars. It took several minutes for it to dawn on me that most of them were connected with our trek. When I finally got them sorted out, our roll included three Sherpas in addition to Ila; six Tibetans, who, it later turned out, were "high-altitude porters," with considerable experience on expeditions and absolutely unbelievable resistance to the cold (among them was a mother and daughter, who, like most Tibetan and Sherpa women, were capable of carrying almost as much as the men); and a group of eight or ten Tamang porters—the number varied from day to day—who were members of a tribal group that lives in the high hills near Kathmandu and speaks a Tibeto-Burman language that is distinct from either Sherpa or Tibetan. The Newars, who live in the Kathmandu Valley, apparently owned the shed, which served as a kind of open-air refreshment stand. We tried to keep out of the way while Ila began the task of putting our things into vari-

Lord & Taylor

Contempora shirting for spring and summer days—our Claret dress is a blend of cotton and silk in black criss-crossed with brown and white. Light, cool, very new for sizes 6 to 14, 85.00 in Contempora at all Lord & Taylor stores

Live with outstanding Chinese and Malaysian decor, just a short walk from the heart of Singapore.

Only at the Singapore Hilton.

From the roof pool terrace of the Singapore Hilton you can see this entire cosmopolitan island city. Even in your air-conditioned room the exquisite Chinese and Malaysian decor complements the magnificent views of Singapore and its famous harbor. Have dinner and dance in the Roof Restaurant amidst reflecting pools, tropical plants and birds; or, in the Harbour Grill's Victorian grandeur. Businessmen will appreciate our convenient location, the Hilton Appointments Secretary, Telex, and our fully equipped meeting rooms. Everyone appreciates the free port luxuries in our boutiques. The greatest luxury is staying at the Singapore Hilton, itself.

For reservations, call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

Singapore Hilton

FOR THE 98 MILLION AMERICANS WHO OPERATE CARS, BUT NEVER LEARNED TO DRIVE.

Driving a car is a lot more than power steering, power braking and pumping one's accelerator down a superstraight piece of four-lane highway.

Yet most cars are built for that, and little more.

What real *driving* is, is down-shifting on curves, double-clutching, watching the revs, zapping your way through a four-forward-speed gearbox, and feeling yourself Man, Master of Machine.

Precisely the way we engineered the new Triumph GT-6+.

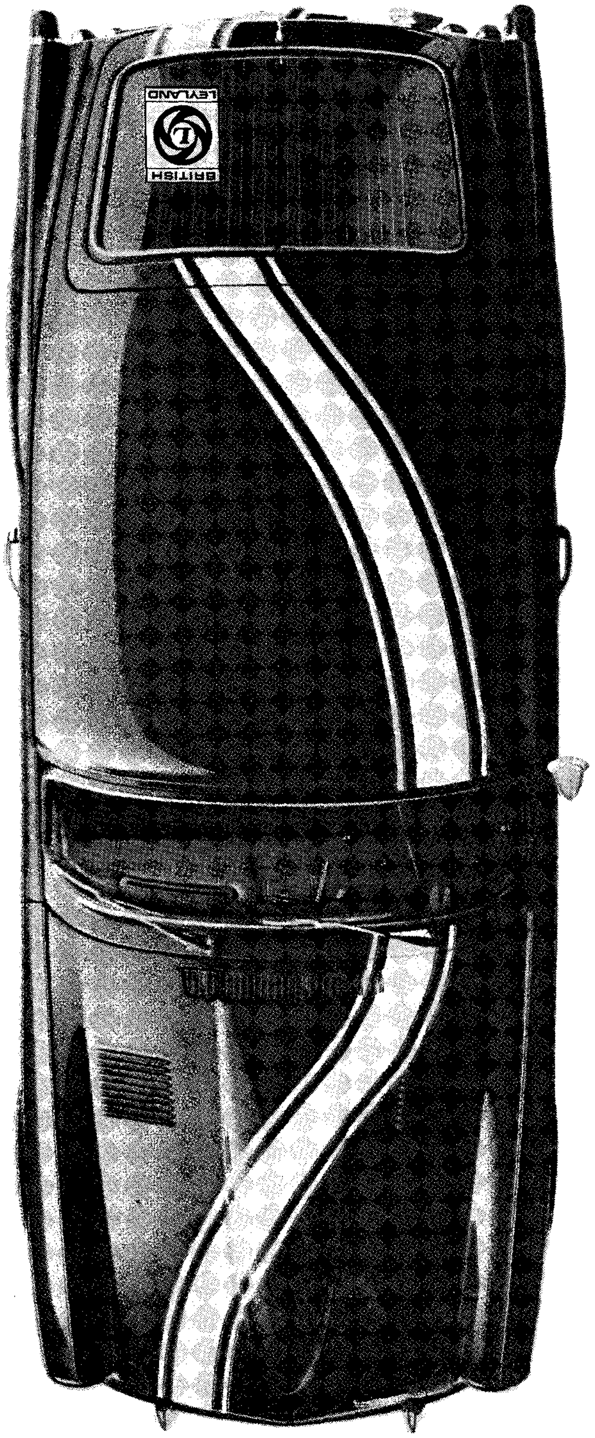
Our GT-6+ is built in the European Grand Touring coupe style. A lean, tough machine with clean lines and a competition-proven six-cylinder engine.

It's also got four-wheel independent springing, superior radial-ply tires and racing-type rack and pinion steering.

It takes a real driver to enjoy the GT-6+. But it only takes about $3200* to buy one.

Think about that: Just about anybody these days can operate a car.

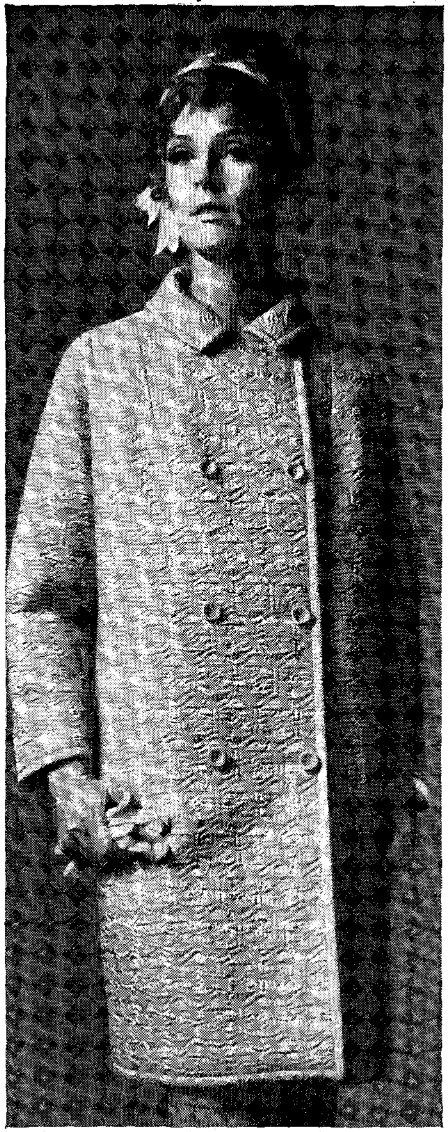
Only a few people can really drive one.



**THE TRIUMPH GT-6+.
MEANT FOR DRIVING,
NOT JUST AIMING IN A STRAIGHT LINE.**

*Suggested manufacturer's retail price at East Coast (West Coast POE slightly higher).
Not incl. options, inland freight, dealer prep, state and local taxes. Also available for overseas delivery.

Joy is the Spring thing



of a very special coat that's light as a hit tune, a dream to pack...and so good looking *you'll wear it, rain or shine,* for Big Dates. Fastidiously tailored in Du Pont Antron® nylon,* rain-and-stain repellent finish by **ZEPEL®.** Navy, black, tulip pink, lime green, silver. 6 to 18. About $65.
B. Altman & Co., New York and branches; Filene's, Boston and branches; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago and branches; Neiman-Marcus, Texas.

COUTURE
SPECIALTIES
a division of Handmacher
533 Seventh Avenue, New York

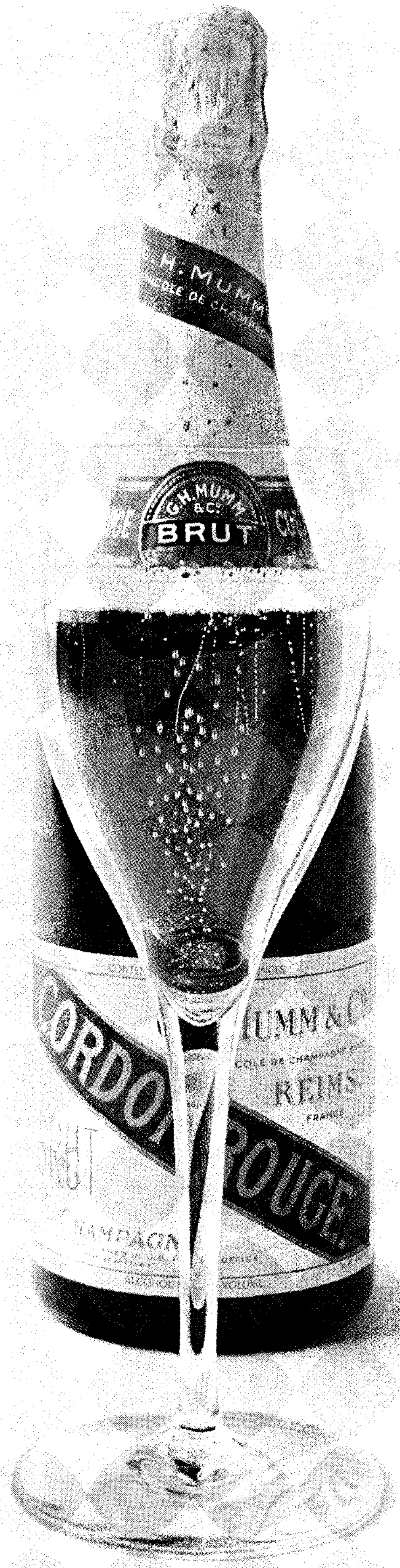
*DACRON FILLED ® REG.T.M.

ous wicker baskets. There was a total chaos of people and animals. (It turned out that we were taking along some live chickens.) For a while, we stood in the sun, but it beat down with such a leaden, tropical intensity that we soon moved into the limited shade afforded by the shed. Jaccoux had had the inspiration of buying three Indian parasols in the market the day before, and in addition we had brought along two sun helmets (Michèle preferred bandannas), all of which proved to be indispensable. After half an hour or so, our caravan was organized, and we crossed the bridge and started up a nearby trail that turned east, away from the road.

The tone the trek was to take for the next two weeks was set right at the beginning—up and down. We began at once what Roberts refers to in his notes for Everest trekkers as "a long and rather tiring climb to over 6,000 feet." To be sure, in comparison with any of the training walks I had taken in the Alps this should have been a bagatelle, and especially so for Jaccoux. But the trail was steep and the heat overbearing. Perspiration streamed down our faces, and at one point, when we passed a little village, Michèle bought a length of cotton cloth, out of which she made a sari to take the place of the jeans she had been wearing. The trail was jammed with people. Almost all commercial transport in rural Nepal is done on human backs, and we saw men, women, and children carrying sacks of grain, reams of paper and bolts of cloth, long bundles of bamboo poles, salt, and animals too small to be herded. The beginning of our trek coincided with the ten-day Dasain festival, which celebrates the victory of the goddess Durga over the buffalo-headed demon Mahisasoor. Animals are brought from the countryside to Kathmandu for sacrifice, and many of the animals we saw—chickens, goats, and buffaloes—were on their way for that purpose. At one point, I met a man who spoke excellent English and said he was a doctor out on a call in one of the villages—a rare sight in the countryside, since there are only slightly over two hundred doctors in *all* of Nepal, and well over half of them are in the Kathmandu Valley. The doctor asked where we were going, and when I told him that we were on our way to Namche Bazar and the base of Everest, he looked at me as if I were slightly daft and suggested renting a helicopter.

After walking a couple of hours, we came upon a large pipal tree under which the residents of a nearby village had constructed stone blocks just high enough so that anyone carrying a load could set it down by backing into a block and leaving the basket, or whatever, on the top. It was a delightfully shady spot, and we joined a dozen or so Nepalese who were resting in the shadows. By this time, although we had walked only a few miles, the heat had become so intense that every step in the sun was a major effort, and we were grateful when Ila announced that we would make an early halt and camp close to a spring by some nearby rice fields. We crossed the fields, wet and green from the rain of the recent monsoon, and got ready for our first night on the trail. This involved a routine that was maintained for the next five weeks. First, the tents were taken out. We had two light-green ones—one for the Jaccoux and one for me. They were carried by a Tibetan with an extraordinary face, rich with humor and deeply lined. Michèle nicknamed him "*l'Indien*" because of his remarkable resemblance to an American Indian chief. (The Indian had a marvellous sense of balance, which he demonstrated later by carrying me on his back, like a child, across some thin planks that spanned a monsoon-swollen river. I had started out on the planks but didn't like their look, and had climbed back to solid ground. Before I knew what was happening, the Indian had hoisted me on his back and was trotting across the narrow, swaying boards with the agility of an acrobat, setting me down gently in the grass on the other side.) At our nightly camps, there would be a general flurry of activity, usually accompanied by singing, while the tents were rolled out and set up. Another porter—also a Tibetan, whom Michèle called "*le chanteur*"—always led the singing, which consisted of some eerie, haunting, and terribly sad-sounding Tibetan songs. Meanwhile, two of the Sherpas, a cook and an assistant cook—a Roberts trek has a certain chic—had started a fire to boil water for tea. At first, we had some misgivings about the water, and Michèle had been allotted the job of discreetly keeping an eye on the cooking, to make sure that everything was washed and boiled. However, after a few meals it became clear that the Sherpas were absolutely scrupulous about all hygienic matters connected with us, although they themselves drank water of every description

Say no more. Mumm's the word.


G.H. MUMM
G.H. MUMM & Cº
BRUT
CORDON ROUGE
MUMM & Cº
REIMS
FRANCE

Cordon Rouge Brut, Vintage, Mumm's Extra Dry.

Imported by General Wine and Spirits Company,
Browne-Vintners Division, N.Y.C.

San Juan. There's something to do when you get off the beach.

After 3 hours on the beach, most islands only offer you air conditioning and, if you're lucky, television.

Not true in San Juan.

San Juan has the shows and show girls of Las Vegas.

San Juan has hotels that would be a vacation even if you never walked out the front door.

San Juan has golf courses that play as well as Augusta or Palm Beach.

San Juan has a history and culture as old as old Spain. Walk through Fort El Morro and it's 1539.

San Juan has the food of the world. But try Puerto Rican dishes. They're out of this world.

And once you've seen San Juan, see the rest of Puerto Rico. The island isn't that big. You can drive anywhere and back in a day.

See El Yunque, the tropical rain forest. Walk under giant ferns and wild orchids.

Stop at a lechonera for a slice of barbecued pig.

Browse the Museo de Arte in Ponce.

Eat ice cream made with coconut milk.

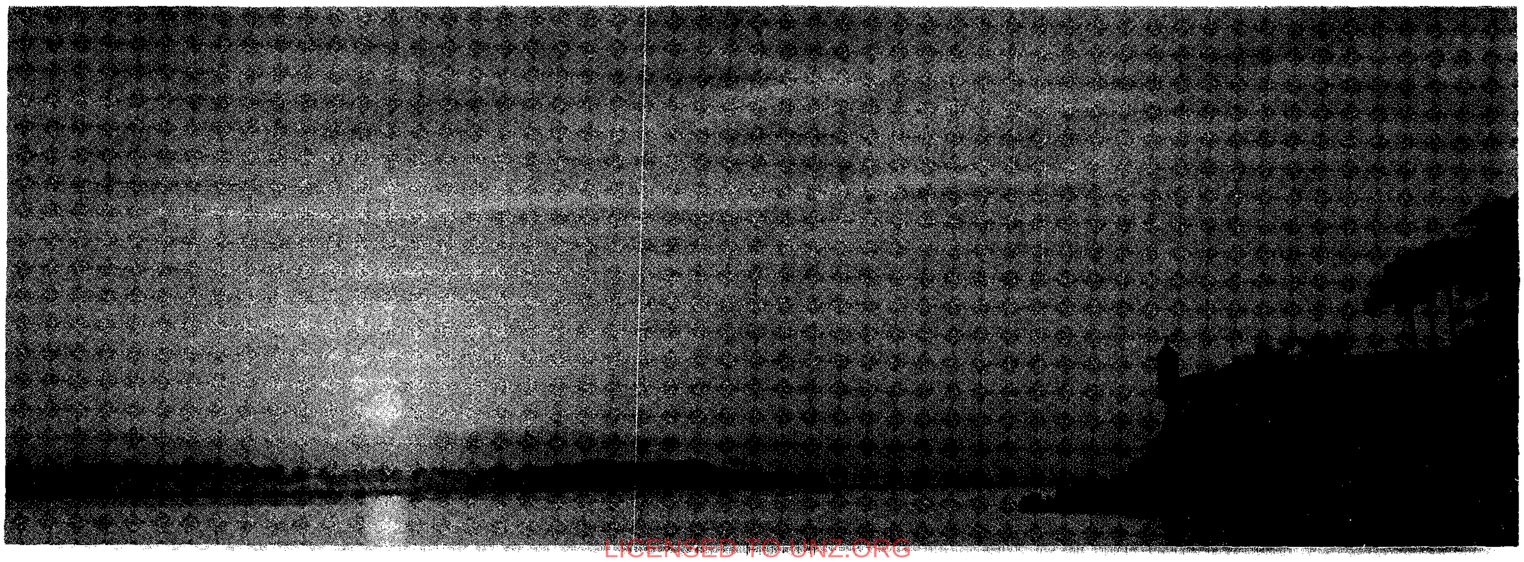
There's more to do in Puerto Rico than the rest of the Caribbean put together.

And at off-season rates, you can do it for less.

Enjoy the beaches of Puerto Rico.

But isn't it nice to know you can have a good time without being dependent on them.

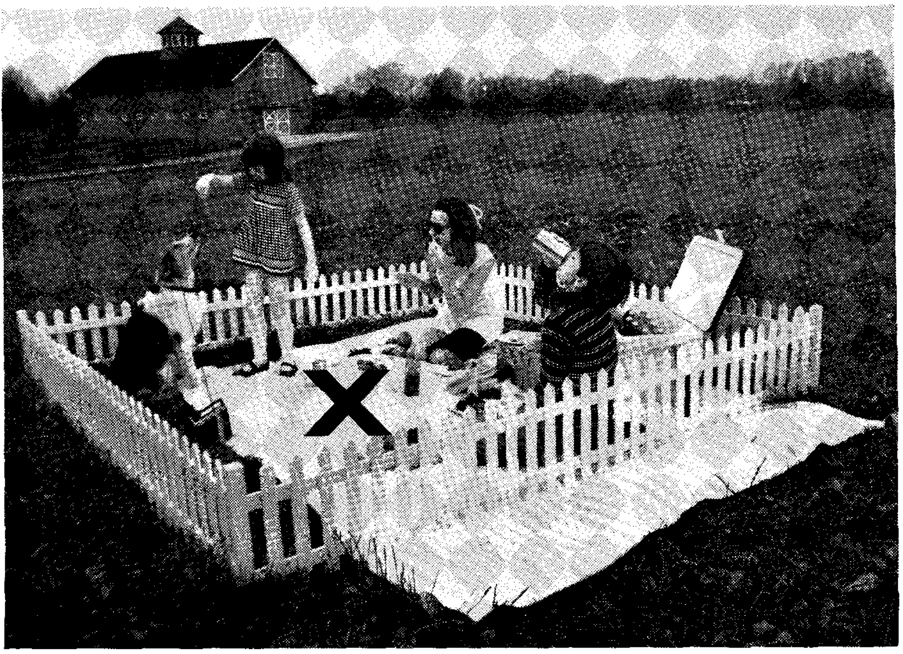
Puerto Rico. Because there's so much more to do.



without treating it and without giving it a second thought. Apparently, they had learned that a trekker is a delicate creature who must be treated with extreme care if he is to be kept moving.

As soon as the water came to a boil, tea was served—really a light meal consisting of biscuits, sardines, cheese, peanut butter, and jam, and sometimes Sherpa bread, a rich concoction made of millet and nuts. We were then free to do what we liked until dinner, which was served between five-thirty and six. During the interval, we washed, mended clothes, and read, and sometimes Jaccoux conducted a little clinic for any of the porters or Sherpas who were ailing. We also had a chance to study the scenery. What we saw the first afternoon was typical of the Himalayan foothills in early fall. Everywhere we looked there were rich fields of green set in terraces that climbed the hills. The earth was carpeted with flowers in explosive tropical colors. Sometimes we could make out a neat-looking village of stone houses, often painted white and pink, some with wooden roofs and some with thatch and some with slate. If our campsite afforded a view to the north, we could see the great Himalayan range—a sort of distant white wall, with the summits so high that they were often confused with clouds. Jaccoux wrote in his diary the first night, "*Sentiment de paradis.*"

Dinner was always our gala meal. If it was warm enough, as it was on the first nights of our trek, we would eat outside instead of in our tents, in the light of a candle or a kerosene lamp. (In the tropics, the sun appears to set all at once, and by five-thirty or six it was night.) The first course was invariably soup—usually powdered but sometimes fresh chicken, made from the remains of one of the birds the Sherpas had cooked. As we wandered through the villages, Ila would call out in Nepali to any of the local women who might have some fresh food to sell, "*Hay, didi! Macha? Kukra? Phool? Phal?*"—"Hello, lady! Fish? Chicken? Eggs? Fruit?"—and sometimes he would be successful. If not, we ate rice and peas mixed with onions, and sometimes canned sausages and spaghetti. Later, when we got into the Sherpa country, we were treated to some of the Sherpa specialties like *mo-mo*—a delicious spiced dough wrapped around chopped mutton or goat and then fried crisp. Dessert was fruit—fresh tropical bananas, mangoes, or oranges, if they were available, or, if not, canned fruit from India. It was



If you could shoot on both sides of this fence you could make better movies.

Sit down at X and we'll show you why.

All set? Okay. You've brought a camera along. Any conventional super-8 camera.

This is your picnic. You're going to bring it back alive.

Shooting it just as it happens. So, between bites, start picking shots. How about this one?

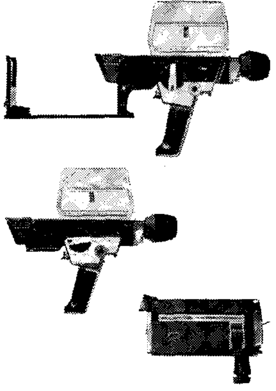
Stop fiddling with the knob. He's just 2 ft. from the lens. You'll never get him in focus.

Maybe this would work? 3½ ft. away? Nope. Still too blurry.

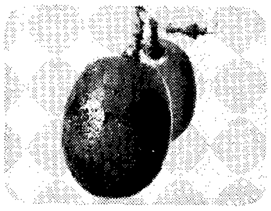
This tiny visiting frog? If you could focus within inches you'd get him big enough to see. But you've got a conventional camera.

So what can you shoot? See that fence? It's 4 ft. from your seat, the closest most conventional cameras can focus. So you can get any shot—outside the fence. But nothing but blurs inside it.

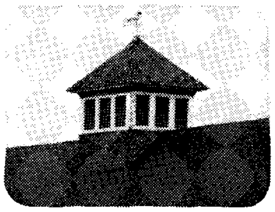
Which brings us to these, the unconventional Bolex Macro-zoom cameras. They're the first super-8s that can shoot on both sides of the fence. Because they can focus at least as near—or as far—as your eyes can.



The Bolex 160—with power zoom and single-frame release—and the Bolex 155 focus from one inch of the lens to infinity. Handheld. Without attachments. The 7.5 does the same thing from 5 inches, like this.



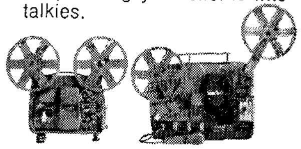
With these Bolex cameras you can get any shot you can see. Including telephoto shots like this one.



And if you snap on the free little Multitrix attachment, you can title on location, like this.

Shoot stills. Shoot—and dissolve through—a slide. Make complete movies in the camera.

Want to see them for yourself? Write to the address below for the name of your nearest Bolex dealer. And, while you're there, see these unconventional Bolex projectors. One of them will even record a soundtrack onto your film, turning your silents into talkies.



BOLEX
Paillard Incorporated,
1900 Lower Rd., Linden, N.J. 07036.
Other products: Hasselblad
cameras, Hermes typewriters
and figuring machines.

Our accessories fit any

Does your secretary hand-feed your copier the things to be copied? There's an Automatic Document Feeder for our 3600 and 2400 machines that can do the job twice as fast. And meantime, frees your girl to do other jobs for you.

Does your secretary take almost as long collating reports as you do compiling them? Our Automatic Sorter collates copies while they're being copied. And if your girl isn't sorting things, she can help you with other sorts of things.

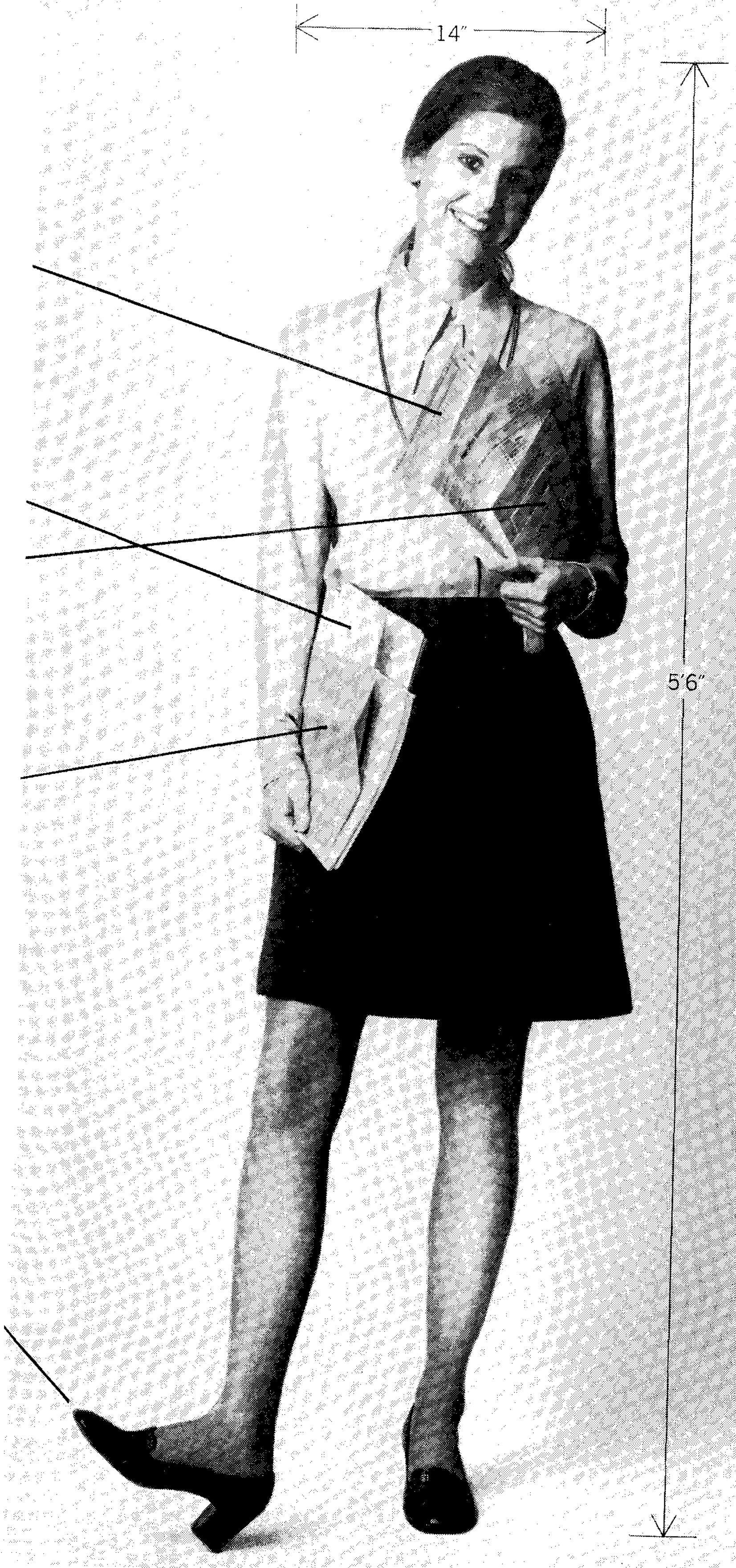
Does your secretary have to type copies on heavy stock (like file cards) one by one? Our Variable Weight Paper Feeder lets her make copies on any weight paper, up to 110-pound card stock. Which saves the typing for things that need typing.

Does your secretary have to take a walk whenever you want copies cut to a special size, or perforated for tear-offs? Our Automatic Slitter-Perforator does it while the copies are being made. Without taking up your gal's time walking.

Come to think of it, Xerox copiers and duplicators are step-saving accessories, themselves. The right ones, in the right places, can make your people lots more productive. And if you don't think that's worth something to a business, ask your accountants.

XEROX

standard-size secretary.



EROX AND 2400 ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF XEROX CORPORATION. 3600 IS A TRADEMARK OF XEROX CORPORATION.

The secretary much too beautiful to be in an office.

This Queen Anne double-bonnet secretary is an authentic reproduction—right down to its brass pulls and yew banding. To see more of tomorrow's antiques in the new Folio Ten Collection, send 50¢ to Henredon Furniture Industries, Inc., Dept. NY 5-970, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.

Henredon

Kingsberry invents the great escape.

Get set for a new way of life with a Kingsberry vacation home. A getaway kind of life you can savor at a serene seaside setting or on a lush mountain slope. Your Kingsberry can be built almost anywhere. The model shown here is only one of a choice of leisure home designs from Kingsberry. All of them represent the ultimate in fine construction. For a brochure, send 50¢ to Kingsberry Homes.

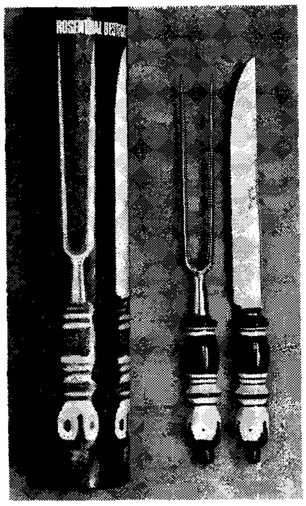
KINGSBERRY HOMES
BOISE CASCADE CORPORATION
61 Perimeter Park East, Atlanta, Georgia 30341 Copyright © Boise Cascade Corporation 1970

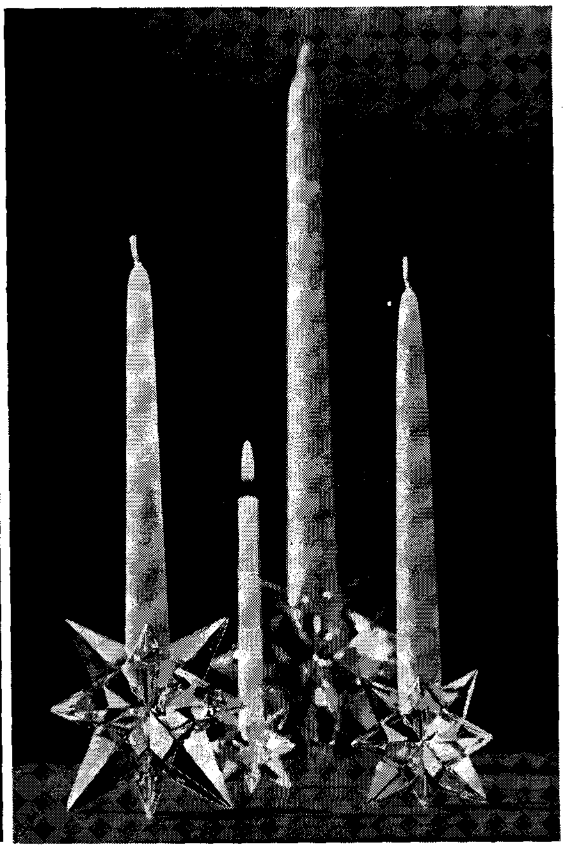
For a Brochure, Send 50¢ to Dept. NY, Kingsberry Homes.

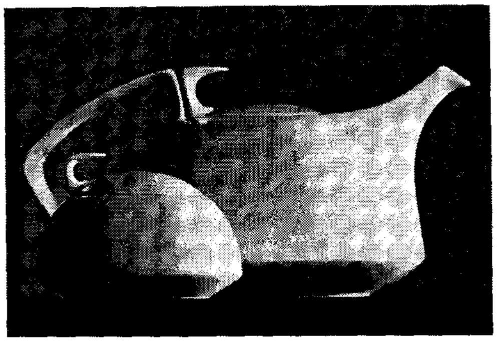
a thoroughly nourishing and adequate diet, but as the weeks wore on we began getting odd cravings for different tastes—Jaccoux had visions of *boudin* (baked blood pudding with apples), Michèle of red wine, and I of ice cream. We never managed to consume enough sugar to restore the energy that we expended walking ten or so miles a day—up and down—and when we returned to Kathmandu, thin as rakes, we fell like vultures on every rich dessert we could lay our hands on.

At our first camp, Ila suggested an early start the next day to escape the sun, so we agreed to get up at six-thirty and have a light tea instead of breakfast in order to get under way as quickly as possible. As the days went on, our rising time grew earlier and earlier; in our eagerness to avoid the heat, we were usually on the trail well before six. Our second day was eventful in that, on the one hand, Jaccoux was bitten by a leech and, on the other, a new and remarkable Sherpa personality was revealed to us. The leech bite was completely unexpected. We had been bathing in a marvellous jungle stream and had left our shoes on the bank. When Jaccoux started to put his shoes back on, he noticed that blood was flowing from between his toes. He removed a grisly-looking black leech by touching it with a cigarette ember—the classic method—applied alcohol, and put his shoes on. Neither Michèle nor I was bitten, but it was a signal to watch out. As for the Sherpa, his name was Ang Dorje, and he was Ila's assistant. He had the broad, sad, wise face of a circus clown, and as I got to know him better I realized that he was one of the kindest people I had ever met. On the first day, my weakened ankle had given me a good deal of trouble, and I had used my parasol as a kind of crutch, which had not done much good. The following morning, when Ang Dorje appeared at my tent with tea he was carrying a long stick that he had carved more or less in the form of a ski pole. "Horse," he said, giving it to me. From that day on, Ang Dorje and I and the "horse" were inseparable. Nothing was ever said, but whenever I was limping along the trail behind the rest of the group I would notice Ang Dorje sitting on a rock a little way ahead of me and staring off into space, as if taking a rest. His resting places would always be at a point where the trail forked or where it was rough or slippery, and as I reached them he would materialize at my side discreetly, as if he just happened to be there by acci-

The Rosenthal Studio-Line:







Beautifully
contemporary
gifts in
china, crystal
and flatware
created by
the world's most
famous designers.

Designers like Walter Gropius of Germany, Bjørn Wiinblad of Denmark and Prof. Claus Josef Riedel of Austria. All of them artists who believe that fine design, like fine art, endures long after temporary fads are forgotten.

In order to assure you the attention, advice and service you deserve in choosing something as important as fine tableware, Rosenthal Studio-Line is sold only at selected stores which feature a special Studio-Line department. For the name of the nearest store carrying Studio-Line, write the address below.

For a full color Studio-Line brochure, please enclose 50¢. Dept. N, Rosenthal U.S.A., Limited, 411 East 76th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10021. In Canada, Rosenthal China (Canada), Limited, 44 Carnforth Road, Toronto, 16, Ont.

Rosenthal
studio-line

The Patio Lounger

The perfect outfit for relaxing on the patio at home or at your week-end hideaway. Our all cotton seersucker outfit is unlined for coolness and completely washable

Jacket buttons down the front. The belt may be removed if not wanted. Pants have elastic waistband

BLUE AND WHITE STRIPE ONLY

Sizes: S M L XL

$22.50 for the set

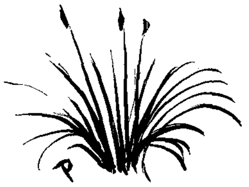
Please add 75c for mail orders

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes

MADISON AVE. AT 46 ST. · NEW YORK 10017

dent. It was never very clear to me how much English he understood. We carried on long conversations in which he taught me Sherpa words in exchange for their English equivalents, and I was confident that he followed everything I said. However, one very cold night we were camped in a small, windy wooden cabin. Sherpas do not have chimneys in their houses; they leave the doors open to let out the smoke. This cabin did have a chimney, but the Sherpa domestic habits prevailed. I gave Ang Dorje a long and feeling discourse on how comfortable it would be in our cabin if the door was kept closed and the heat kept in, and he nodded sagely. Then he left the cabin, only to return a few minutes later, leaving the door open, and ask, as he pointed to it, “What English word this?” Actually, if Ang Dorje had been a good bit younger he would not have had to ask, for today the Nepalese educational system starts instruction in English at a very early age—as I later discovered to my advantage. One day, I was moving along the trail alone—the Jaccoux had raced off ahead, Ang Dorje had gone off for something, and the porters were far behind. Without paying much attention to where I was going, I found myself in a scrub jungle where the trail, as far as I could make out, completely disappeared. After wandering around aimlessly for half an hour or so, I began to get really worried that I was lost. To add to the general spirit of things, the sun was setting and I had just been bitten by a leech. At this point, a small Nepalese boy appeared from nowhere. He was carrying a large scimitar and looked to be about ten. I began to gesticulate in the general direction of Tibet and to babble, “Sherpas, sahibs? Sherpas, sahibs?” in some desperation. He looked at me calmly and, in splendidly articulated English, said, “Where are you going?” Considerably abashed, I allowed myself to be led off in the direction of our party.



THE days rolled on in a succession of jungle valleys, mountains, ridges, and rivers, and as we approached the high mountains the valleys grew steeper, the ridges higher, and the rivers swifter and colder. Each morning, Ang Dorje would arrive at my tent with tea and an outline of the day’s activities—“Some down-go river, river, birkpass, up-go steep road.” (Breakfast was the other substantial meal of the day, with eggs, pancakes, toast, and coffee, and it was meant to do us from ten in the morning until teatime.) After a week, we reached the important Hindu village of Those, which has a large school and an ancient ironworks—one of the few in Nepal. The village is situated just on the frontier of Sherpa country; in fact, after leaving it we crossed an abrupt nine-thousand-foot pass, and, as if by magic, the character of the countryside, the people, and the architecture were all transformed. Since the Chinese invasion of Tibet, there has been a sharp change in the attitude of the Sherpas toward Nepal. Until the invasion, they did not really regard themselves as Nepalese. (“Nepalese,” to them, referred to the inhabitants of the Kathmandu Valley.) However, when the Chinese smashed the monasteries in Tibet and broke down the whole traditional structure of Tibetan society, the Sherpas began to turn toward the Nepalese government. In most Sherpa homes, one sees, side by side, a portrait of the Dalai Lama and of the King of Nepal. The older generation of Sherpas has a deep-seated fear of the Chinese after what happened in Tibet; indeed, when I once visited an old lama in a small monastery south of Namche he insisted on lifting up my sunglasses and looking at my eyes to be sure that I was not Chinese before he would talk to me.

The Himalayan ridges have divided Nepal into small sections, and the ruggedness of the terrain keeps the different populations almost intact. We were now in Buddhist territory. The people had a definite Mongolian look, and the countryside was dotted with Buddhist monuments. There were also numerous sacred *mani* mounds, usually erected in the middle of the trail and covered with carved stones on which the revered formula “*Om mani padme hum*” was etched again and again. Sherpas passing a *mani* always leave it on their right, so that if they come back by the same trail they will have made a full circle around it, in deference to the full circle of the wheel of life. On each ridge, now sprinkled with snow, there would be a cluster of prayer flags printed with religious writings. The stone houses in the villages had small windows with wooden shutters that could be closed against the winter winds. (Glass is almost unknown in the Nepalese countryside.) We had definitely left the tropical jungles and the rice fields of the Himalayan foothills, and the cold

All other watch movements are fighting gravity. And friction. And they lose.

XII
FRI
IX
III
ACCUTRON

Accutron Date and Day "Q": Stainless steel case. Blue dial with luminous hands and markers. Matching blue Corfam® strap. Date resets instantly. Protected against common watch hazards. $175. Other styles from $110.

The odds against the conventional balance wheel watch are just too much. Every time you move your arm you change the rate of timekeeping. Due to the effects of gravity. (This source of error is negligible in the Accutron® movement.)

And with every day that goes by, the oil in the balance wheel bearings deteriorates. Thus increasing the friction. And changing the rate of timekeeping some more. (This source of error doesn't exist in Accutron because our tuning fork *has no bearings.* This is also why Accutron doesn't need to be cleaned and relubricated every year or two, as balance wheel watches do.)

Furthermore no manufacturer of a balance wheel watch can reliably predict how large these errors in timekeeping will be. The fact is, the accuracy of any balance wheel watch is a matter of *chance.*

In comparison, the minor errors in timekeeping of the Accutron movement *are* predictable and therefore can be compensated for. That's why Bulova is able to guarantee accuracy. To within a minute a month.*

When you can beat gravity and friction, it's not that difficult.

Accutron® by Bulova. The most accurate watch in the world.

*Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if purchased from an authorized Accutron dealer and returned to him within one year of date of purchase. © Bulova Watch Co.

nights told us that we were approaching the high mountains. We crossed a pass nearly twelve thousand feet high and felt the first effects of the thin air, which made us a little dizzy and short of breath. Coming down through some lovely pine forests, we reached the village of Junbesi—one of the largest and most attractive villages in the district of Solu. We had now been walking ten days, and although we had seen a number of high mountains, Everest had remained hidden behind the nearby hills. Ila promised us that if the sky was clear we might catch a glimpse of our mountain from a high ridge beyond Junbesi. The next morning, we churned up the ridge and from it got a stunning view of the Himalayan wall near Everest, but the Goddess Mother herself lay hidden in clouds. Ang Dorje flapped his arms and blew, in a gallant attempt to disperse them, but after a half hour or so we gave up and continued along the trail to a campsite above the Dudh Kosi, the river that drains the whole south side of the Everest range.

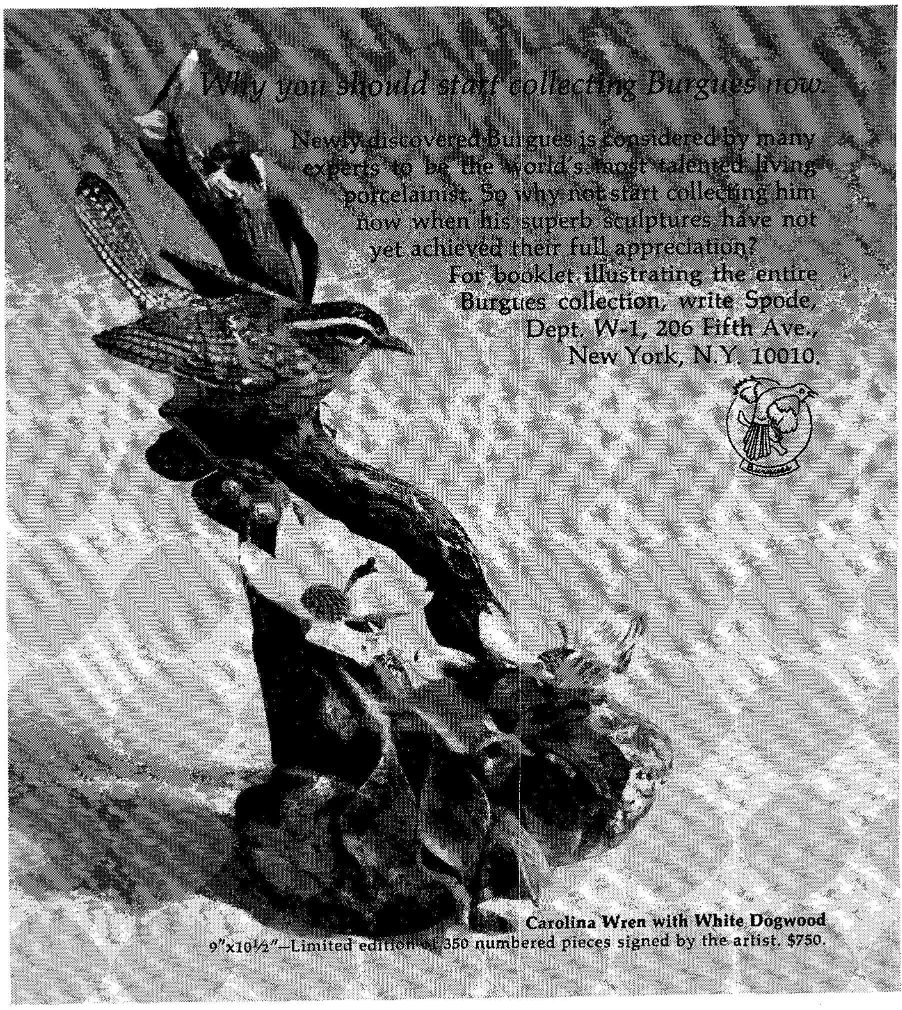
We intended to follow the Dudh Kosi Valley up into the mountains, but first we had to cross the river and go through some low, damp fields. It had rained the night before—a last trace of the monsoon—and the trail was muddy, slippery, and alive with leeches. I have never seen *anything* like it. Leeches were everywhere—on our shoes, our legs, our arms. I was bitten four times in ten minutes, and the legs of a porter in front of me were streaming with blood. We kept spraying ourselves with insect repellent, but every time we stopped to do this more leeches attacked us. Finally, Ila said, "Now quickly go!," and, all but running, we raced to higher ground. When we stopped, we were all thoroughly shaken. It was at this point that we began to wonder if it would be possible to come back by air. As it happened, every morning at about eight or so, when the sun began to beat down and we were starting up a hill, we had been hearing the sound of a small plane passing overhead. "Swiss people," Ila had said. "Lukla going." Lukla (alt. 9,200 feet) is a small village above the Dudh Kosi Valley; a few years ago, Edmund Hillary had carved a small grass airstrip in a field on a hillside there. There are no regular flights to Lukla, but from time to time Mountain Travel, Roberts' outfit, is able to charter one of the STOL (Short Takeoff and Landing) planes based in Kathmandu. It had been our original idea to walk to Namche and then fly out from Lukla,

The Wyler Bride.

- receives her classic English flatware immediately.
- receives gifts that have a history; not just gifts.
- may choose from superb porcelains of the world.
- and, of course, from the finest antique silver in the world.
- and is probably the granddaughter (or great-granddaughter) of a Wyler bride
- for Wyler's has been a New York institution since 1890.
- and likes working with young families.
- because it is a family more than a store.
- and when you visit Wyler's, you talk to a Wyler.

S. Wyler Inc.

713 Madison Ave. at 63rd St., New York, N.Y. 10021, TE 8-1910

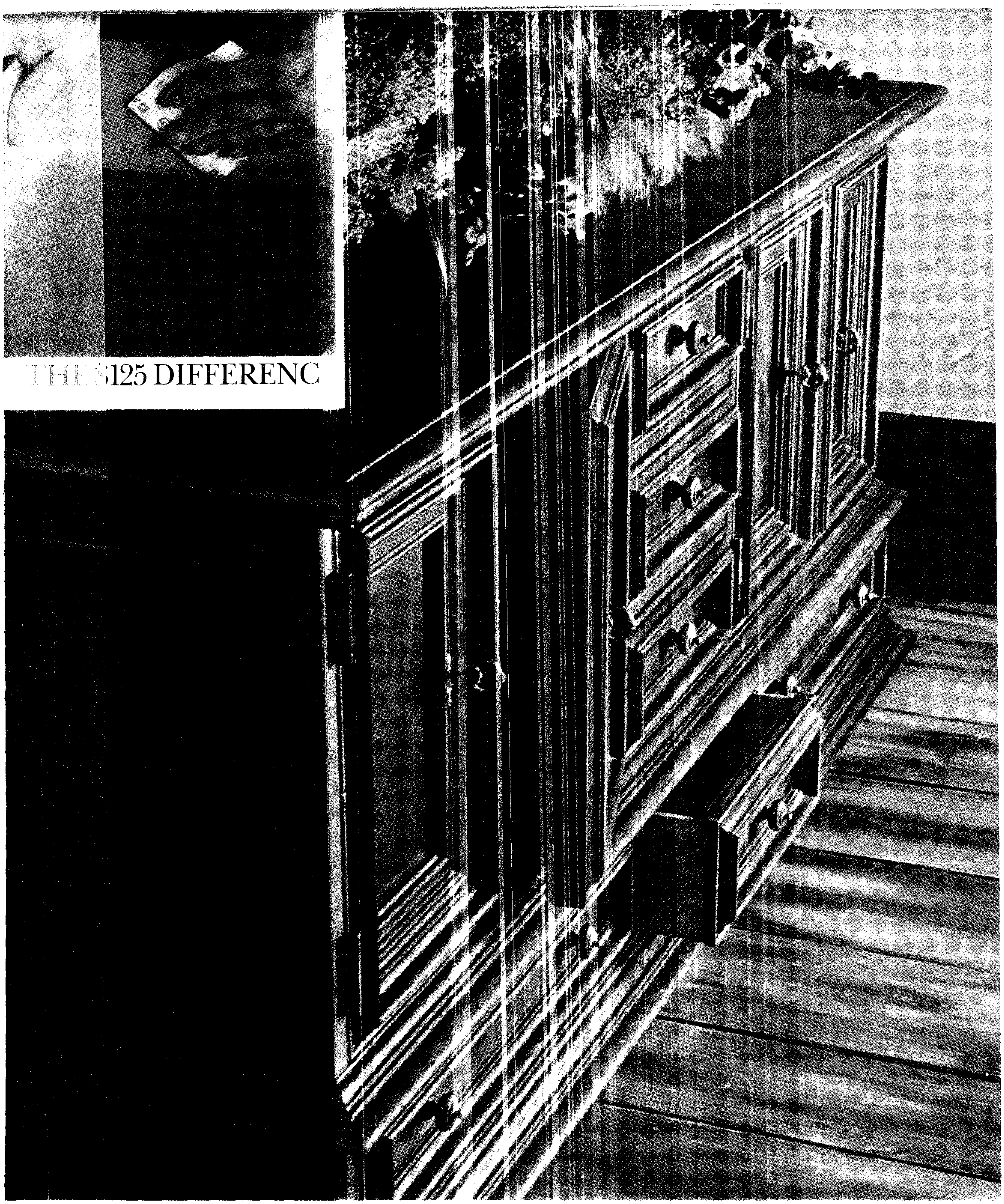

Why you should start collecting Burgues now.

Newly discovered Burgues is considered by many experts to be the world's most talented living porcelainist. So why not start collecting him now when his superb sculptures have not yet achieved their full appreciation?

For booklet illustrating the entire Burgues collection, write Spode, Dept. W-1, 206 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010.

Carolina Wren with White Dogwood

9"x10½"—Limited edition of 350 numbered pieces signed by the artist. $750.



THE $125 DIFFERENC

The 17th century was a restless and uncertain time for Europe. There was a hunger for reassurance and security, which showed in the way men furnished their homes…with strong, solid pieces in warm toned woods. It was this mood that Heritage set out to capture in this sturdy storage chest. A mood that could only be worked up the patient, old-fashioned way—by hand. Only hands can slow-stain the wood to bring out the full grain. Only hands can seek out the buried highlights.

And only more money can buy it.

The $125 difference between this $550 chest and any cheaper [illegible] in this careful handwork. And not just on the outside that shows, either. Interiors are hand sanded and sealed. Drawer edges are shaped and the runners waxed by hand. Large pieces have built-in turnbuckles for hidden support. So you get drawers that really draw, shelves that never sag, doors that open at a touch. This is the Heritage manner. And this handwork is the enduring difference between a Heritage piece and any other.

HERITAGE
A division of Drexel Enterprises, Inc.

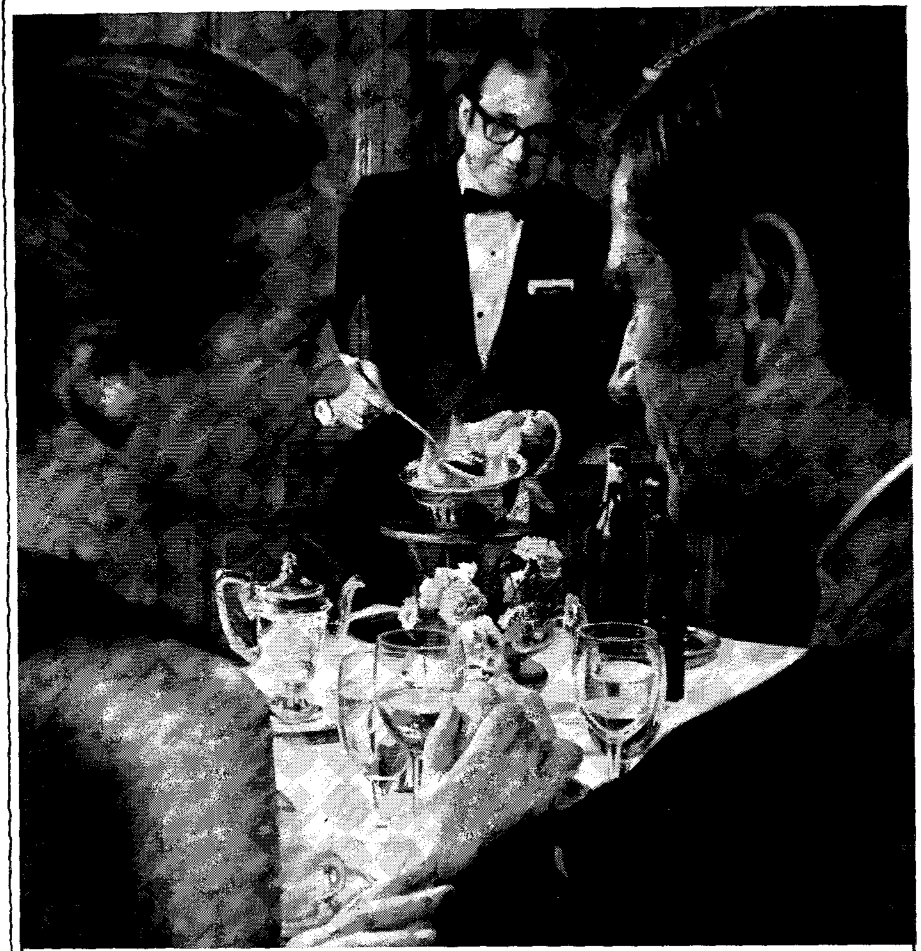
Chest is from the 61-piece "Norman Court" collection. For catalog of this and some other Heritage collections, plus a room planning kit, send $2 to Dept. NY5-9-70 Heritage Furniture Co., High Point, N.C. 27261.

How the other half lives.
Seagram's
Crown Royal
Seagram's Crown Royal.
The legendary Canadian.
In the purple sack.
Understandably expensive.
Seagram's Crown Royal. Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Company, N.Y., N.Y.

but this plan had been abandoned when it appeared that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to arrange a charter. Given the leeches, however, we thought we might take another crack at it. (As it turned out, the monsoon was over for good in a few days, and people who took our route a week or so later told us that it was completely dry, with not a leech in sight.)

Our hopes for an airlift were raised a few hours later. I found the Jaccoux talking, in French, to a Sherpa on the trail. The Sherpa explained that he had learned French in Montpellier, where he had gone to study viticulture, with the intention of growing grapes and making wine in the Kathmandu Valley. He had flown into Lukla in the morning to spend the Dasain holiday with his parents, who lived in the region, and his plane, he said, had returned to Kathmandu empty. A bit later, as we pushed along a wooded trail leading up the Dudh Kosi Valley, we met a British Gurkha officer who had been in Namche on a holiday to see Everest, and he told us that behind him on the trail was a party of four—an Australian forester working in Nepal in the forest-conservation program, and three British ladies whom the forester was escorting. They had booked a plane out of Lukla, the officer told us, and could speak to the pilot to see if something might be arranged for us. After a few hours, we ran into the Australian and the three ladies, all looking fit and sunburned, and the forester said that he would be glad to talk to the pilot, and that we could expect to get a confirming radio message at Dr. McKinnon's in a day or so. From reading Roberts' notes, I knew that there was a New Zealand doctor named John McKinnon and his wife who ran a small hospital—also set up by Hillary—in the Sherpa village of Khumjung, in the hills beyond Namche. The notes also mentioned a radio at the hospital, and our whole aviation scheme seemed to be falling into line. Little did we know.

That night, we camped by a pair of excellent wooden bridges built in 1964—again by Hillary—across the Dudh Kosi and its adjoining tributary, the Bhote Kosi. The bridges have made an enormous contribution to the life of the Sherpas, since Namche is the trading center for the whole area and can now be reached from the lowlands by a relatively convenient trail. Our camp was on the Dudh Kosi itself, and from it no mountains could be seen at all, since they were blocked by the huge cliffs etched out by the river. However,



overture in the Oak Room.

Pre-theatre Dinner in the Oak Room is a well-timed overture to an evening of pleasure. The atmosphere is gracious, food is haute cuisine, and service is under the alert direction of a maitre d' with great finesse. He's on hand at Luncheon, too, and Sunday Brunch-fest and Sunday Dinner.

Perceptive people have made the Oak Room "their own," as they have this entire well-mannered hotel. On every floor, the famous restaurants and elegant accommodations are impeccably ordered and enhanced by a warmth of hospitality. The St. Regis-Sheraton is old world but *now* style, and right in the middle of what's happening in New York.

The St. Regis-Sheraton offers a choice of handsome private rooms for executive conferences, business and social entertaining.

Reservations in Continental U.S., Dial free **800-325-3535**
(In New York Dial PLaza 3-4500) Or call your Travel Agent

St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel

5TH AVE. AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 10022
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF **ITT**

MYERS'S DARK RUM.
THE FLAVOR WON'T MELT WITH THE ICE.

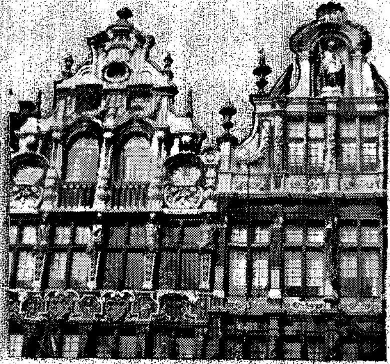
MYERS'S
WORLD FAMOUS
• IMPORTED •
MYERS'S RUM
Planters' Punch
FRED L. MYERS

Myers's isn't ordinary rum. It's dark Jamaican premium rum. The rummiest rum of all. It has a big, hearty flavor that won't get lost in a drink. Use Myers's every time the drink calls for rum. You'll love it. If you're ready for a good full-flavored rum.

Myers's rum is also available in a shaker top bottle for cooking. For free recipe booklet, write General Wine & Spirits Co., Dept. 330, 375 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022. **Myers's—The true Jamaican rum—84 Proof.**

the next day, given clear skies, we were promised a full and dramatic view of Everest and its satellites. By now, the winter weather pattern was beginning to settle in, which meant bright clear skies in the morning followed by a clouding over in the afternoon and sometimes snow in the evening. To be as sure as possible of getting a good view, we left at the crack of dawn the next day. We were now over ten thousand feet—the lowest altitude we would be at for the next three weeks, but still sufficiently high so that we could not move too fast on the stiff uphill trudge toward Namche. As we climbed slowly, mountains began revealing themselves in all directions, and soon we were surrounded by great snow-covered peaks. Every now and again, we would stop while Jaccoux took out his map and compass and tried to identify some of the mountains, to make sure we were not overlooking Everest. Up ahead we saw a level place in the steep trail and an array of prayer flags near a *mani*—a sure sign that there was a special view of the snows. When we reached the *mani*, we looked to the north, up the valley, and fell into a stunned silence. First, like the brim of a glistening crown, we saw the massive ice wall of the Nuptse, perhaps fifteen miles away. Soaring above it was a black majestic pyramid, seamed with snow; from its top a plume of white floated off into space. It was Everest, and it looked like the Queen of the World. We stood fixed to the spot for nearly an hour, with all the Sherpas and Tibetans seated around us. Finally, Ang Dorje said, "Beautiful. Now Namche go," and we started up the trail, which swung off to the left, hiding the mountains.

Ila had gone on ahead the night before, to spend the evening with his family in Namche, and before we reached the village we were met by a lively young boy who Ang Dorje said was Ila's son. Soon after, Namche appeared around a bend. It is set in a horseshoe-shaped arena and clings to the side of an enormous gorge that drops down into the Bhote Kosi. There are about eighty stone houses in the village, and also a police checkpoint. Our trail led right into the police station, where Ila was waiting, along with a couple of sleepy-looking Nepalese constables dressed in khaki. We had to hand over our trekking permits, and there was a lengthy pause while they were passed around, commented on, and noted in various books. Next, we were taken to visit the district governor of Khumbu, a distinguished-looking



Discover why Europe begins in Belgium.

Visiting Europe? It makes sense to go via Belgium because Belgium is on the way to everywhere.

And now is the time to take advantage of the new *lower-than-ever air fares to Europe. Choose from one* of the nine AUTOJET/RAILJET tours listed below. Prices include:

- **Round trip group economy air fare**
- **Accommodations for entire stay**
- **Use of auto and unlimited mileage for entire stay—or—free rail mileage**

$301.—BRUSSELS, 2 WEEKS
$350.—BRUSSELS/PARIS, 3 WEEKS
$350.—BRUSSELS, 3 WEEKS
$350.—PARIS, 3 WEEKS
$362.—ZURICH, 3 WEEKS
$372.—BRUSSELS/ZURICH, 3 WEEKS
$372.—MILAN, 3 WEEKS
$372.—BRUSSELS/HAMBURG, 3 WEEKS
$382.—VIENNA, 3 WEEKS

1970 DEPARTURES
MAY 24 THRU AUG. 31

Mail coupon below for full details. All prices per person based on 14/21 day contract Bulk Inclusive air fare, subject to participation of a minimum of 40 persons. (You don't have to belong to a group to take advantage of these new low rates. Your travel agent will assist you in joining a group.) Accommodations and self drive car are for two people traveling together.

SABENA BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES
Sabena Building—Room 824
720 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019

Please send me full details on Sabena's Autojet/Railjet tours:

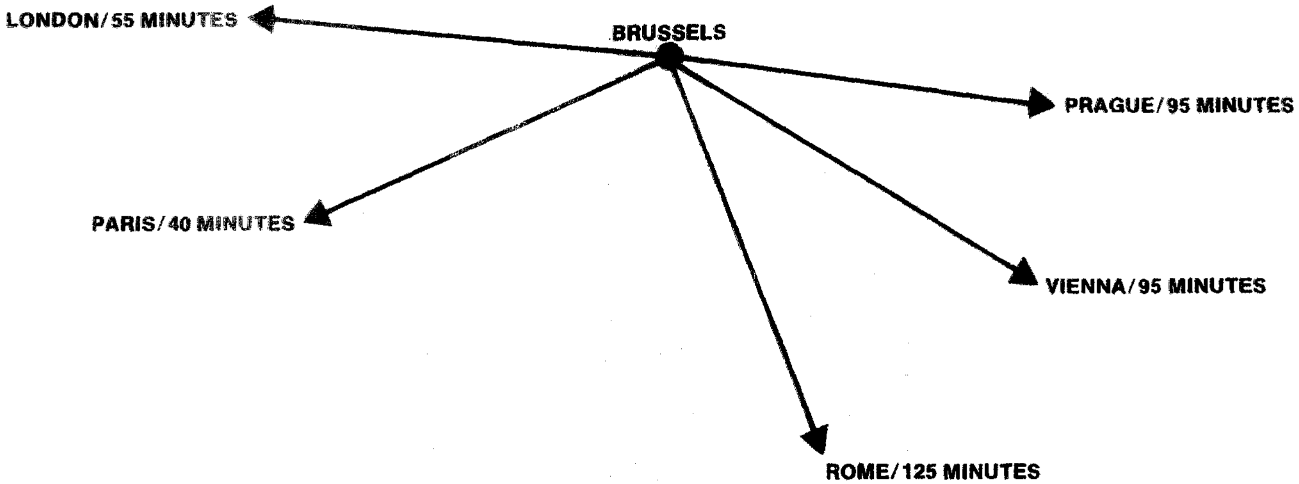
Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________ Zip ________

SABENA
BELGIAN World AIRLINES
NORTH AMERICA EUROPE AFRICA MIDDLE & FAR EAST


LONDON/55 MINUTES
BRUSSELS
PRAGUE/95 MINUTES
PARIS/40 MINUTES
VIENNA/95 MINUTES
ROME/125 MINUTES

There's a starting point for everything. And for Europe, it's Belgium.

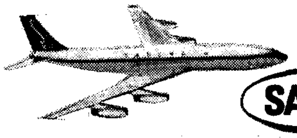
Linger a while in Brussels. Discover why food lovers rate Brussels "a gourmet's paradise" (over one dozen restaurants starred by Guide Michelin). Stroll past the gold encrusted guild halls in the Grand'Place and bask in the old world charm of Europe.

Shopping for a memorable gift? Don't leave until you visit bustling Antwerp — diamond center of the world. And for romantics, there's Bruges — with picturesque buildings and dreamy canals straight out of a 13th-century masterpiece.

When you *are* ready to continue on, you'll discover that Sabena has more flights from Brussels than any other airline. In less than 100 minutes Sabena can whisk you to Vienna. Or Prague. Glittering Paris is only 40 jet minutes away. Mod, swinging London 55.

Belgium is on the way to everywhere!

Tell your travel agent that you want to begin where Europe begins: In Belgium.

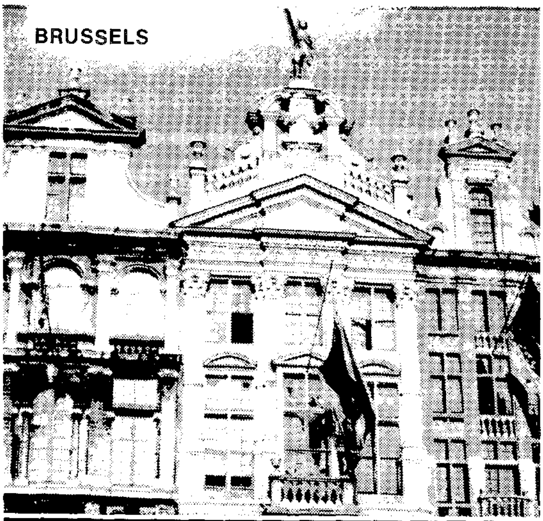


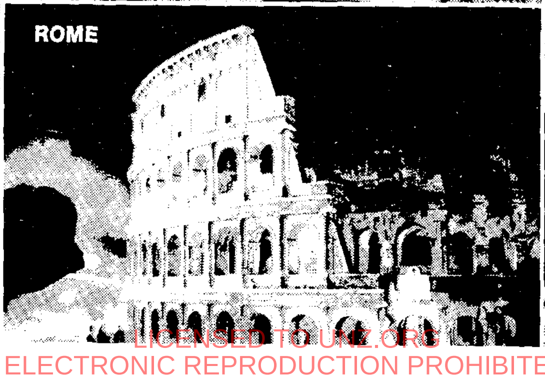
SABENA

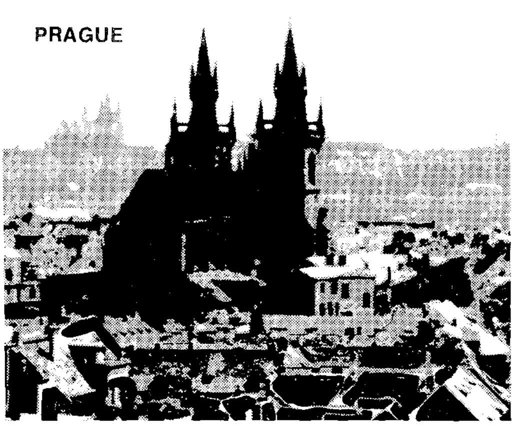
BELGIAN *World* AIRLINES

NORTH AMERICA EUROPE AFRICA MIDDLE & FAR EAST

NDON
DAIQUIRI RUM
SMOKE
PLAYER
BP



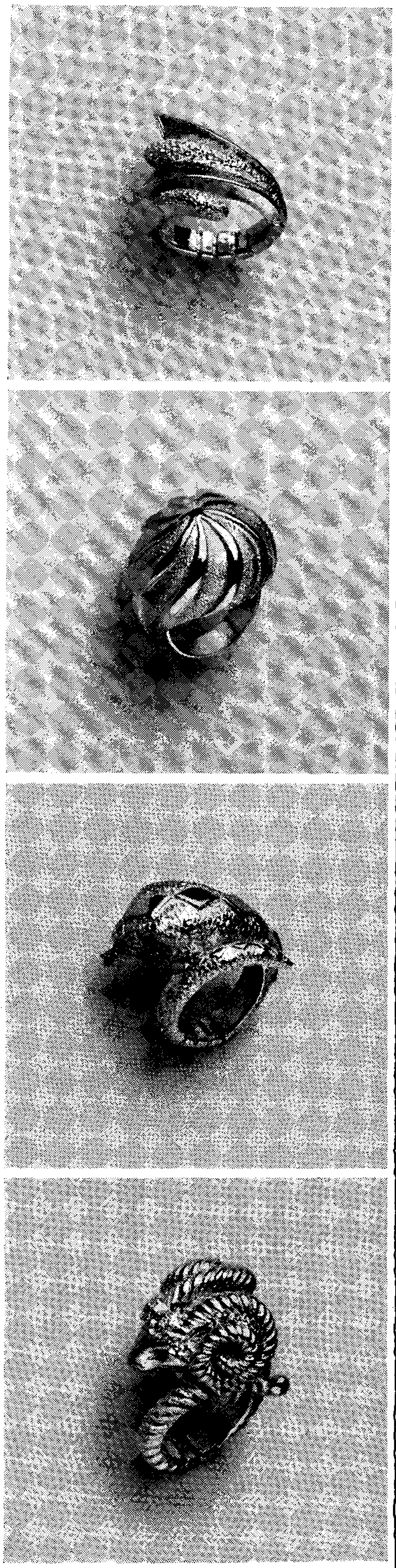




former Nepalese Army officer named Colonel Bista. The Colonel greeted us in his pajamas and bathrobe and invited us to have morning tea with him while we explained where we had come from and where we planned to go. "If there is something I can do for you, let me know," he added—an offer that we were soon grateful for. In the meanwhile, Ila had set up our tents on a hillside a little above the town, and since it was clouding over and beginning to snow, we retired inside them.

During the afternoon, an almost endless series of Tibetans stopped by to sell us scrolls, rings, beads, bracelets, silver cups, and prayer wheels. We had just seen off the last vender and broken out what was left of the one bottle of cognac we had brought along when a figure appeared outside our tent in the now driving snow. I peered out and saw a rather elegant-looking young man wearing white pajamalike pants, a somewhat oversized army overcoat, and brightly colored wool gloves. Before I had a chance to say anything, he invited himself into the tent and introduced himself as Sub-Inspector Rana, of the Nepalese police. The name rang a bell, since a few days before we had met on the trail a young Swiss who had come to Namche without a trekking permit and had spent the better part of two weeks trying to arrange for one by telegraph. During this period, he passed a good deal of time discussing life and literature with Sub-Inspector Rana, whom he had come to regard as something of a cultural oasis and *bon vivant*. "Rana has a garden in which he grows six kinds of vegetables," the Swiss told us. We offered Rana a seat on one of the sleeping bags and a beaker of cognac. "*Merzi, Madame*," he said to Michèle, whose nationality he had apparently learned from studying our entry in the official book. "Do you pronounce it '*merzi*'?" he asked, and Michèle spent five minutes repeating "*merci*" over and over, until Rana's pronunciation was about right. "You are an American," he said to me, and added, "I admire your John Steinbeck and your Agatha Christie," helping himself to another bit of brandy. In this general vein, the conversation flowed along until dinnertime, when we invited Rana to share our meal, which consisted mainly of rice, peas, and onions. "I admire your onions, Madame," he informed Michèle, who was staring gloomily at the now empty cognac bottle. We had told Rana that we planned to go to see Dr. McKinnon the next day, and he offered to join us, provided that the police station was in "perfect order" in the morning.

In the morning, there was no Rana, so, assuming that the police station was not in the best order, we left for Khumjung and the McKinnons. Khumjung is a typical high Sherpa village. It is at twelve thousand three hundred feet, and consists of a large number of sturdy stone houses set among yak pens and potato fields. The walk from Namche to Khumjung is surely one of the most beautiful in the world. On it one sees another group of the satellites of Everest—especially Ama Dablam. While Everest impresses one with its size, Ama Dablam, which is only 22,495 feet, impresses one with its elegance. It is a perfectly shaped mountain—a sort of ice Matterhorn—with steep faces of delicately fluted ice. (It was first climbed in 1961, by a New Zealand-American group. The sole American in the party—Barry Bishop, who later climbed Everest—was in Nepal when we were there, and he said that Ama Dablam was technically more difficult than Everest by several orders of magnitude.) Leaving the fields and yak pens, we followed a series of neat paths up to a modern building—the Khumjung hospital. The McKinnons, both in their twenties, turned out to be an extremely cordial and attractive couple. He said that he had first come to Nepal with Hillary in 1964, when he was still a student, to climb and to help build the bridges. He fell in love with the country, and two years later, when Hillary succeeded in building a hospital with funds raised through his speaking tours in New Zealand and through private contributions, McKinnon volunteered to be its first doctor. It would be difficult to imagine a better choice. He and his wife, who was teaching English in one of the Hillary schools (since 1961, Hillary, with the aid of the local villagers, has built six schools in the Solu-Khumbu area, which will eventually be absorbed into the expanding Nepalese public-education system), had succeeded in immersing themselves in the life of the community. Being a doctor in Solu-Khumbu is not a routine matter, since the Sherpas have had relatively little experience with modern medicine and until recently were inclined to put their faith in spirit mediums and magic potions. McKinnon had to prove that modern medi-

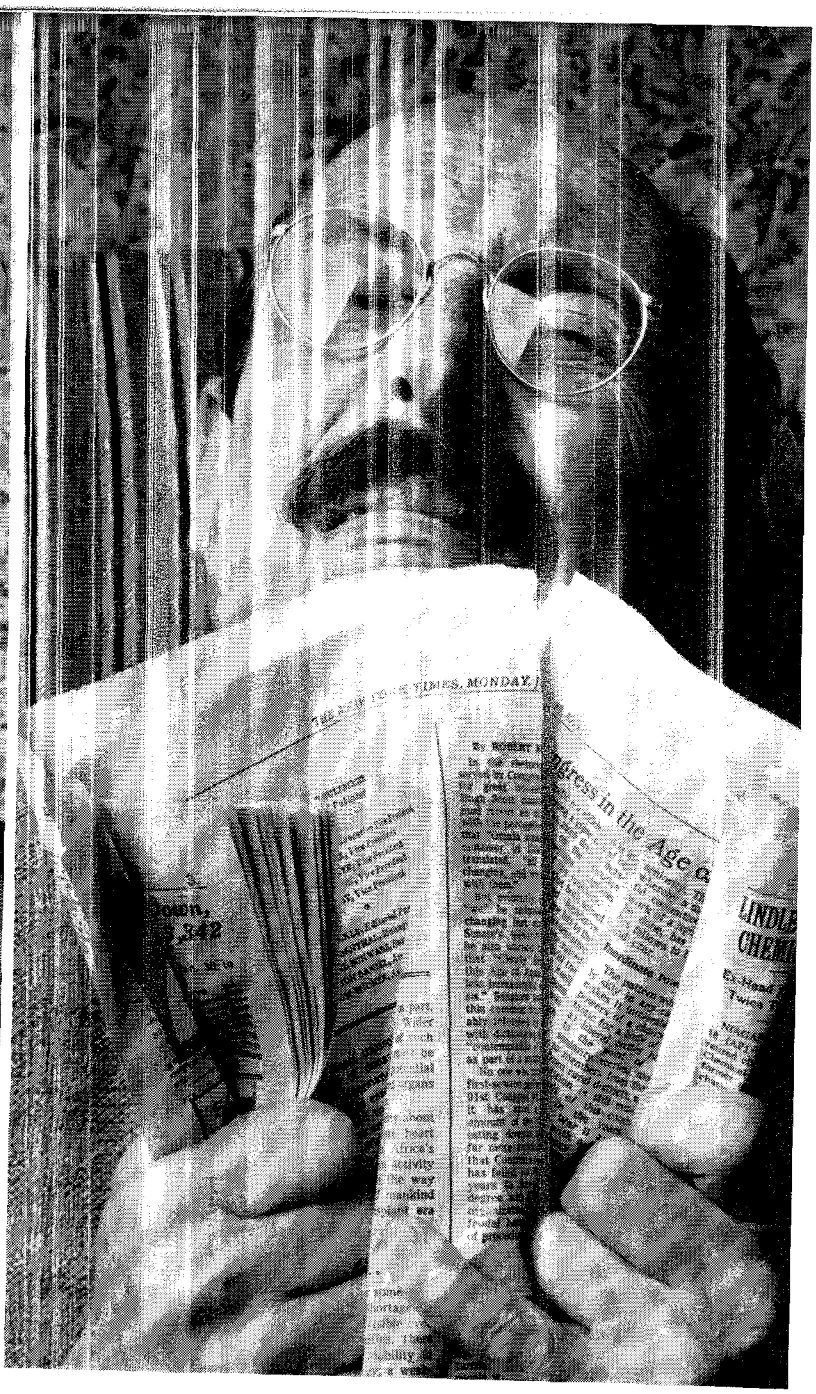


From the
Monet Ring Collection,
$5. to $15. At the finest stores.

Monet®
Master Jeweler

©COPYRIGHT MONET JEWELERS, 6 WEST 32 STREET, NEW YORK

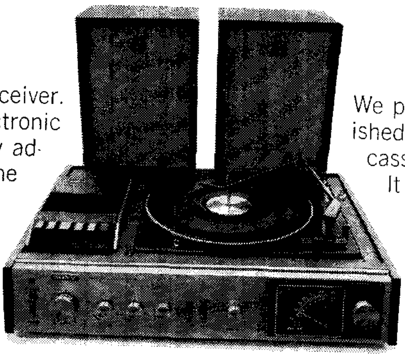
Our new stereo with a built in cassette-corder lets the more talented sing along.



And the less fortunate hear it back.

It's a phonograph. An FM stereo and FM/AM receiver. Plus a cassette-corder* with a SONYMATIC electronic recording level control. This will automatically adjust volume level to optimum, and balance the volume of the right and left channels.

The system has an integrated power amplifier with all-silicon transistors. A pair of speakers with a 6½" woofer and a 2" tweeter. A 4-speed changer. And we've even thrown in a dust cover.



We put the whole works in a beautiful oiled walnut finished case, and called it our first phono/receiver and cassette-corder in one.

It costs only $329.95.**

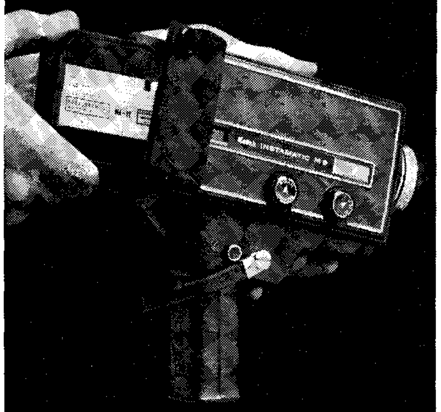
You'll have the chance to entertain everyone on your block. And if you soon find that there isn't anyone left on your block, don't be discouraged.

Most people don't know talent when they hear it.

The Sony® HP-199. A stereo phono/receiver and cassette-corder in one.

© 1970 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. *Microphone optional. **Mfr.'s Suggested Retail Price.

Drop-in movies.

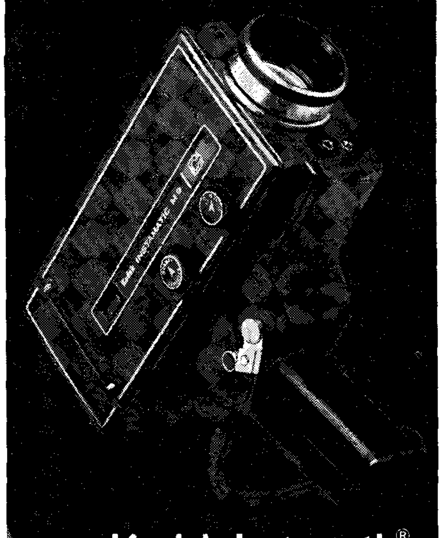


Drop in . . . shoot! Just drop in the film cartridge and you're ready to shoot bright, sharp, colorful super 8 movies. Automatically.

No threading. No winding. Your hands never touch the film.

This Kodak Instamatic M9 movie camera has power zoom, reflex viewing, extra-fast $f/1.8$ lens, automatic electric eye. Four shooting speeds. Less than \$200. At your photo dealer's.

Price subject to change without notice.



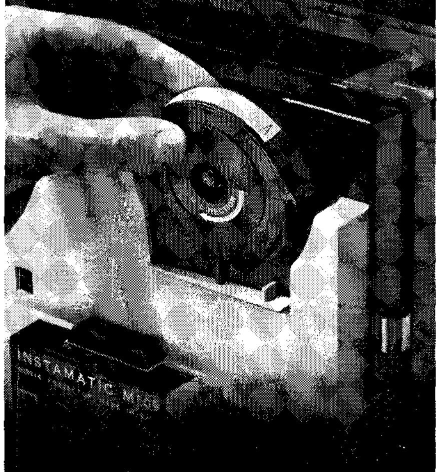
Kodak Instamatic® M9 movie camera.

Kodak

cine is more effective than looking into the silver mirror of a spirit medium, and to do so he had to put in many miles of walking over very steep terrain to visit his patients, since Sherpas who feel that they are really sick prefer to stay in their own houses and die. Treatment is free. The most persistent problems are tuberculosis and goiter. Goiter, which, of course, is brought on by an insufficiency of iodine in the diet, is common throughout the Himalayas, because such iodine as there is in the soil is removed by erosion and not replaced by the rains, which are iodine-free, the mountains being so far from the sea. There is now a move to make the importation of iodized salt obligatory (Nepal has no salt of its own), and this may well solve the goiter problem. But in the meanwhile whole villages in Solu-Khumbu are afflicted with the disease, and, what is worse, there is a high incidence of cretinism among the children. McKinnon was attempting to treat his people with iodine tablets and iodized oil. There was a problem of knowing just how big a dose to administer, and he was conducting a series of experiments to find out. I nearly gave him a fit when I innocently announced that we had been dispensing iodine on our walk. What I meant was that we had been treating cuts with liquid iodine, but he assumed that we had been handing out tablets. A few years ago, some well-meaning trekkers came through and did hand out iodine tablets indiscriminately, which threw McKinnon's work off for months.

Tuberculosis is a much more serious matter. It is hard to detect in the early stages, unless a Sherpa is willing to come in to Khumjung for an X-ray, or at least a skin test. Moreover, the treatment, while very effective, is lengthy. No Sherpa can afford to spend a year or so in a hospital. McKinnon had worked out a program that allowed Sherpas with tuberculosis to live in a wing of the hospital for three months—with their families, if necessary—and then return to their villages. In each village, he trained two people to act as nurses. They could give the necessary shots twice a week, and they knew enough about the symptoms to warn McKinnon if someone appeared to need help. In Namche, I met one of McKinnon's nurses, who turned out to be a very intelligent fifteen-year-old boy. He was, among other things, responsible for treating Ila's wife. McKinnon was also giving all the children in the area skin tests and smallpox vaccinations. Even as late as 1963, when the American Everest expedition

Drop-in movies.



Drop in . . . show! This Kodak Instamatic M109 movie projector makes showing movies as easy as taking them.

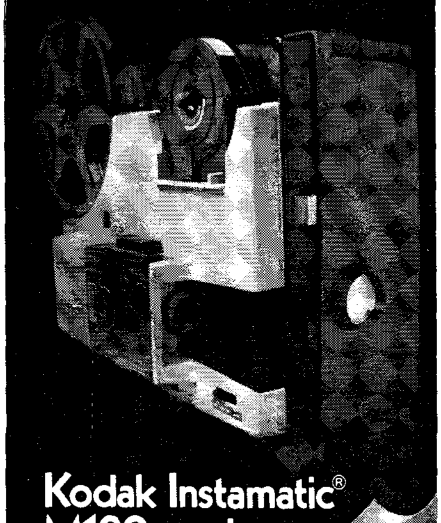
The secret's in Kodak's new projection cartridge.

Just drop it into place . . . and turn on the show. You don't have to handle the film at all. When the movie's over, the film rewinds back into the cartridge. Automatically.

That's not all. The new M109 takes cartridges *and* regular reels (up to 400 feet), in *both* 8mm and super 8.

See drop-in movies at your photo dealer's. The new Kodak Instamatic M109 projector, $f/1.5$ lens, less than \$160.

Price subject to change without notice.



Kodak Instamatic® M109 movie projector.

Kodak

came through Solu-Khumbu, whole villages were being ravaged by smallpox epidemics. It was about that time that Hillary started his vaccination program, which saved many lives and was now being carried on by McKinnon.

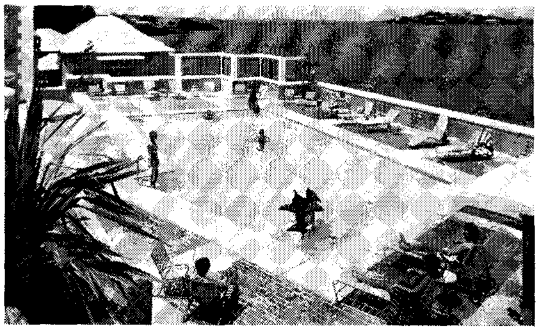
During the monsoon, the McKinnons hardly ever saw any Europeans, and they got no mail, either, since it came up to them by runner from Lukla only when a flight landed at the airfield, and nothing flew during the monsoon. In the winter, as a rule, many of the Sherpas head south. They are quite nomadic, and it is common for a family to have as many as three houses—one in the high mountain country, one in a village like Khumjung, and a third down below, where it is relatively warm in the winter. McKinnon said that he did not miss either his mail or his visitors, since he and his wife shared the social life of the Sherpas—the weddings, the naming ceremonies (a baby is named by its grandparents in a lively ceremony in which a good deal of *chang*, the local beer made of corn or rice, is drunk), and the funerals (Sherpas cremate their dead, as do the Hindus of southern Nepal).

Among the letters that McKinnon had received in the last delivery from Lukla before our arrival was one from Mountain Travel saying that space was available for a flight to Kathmandu on the second of November—in about two and a half weeks—for three people. However, we learned, to our dismay, that McKinnon had no radio—one had been ordered but had not arrived—so we had no way of communicating with Kathmandu. McKinnon said that our only chance was to persuade the authorities in Namche to send a wire to Mountain Travel on the police radio, and to pray that it got there. Leaving Khumjung, we walked back to Namche to look for Sub-Inspector Rana, in the hope that we could persuade him to send the wire. We stopped by the police station, which was manned by a lone constable, who from time to time jumped up from his desk to chase an errant goat out of Rana's vegetable garden. In due time, Rana was found. "*Bon soir, Madame*," he said to Michèle, bowing, kissing her hand, and apologizing for not appearing in the morning. We explained our plight, and after thinking the matter over he said, "I would, of course, like to help you. But it would be very courteous if first you were to talk to Colonel Bista. If he signs the telegram, then I would be honored to send it by our very wireless." Colonel Bista was en-

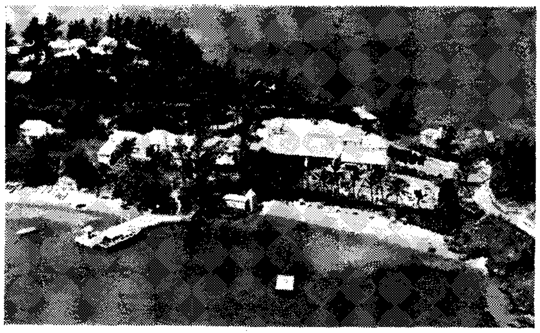
Bermuda gives you a little more when you stay at one of these special resorts.

Sometimes these specially Bermudian resorts are hard to get into, but they're worth the wait. They offer you the congenial atmosphere of a private club—small enough to make your welcome personal, large enough to give you the finest accommodations, cuisine, service and carefree fun. Have a little more Bermuda next time, at any one of them.

Newstead & Cottages. Everything's new—pool, sauna baths, barbecue terrace, balconied units on the harbour. Yet it's still the hospitable haven of the past 40 years. Representative: Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York, JU 6-4500.

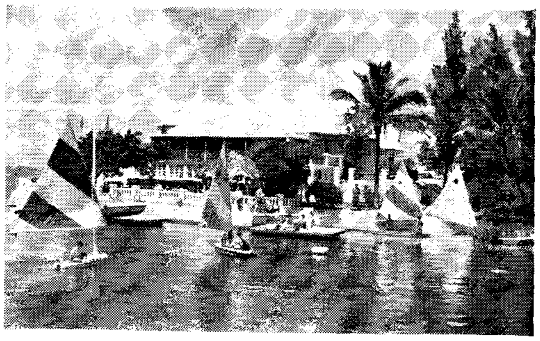


Cambridge Beaches. Charming cottage colony with white beaches and pool. Excellent cuisine, calypso entertainment. Fishing, sailing, tennis. Representative: Hetland and Stevens, Inc., 211 East 43rd St., New York. TN 7-1450.



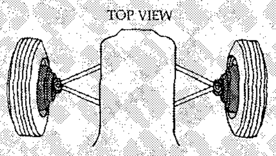
Lantana Colony Club. Beautiful cottages and clubhouse on the Great Sound. Choice cuisine. Private beach, pool, tennis, sailing, all water sports. Representative: Leonard P. Brickett, 1 Palmer Sq., Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

Glencoe. Sailboats at the door, in lovely Salt Kettle inlet. Dine by the pool. Sail, swim, water ski, fish at this informal waterside inn. Representative: Hetland & Stevens, Inc., 211 East 43rd St., New York. TN 7-1450.



How a car's brakes make it stop.

Brakes, whether they be drum or disc, basically work by one surface pressing against another surface.



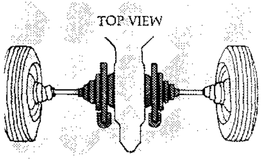
Now most cars' front brakes are located on the outside of the axle in the wheel rims. Which limits the size you can make those brakes. (Naturally, they can't be any bigger than the rims that contain them.)

What does size have to do with anything? Well, as we said before, brakes work by one surface pressing against another surface. So it only stands to reason that if you have more surface area pressing against more surface area, your braking power will be that much better.

There are also two other drawbacks to having the brakes situated in the wheels:

One, since they're not in the car's airstream, they tend to build up heat as you use them, which can lead to brake fade. And two, all that extra weight in the wheels can, in certain situations, adversely affect roadholding.

How the Audi's brakes make it stop.



The Audi's front brakes (which *are* disc, by the way) are toward the middle of the car. Which enables us to make them as large as we feel necessary. (Right now, they're large enough to bring an Audi moving 60 mph to a complete stop in 3 seconds.)

They're also situated in the car's airstream. This keeps them cool enough to virtually eliminate any chance of brake fade.

And, because these brakes are toward the middle, you don't have all that extra weight bouncing up and down with the wheels (which, as we said before, can adversely affect roadholding).

Brakes are just one of the Audi's many points of difference. It also moves differently, turns differently, uses gas differently.

Why even the interior of this car is advanced. With a heating and ventilation system that allows for a complete change of air in the car every 30 seconds. Vital controls located right on the steering column. And...well, why not come in and see for yourself. (You can find out where your nearest Porsche Audi dealer is by calling 800-553-9550 free. Or, in Iowa, call 319-242-1867 collect.)

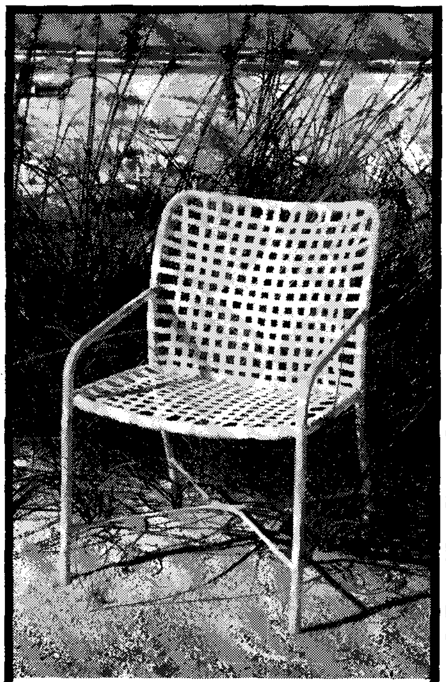
While you're down there, you'll also have an opportunity to take the Audi out for a test-spin, so you can see for yourself how this car's differences affect its handling under actual driving conditions.

This may sound like a cliché, but you really do have to feel it to believe it.

Audi®

The revolutionary new car from Germany.

Suggested price, East Coast P.O.E., for 100 LS (as shown): $3,795. Other models start at: $2,995. (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher.) Local taxes and dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.



This is it, our famous West Indies Chair designed for the Tropics by Tropitone

Nassau, St. Croix, Puerto Rico, Antigua, Barbados. At hotels, clubs and private estates throughout the Caribbean you will find the famous Tropitone West Indies Chair. The Caribbean is its natural habitat. Hot. Humid. Salt Spray. Sunshine and showers. Where other chairs rot, rust, fade and fall apart, the West Indies Chair keeps its new look year after year. The reason: heavy duty aluminum tubing, baked enamel finishes, completely electronic welded frames and the finest vinyl lacing you can buy. Available at Abercrombie & Fitch and great stores everywhere.

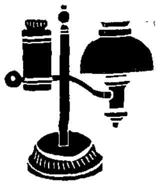
tropitone

Furniture Co., Incorporated, P O Box 3197
Commerce Blvd.—N Hwy 301 • Sarasota, Florida 33578

Send 25c for complete line brochure

gaged in the nightly volleyball game that took place between the police and the soldiers in Namche, and we had to wait a half hour or so before we could see him. I had in the meanwhile written out a telegram, which the Colonel, when he was free, read very carefully, offering a few suggestions for its amplification, and then signed, remarking that it was the Dasain holiday in Kathmandu and he was not sure how soon it would be delivered. In any case, we had done what we could, and the next day we were off to the base of Everest, with the understanding that if an answer ever came through it would be sent up by runner.

THAT morning, our Tibetan porters showed up early. They were dressed in heavy clothes, and instead of the Chinese-made basketball shoes that they had been wearing since leaving Kathmandu they now wore wonderfully colorful heavy cloth boots with thick soles. Ila appeared with some expedition gear, including a down-filled sleeping bag, that he had used with the Indian expedition at an altitude of twenty-six thousand feet on Everest. "Next days, some cold," he announced. The evenings had already been "some cold," and we were putting on more and more clothes to keep from freezing. However, the day of our departure was bright and warm, and we set out for the Thyangboche monastery, the home of the reincarnated lama who is the religious leader of the Sherpas of Solu-Khumbu. It was a beautiful walk, with Everest and all her satellites in full view, and in a few hours we struggled up a steep hill, twelve thousand six hundred feet high, where the monastery was situated. On its grounds, an Indian expedition to Mount Everest once built a little cabin, which travellers can use for the night. It is drafty, but Hillary—leave it to Hillary—installed a delightful wood-burning stove in the living room, which keeps everything warm as long as one continues to feed it and keeps the doors shut. The walls are covered with signatures of members of former Everest expeditions and trekkers who have spent the night there. For us, it was the first time in more than two weeks that we had slept in a building, and we were happy about the change. Ila had promised us a visit to the head lama before we headed off into the mountains, and for that purpose he had bought three white ceremonial scarves, which we were meant to present to the lama; in return, he would give each of us one of his own scarves. The head lama of Thyangboche was chosen while still a small child. He comes from a Sherpa family in Namche, and when he was very young he began to talk about his "home" in Thyangboche, where he had never been. The monks at Thyangboche, hearing of this, got some of the clothes of their head lama, who had just died, and mixed them with objects not belonging to the lama. The child, who was then four, picked out the clothes of the old monk and said that they belonged to him. He was immediately heralded as the reincarnation of the old lama and brought to Thyangboche to study. When he was sixteen, he was sent to Tibet for more study, and in 1956 he came back to Thyangboche as its abbot. He is now in his late thirties. I was immensely impressed by him. He doesn't speak English, but his brother does, and he acted as our interpreter when Ila's English failed. The abbot's apartment is simple, but he has many modern devices—a radio, a camera, a watch—that have been given to him over the years by people on expeditions. Apart from study, religious ceremonies, and running the affairs of the monastery—the monks depend partly on donations and partly on a certain amount of commerce that they carry on in the community and in Tibet—the abbot's main interest is flowers. He has a small hothouse, which he and his brother built to protect his flowers during the winter. Friends send him seeds from all over the world, and he has a book filled with all the seed envelopes, along with the names of the donors. The abbot accepted our scarves and took three of his own and touched them to his forehead as a blessing. While this was happening, Ila stood beaming. It was obviously a ceremony that meant a great deal to him, and he later told me that he would not go into the high mountains without the blessing of the abbot.



We left Thyangboche and headed north. The villages became cruder and cruder, and the terrain more barren. The tree line in the Himalayas is very high, and we were now at nearly fourteen thousand feet—the altitude of a good-sized Swiss alp—and it was still grazing land for yaks. Wood was scarce, so we used dried yak dung for fuel. It makes an excellent smokeless, odorless fire. On the trail, we passed yak caravans being driven down for the winter. The yak is a great, shaggy beast, but incredibly timid; it will all

If you were flying the Concorde tomorrow

you'd wear a Rolex.

When the Concorde takes off on its experimental flights through the sound barrier, the watch on board will be Rolex.

Its tough Oyster* case is carved out of a block of 18kt. Gold or Swedish stainless steel. Inside these solid walls is a self-winding, officially certified 30-jewel Swiss chronometer. And outside, its face tells the date and the time in two time zones at once.

It took three years to build the first Concorde. And it takes over a year to build every Rolex Oyster Perpetual. Care like this spells precision—Pan Am® pilots who will fly the Concorde could not afford to settle for less.

The Rolex these pilots wear is the GMT-Master Chronometer. In 18kt. gold with matching bracelet, $1,125. In steel, $255.

*Individually tested and guaranteed to a depth of 165 feet when case, crown and crystal are intact.

Official Timepiece, Pan American World Airways. Pan American will be the first U.S. airline to fly the Concorde in scheduled service.

ROLEX

AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CORPORATION, 580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10036.
Also available in Canada. Write for free color catalog.

but climb a vertical bank to get out of one's way on the trail. However, I did once encounter an aggressive yak. Not far from Thyangboche, I was walking along peacefully when I heard several people ahead croaking "Eee-yuk, Eee-yuk"—a series of sounds that the Sherpas make if there are yaks around. Above the general din I heard Michèle yelling, "*Attention, Jérémy—un yak fou!*" I looked up and found myself staring into the eyes of a rather malicious-looking brown yak that was attached by a string to a Sherpa who was trying to restrain it. It lowered its horns, and I went straight up a rock embankment and stayed there until the animal was led away. The Sherpas have great affection for yaks. One night, we heard some piercing cries not far from our camp, and I at once thought of a leopard, since I had read in a book on the British Everest expedition that its camp had been visited by one after dark. Moreover, Jaccoux claimed that he could make out a pair of glittering eyes off in the scrub. But when I asked a Sherpa what kind of animal it was, he replied, "Doesn't eat yaks," which seemed to settle the matter. It was probably a small wildcat of some kind. Being Buddhists, the Sherpas will not, in general, kill any animal, but if a yak should happen to drop dead, or if someone else should kill it, they are delighted to eat the meat. Sherpas are profoundly religious, but not dogmatic. As Buddhists, their greatest concern is to add to their *sönam*—a sum of credit that, if sufficient, may allow them to escape the cycle of birth and rebirth. There are many ways that one can increase one's *sönam*. For example, a rich man can increase it by having a temple built for the community. There are some very wealthy Sherpas in Solu-Khumbu. Namche Bazar was the great trading station on the way to Tibet, and before 1950 enormous yak trains passed through the town en route to the Nangpa La, a nineteen-thousand-foot pass leading to Tibet. From Tibet, Sherpas got salt, copperware (all the cooking utensils in Solu-Khumbu are of copper—and very beautiful, too—although now they are being supplanted by tin and aluminum ones, usually of Chinese manufacture), and animals, for which they traded rice, carried up from the lowlands, and dyes, among other things. Even now, there is some trading into Tibet, and it is a very profitable business. We were told of a trader who came back from Tibet with a profit of eighty thousand Nepalese rupees—over eight thousand dollars—from the sale of one yak train's

Produce of France
Bottled in France
Grand Marnier
Liqueur
Paris

The Spirit of **Grand Marnier** ...comes alive with every sip. Grand Marnier is made from fine Cognac Brandy and the peel of bitter oranges... a delightful drink in a snifter... or cocktails, and excels in gourmet recipes. Try the Grand Marnier Sour for a new exciting drink, or Grand Marnier coffee, an elegant dessert drink. For cocktail and gourmet recipes, write for our free booklet.

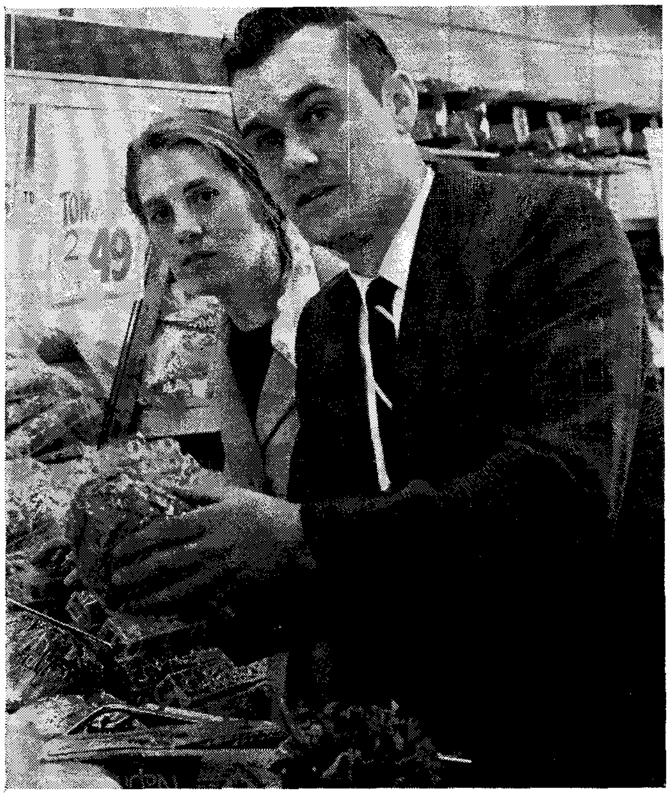
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE / MADE FROM FINE COGNAC BRANDY / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., DEPT. NY-2 745 5TH AVE., N.Y.C. 10022

songbirds of America

American Songbirds by the renowned American artist, Ray Harm, grace limited edition dessert plates by Spode. Here are the first of 12 bird designs to be released at regular intervals in sets of 2 beginning in May. Reserve your complete set of 12 now as our allotment is subject to prior sales. Shown: top, Red-bellied Woodpecker; bottom, Rufous-sided Towhee. **$55** set of two.

J.E. Caldwell Co.
Founded 1839
Philadelphia, Pa. 19107
Haverford • Plymouth Meeting • Wilmington • Moorestown • Harrisburg East

Honest, Jim and Maureen Cunningham, now you can afford to go to Britain.



The Cunninghams have relatives in Britain, so they were delighted to find out how little it would cost them to travel on BOAC this year. They'll really appreciate BOAC's unbelievably low fares—Jimmy's salary ($8,000) as a Junior Engineer at one of the major TV networks has to support a household of five!

If you're bound for Britain, what's the best way to go? "Definitely BOAC," says Maureen. Why? "Fares are so low this year."

$265

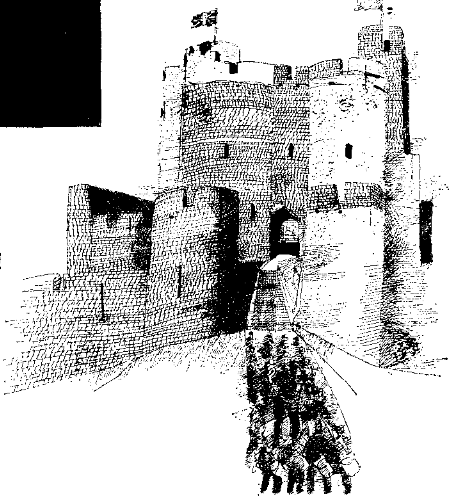
BOAC's New round-trip fare.

$265* is all it costs to fly BOAC Economy Class round trip New York/London. Or to Manchester or to Glasgow, on our 29/45-day Excursion fare. You'll find you'll be able to stay in hotels for $5 or $6 a day. And enjoy pub lunches of cold cuts and beer for 80 cents. And when you step aboard a BOAC jet your vacation in Britain has already begun. With the fine, elegant service we British have been famous for—for years.

$325

BOAC's Combination Holidays in Britain.

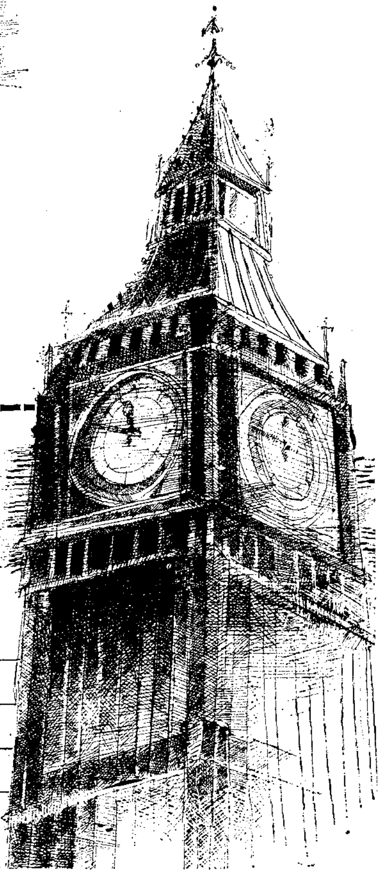
Pick from a variety of holidays in London and the countryside by car, train or motorcoach. Included are round-trip fare New York/London, hotels, transportation and breakfasts. From $325.***



$295

BOAC's Bonanza car or rail tour.

You get your round-trip New York/London air fare, one night in a London airport hotel with private bath and 12 nights in a country guest house, all for $295.** Plus a car for two weeks with unlimited mileage or a two-week rail pass for unlimited train travel. Or for $344** you get 19 nights in a guest house plus the car for 3 weeks with unlimited mileage. Or the rail pass for three weeks.



BOAC's Britain.
Isn't it nice to know it costs so little?

British Overseas Airways Corporation,
Box VC 10, Dept. 153A-467, New York, New York 10011 Tel. 687-1600

Yes, I am interested in your low cost holidays in Britain and Europe this year. Send me details.

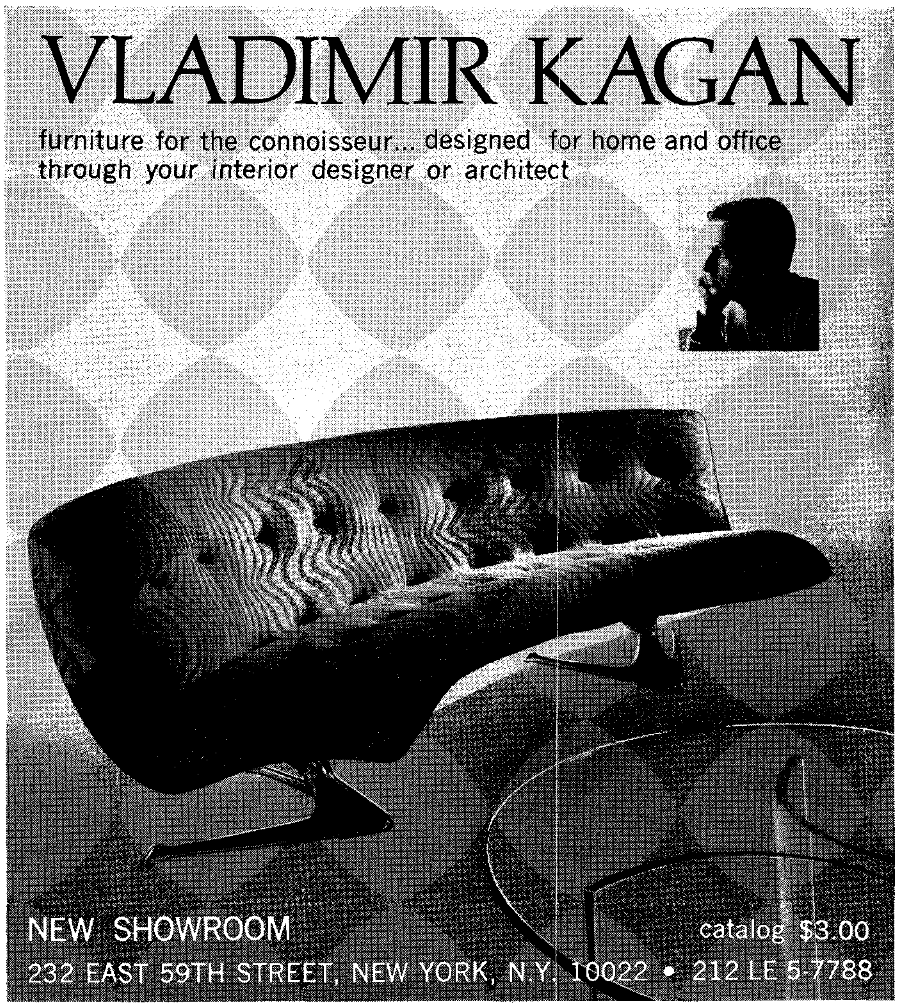
Mr., Mrs., Miss

Address City

State Zip

My Travel Agent is

*Fares vary between $265 and $295 according to season. **Includes Economy Group BIT Fare from New York. ***Includes Economy Group GIT Fare from New York. Double occupancy in hotels. Car tours priced for each of two travelling together. All tour prices subject to peak season supplements.



VLADIMIR KAGAN
furniture for the connoisseur... designed for home and office
through your interior designer or architect
NEW SHOWROOM
catalog $3.00
232 EAST 59TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • 212 LE 5-7788

Peck & Peck shifts to the bold and bright. For a certain kind of woman.
It's a matter of design—an abstract floral one. And color—red, navy and white. Then there's the cool of the cotton and the plus of a full lining. Who could ask for more? Washable. 8 to 16 sizes, 22.00*
*Slightly higher on the West Coast
Fifth Avenue and Branches.
For mail and phone, add applicable tax and 75¢ for handling beyond delivery area.

worth of goods. He was building a small temple in Namche, and while we were there we watched the famous Sherpa artist Kapa Kalden in the process of decorating the interior and the huge prayer wheel. One can also lose *sönam*. In his book "The Sherpas of Nepal," Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf, a noted anthropologist, gives a list of some of the sins that can lead to loss of *sönam*. It is an extraordinary list, and it gives an idea of why people who have come to know the Sherpas are so fond of them. Among the items are:

> 1. To threaten children or make them cry is sin, whatever the reason.
> 2. To fell trees is sin, though on occasion it is inevitable; even to pluck flowers is sin, and it is sinful to set fire to the forest.
> 3. To marry a girl who is unwilling is sin both for the husband and for her parents, who arranged for the marriage.
> 4. To talk ill of someone behind his back is sin, particularly if what one tells about him is not true.

We camped in some deserted yak pens in Pheriche, a summer village, now abandoned, since the yaks had gone below for the winter. The nights were now desperately cold. As long as the sun was up, it was quite comfortable, but as soon as the shadows began to creep over the ground the temperature plummeted to near zero, and we made a dash for the tents, to put on every ounce of warm clothing we had brought along. It was much too cold to bathe, and Jaccoux said that it would be inadvisable even to wash, since the dry air was so dehydrating that we risked being severely burned and chapped by the sun. By now, we were all beginning to feel the effects of the altitude—headaches and dizziness. The streams that led down from the Khumbu Glacier—the glacier that comes down from the sides of Everest—were frozen, and we crossed them gingerly. Our next, and highest, camp was at sixteen thousand feet—higher than the summit of Mont Blanc—and the three of us were beginning to feel truly worn down by the altitude and the cold. We were merely a mile or two from the Tibetan border. This is the only place in Nepal where the government allows one to get that close to the border, since the way is blocked by the Everest range, and it would take a full-scale alpine expedition to cross it; trekkers have all they can do to haul themselves up to the high yak pastures. However, we could see some of the peaks in Tibet, and also the Lo La and the Shangri La. "La" is the Tibetan word for "pass," and Shangri La is an im-

STEINWAY & SONS

You, Steinway® and the hemidemisemiquaver.

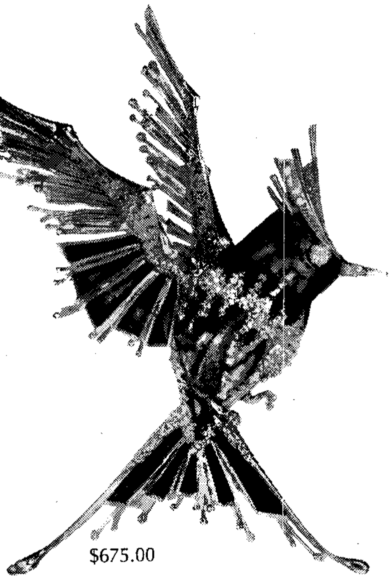
Whole notes, half-notes, quarter-notes to sixty-fourth notes. That's what it's all about.

Sound. That's what makes a Steinway a Steinway. And the sound couldn't be the sound without the Steinway Diaphragmatic Soundboard.®

It tapers from a thickness of 8mm at its center to 5mm at its edge. Whether the soundboard's destined for a 9 foot concert grand or a 40 inch upright, this 3mm (about the thickness of a kitchen match) is shaved away, to swell the sound of vibrating strings to a full resounding tone. This takes time. And it's more expensive. But it lets you, if you're able, strike the crisp, clear, hemidemisemiquaver (sixty-fourth note) that makes every Steinway sound like a Steinway.

For more information write to Henry Steinway, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

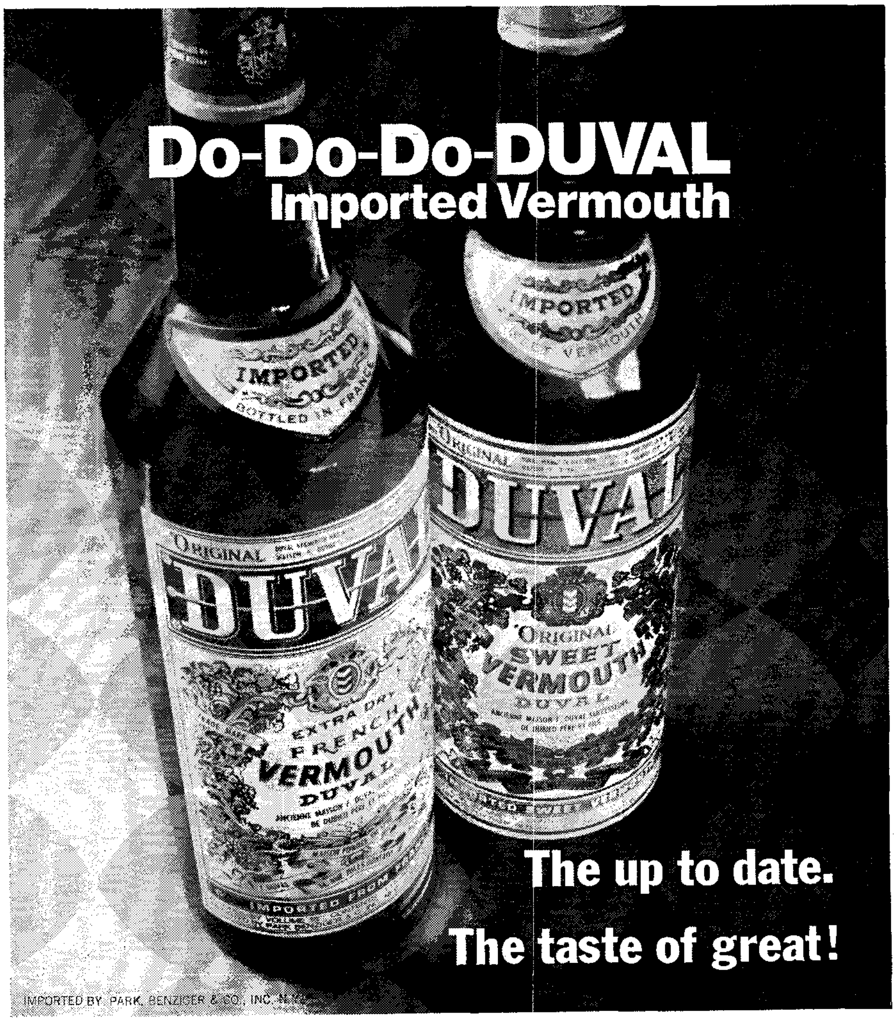
Steinway & Sons



$675.00

18 Kt. gold brooch with mother-of-pearl body enameled in blue, green and red, mounted with 9 small brilliants.

Distinctively
GÜBELIN
3 West 57th Street, New York
(212) PL 5-0053
Jewelers to the world since 1854



Do-Do-Do-DUVAL
Imported Vermouth

The up to date.
The taste of great!

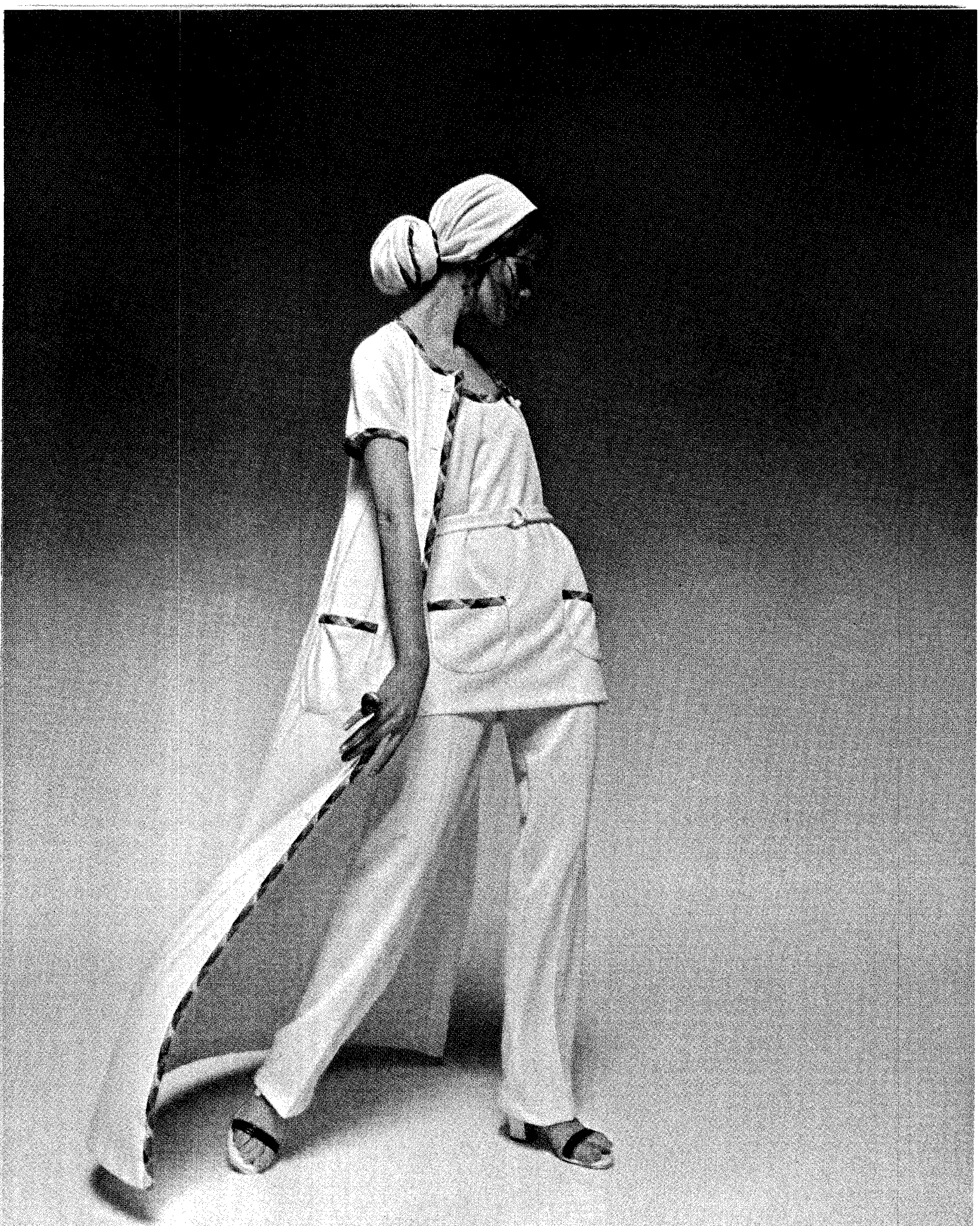
IMPORTED BY PARK, BENZIGER & CO., INC. N.Y.

pressive but bleak-looking pass that leads into Tibet.

We now began to find out for ourselves why the Sherpas and the Tibetans do so well on the high climbing expeditions. While we were literally trembling with cold and fatigue, Ang Dorje was wandering around happily in a light shirt and wearing tennis shoes with no socks. I asked Ila if the altitude ever bothered him, and he said, "Twenty-six thousand feet, some headache getting." At sixteen thousand feet, my head felt like a melon. The next day, we climbed the Kala Pattar. By any standard, it is a *montagne à vache*—a gentle, grassy slope with a few rocks on top. But the summit is at eighteen thousand one hundred feet—some twenty-three hundred feet higher than any mountain in Europe—and I found it very tough going. I seemed to be held back by a sort of invisible wall, and every time I moved I felt as if I were hauling a ton of bricks. From the summit, we got an incredible view of Everest and the Khumbu Glacier. Below us was the site of the 1953 British base camp. The summit of Everest was perhaps three miles away, but still two miles above us. I asked Jaccoux, who had been to twenty-two thousand two hundred feet in Peru, how people could climb at such heights. (I was having all I could do to walk.) He said that, of course, they trained for weeks before the summit climb. In addition, there was a morale factor that came from being part of a large, dedicated group; also, when one actually came to grips with the mountain one tended to forget one's aches and pains.

It was now beginning to snow, and we hurried down. In passing, we had a chance to look at the stone memorial that the American expedition had had carved in honor of Jake Breitenbach, the climber who was killed on the Khumbu icefall in 1963. (Just this year, his body was discovered on the Khumbu Glacier.) When we got back to our tents, it was snowing heavily. I was so tired that when Jaccoux handed me an aspirin I just stood there holding it, not knowing what to do with it. I somehow got into my tent and lay gasping on my sleeping bag. After a few minutes, the head of Ang Dorje appeared in the tent. "Soup ready," he announced, and in came a tray of warm tomato soup and crackers. He stood there while I ate it, to make sure that I was all right, and then left.

WE had had some vague plans to do more climbing and hiking, but the snow was coming down in thick



The Loungewear Independents. Each of these featherweight Dacron® polyester double-knit separates leads many fashion lives on its own. The maxi (about $35) covers everything, pants to bikini. The tunic (about $22) doubles as a mini-dress. The pants (about $20) team with any top you please. And aren't they altogether sensational all together? From our latest collection of mixable, matchable switchables in Frosted Torch, Star White or Navy, with red, white and blue braid. Everything, sizes 8 to 16. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York

VANITY FAIR

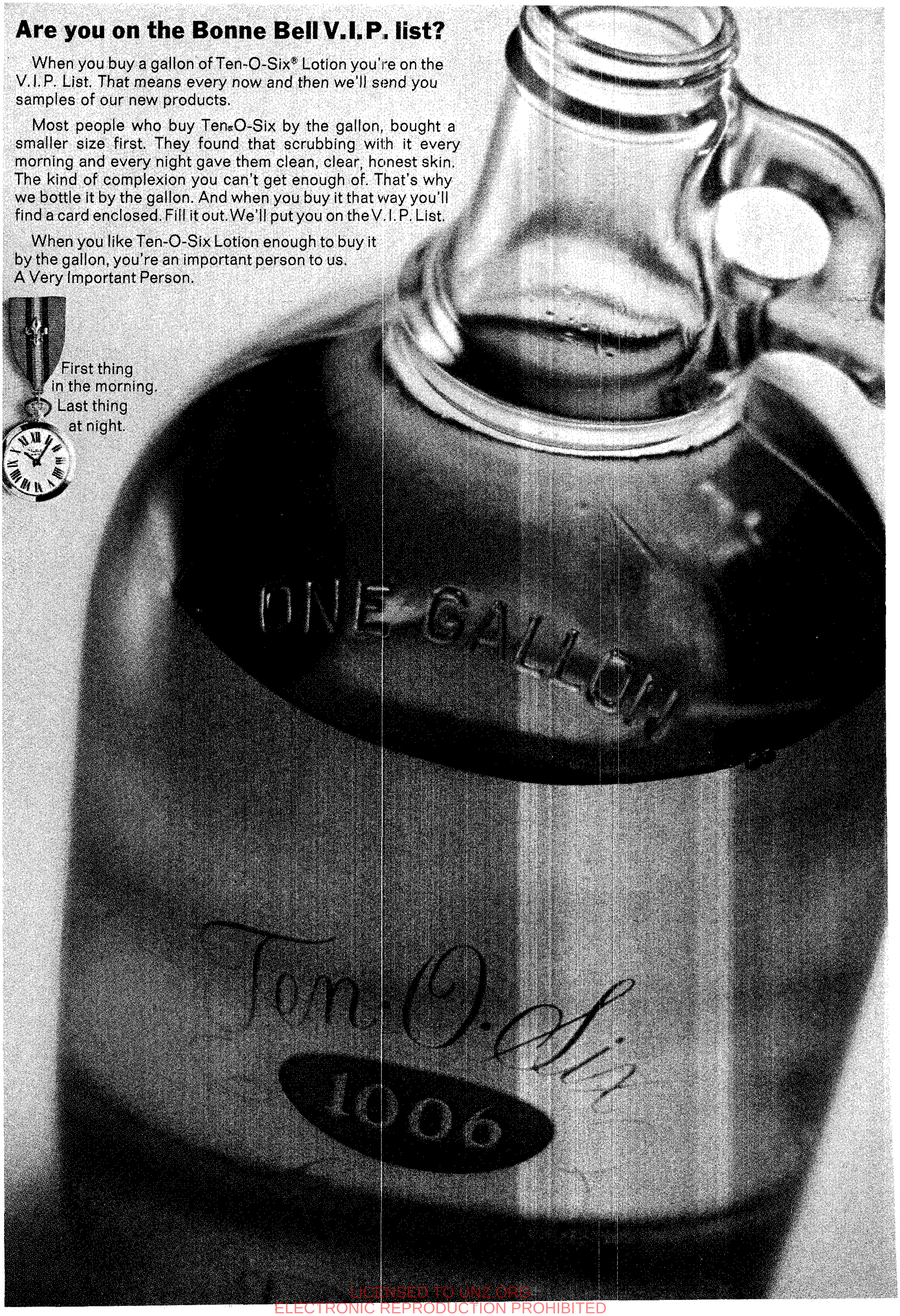
NEAL BARR

Are you on the Bonne Bell V.I.P. list?

When you buy a gallon of Ten-O-Six® Lotion you're on the V.I.P. List. That means every now and then we'll send you samples of our new products.

Most people who buy Ten-O-Six by the gallon, bought a smaller size first. They found that scrubbing with it every morning and every night gave them clean, clear, honest skin. The kind of complexion you can't get enough of. That's why we bottle it by the gallon. And when you buy it that way you'll find a card enclosed. Fill it out. We'll put you on the V.I.P. List.

When you like Ten-O-Six Lotion enough to buy it by the gallon, you're an important person to us. A Very Important Person.



First thing
in the morning.
Last thing
at night.

gusts, and we were really exhausted by the altitude. So the next morning we began the trip back. On the first day, we passed a huge lake, ice blue, that nestled against the mountains. "In summer, many yaks," Ang Dorje told us. When we got a little farther down, we were met by a runner from McKinnon bearing a letter from Mountain Travel that had just arrived. The office had received both our telegram and a personal message from the Australian forester, and we could take the plane on the second of November.

We had several days to fill before that date, some of which we passed in the monastery grounds of Thyangboche, some with the McKinnons, and some in Namche. In Namche, Sub-Inspector Rana told us that while we were gone a yak had got into his garden with the six kinds of vegetables and had eaten every last one of them. Ang Dorje and Ila and a small group of our Tibetan porters had to hurry back to Kathmandu to meet some new trekkers, whom they were taking to western Nepal, near Annapurna. To make sure that we didn't get into any trouble and were fed periodically, Mountain Travel had assigned two young Sherpas to look after us until the plane came. They were eighteen, and at first I was worried about how two youths would fare as cooks and guides. There was no need for concern. Both of them had been on expeditions since they were fourteen, both had gone to school, and both spoke excellent English. They were dressed in Western-style blue-jeans, and when we left Namche for Lukla one of them was carrying a transistor radio on which he listened to music from Radio Nepal and from India.

For the next three days, we camped next to the tiny airfield. The young men turned out to be wonderful cooks, and we feasted on pancakes and *chupatis*—Sherpa unleavened bread. Each morning at about sunrise, the Swiss plane came in to leave off people. It was not yet our turn to go, and the pilot informed us rather tersely that we would have to wait until it was. One morning, the passengers turned out to be the German Ambassador to Nepal and the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees; they had come up to look at some Tibetan refugee villages. Another morning, a U.S. AID helicopter came floating in with a passenger who said that he had been sent by the Smithsonian Institution to collect Tibetan manuscripts. At eight-forty every morning, we got the English-language news broadcast from

The pleated shirtwaist
by Louis Féraud.
Perlman

Galey & Lord

Pleated fabric woven by
Galey & Lord, a div. of **Burlington Industries,** Burlington House, N.Y. 10019

He uses
the same line
on everyone.

The Forge/Ltd. line. It outfits the compleat man. In a style to which he is unaccustomed.

FORGE/LTD
A division of Munsingwear, Inc.

Find your frames
where the world's great museums do

THE HOUSE OF HEYDENRYK
Now at 417 East 76th St., N.Y.C. 10021 • 249-4903
Frames from $10.95 to $2800.00

Kathmandu. Otherwise, we sat around, a little bored, waiting for our plane. Finally, on November 2nd, as scheduled, it came in over the mountains. We had been joined by two trekkers also waiting to be flown out, and the five of us piled into the plane with our gear. There was the inevitable Nepalese observer from the Foreign Office wedged into one of the back seats among the rucksacks. The plane took off, and for the next hour we saw unfolding beneath us the whole route that we had taken over the previous month. There were the tiny trails that we had climbed up and down, over steep ridges and through the terraced fields and jungles. Here and there, we could spot a familiar village clinging to a mountainside, and to the north we could see the great, white mountains, with the clouds hovering near their summits. As I looked at them, I thought of a Nepalese legend that tells how they came to Nepal. In the beginning, the mountains, which were the oldest children of the god Prajapati, all had wings, and they flew about the world as they liked. However, Indra, the god of rain, wished to bring the waters to the people of Nepal. So he cut the wings from the mountains, which then fell to earth and could no longer fly. The wings became clouds, and still cling to the mountains. So wherever there are mountains there are clouds, and water from their rain nourishes the earth beneath. —JEREMY BERNSTEIN

(*This is the second of two articles on Nepal.*)

•

Q—I am in my early thirties and have a problem with the outfit I plan to wear Mother's Day. I have a three-piece double knit suit in pale blue with taupe stripes. What color hat, shoes, and bag would go with this costume? Would a flower hat be appropriate? —Mrs. R. J., Framingham

A—The outfit you describe is tailored—and a flower hat would be wrong with it. You need a tailored hat—something like a man's soft hat with a little brim that tilts beguilingly over one eye. Perhaps something in an off-white would be nice. Bone shoes and bag would be nice, but be sure that the silhouette of your footwear and handbag is uncomplicated. It's awfully hot salmon loaf.

—*Boston Globe.*

Yeah, but you're only in your early thirties.

If Avis rents you a Plymouth with over 19,000 miles on the odometer, you can keep it.

This pledge is good any time through June 30, 1970. At any Avis office. In any of the 48 contiguous states.

But we don't expect to have to fulfill it, because we try harder to rent you the newest Plymouths in the business.

If we should slip, and you rent a Plymouth with over 19,000 miles on it, it's yours.

Lock, stock, and barrel.

Avis.
We try harder.

©AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

EVERY WOMAN ALIVE LOVES CHANEL N°5
N°5
CHANEL

THE THEATRE

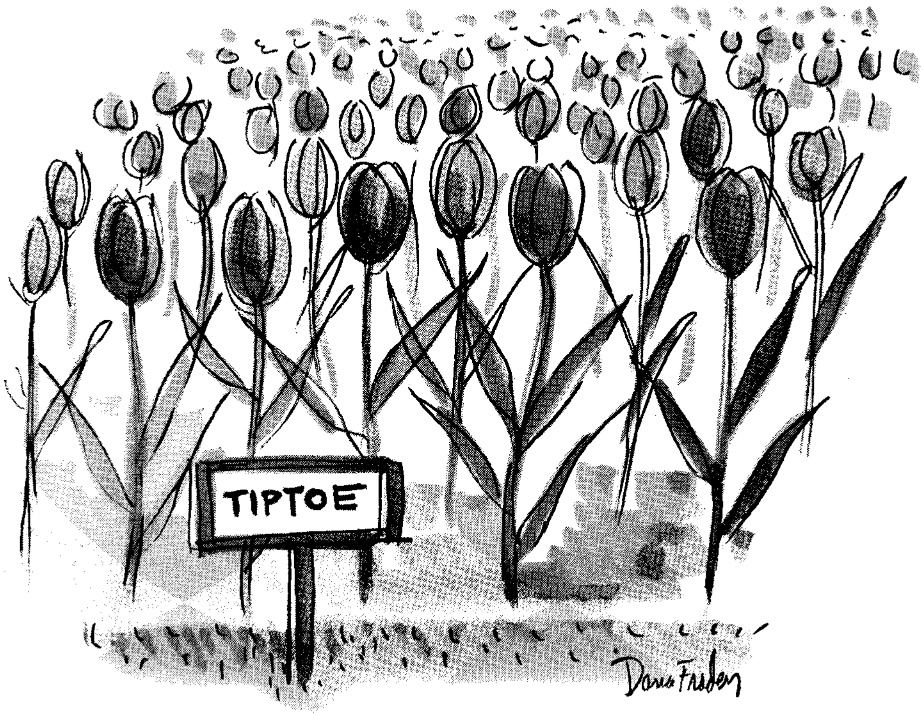
OFF BROADWAY

REPEATED postponements of an opening usually mean bad news, but they can also mean that a company has a stubborn faith in its production and is determined to stick with it. "Mahagonny," after almost three months of previews and at least four postponements, opened (and also closed, damn it) last week, and, considering all the discouraging rumors about it and all the gloomy early reports, I must say that it was anything but the calamity I expected. As a matter of fact, it was almost a triumph. "Mahagonny," which was first produced in Germany in 1930, is a tragic opera by Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht, done partly in operatic style, partly in musical-comedy style, and partly in music-hall style. It is set in an imaginary city, somewhere on the southern coast of the United States, that is founded by three escaped convicts—the Widow Begbick and two men called Moses and Fatty—and is given over entirely to the pleasures of eating, drinking, whoring, fighting, and gambling. The story is about a young lumberjack named Jimmy who comes there from Alaska for a spree, falls in love with a whore named Jenny, and ends up condemned to death for failing to pay a bar bill. It is also about corruption and coldheartedness and Brecht's own Marxist brand of salvation, as set forth on signs and placards.

Weill's score, with its recitatives and arias and choruses and just songs, sounded absolutely glorious to me, and it was beautifully sung, especially by Frank Porretta, a handsome and personable young tenor, as Jimmy; by Val Pringle, as the criminal Moses; and by Jack De Lon, as the criminal Fatty. As Jenny (the role originally created by Lotte Lenya), Barbara Harris was a wonder—funny and subtle and wicked—and I think you would have enjoyed her even if you play those Lotte Lenya records every day of the week. Miss Harris's Jenny was softer and more insidious than Miss Lenya's (on records), and not as tough—so different, in fact, that neither would have spoiled the pleasure of listening to the other. When it comes to Miss Harris's acting, judgment is out of the question. Her performances are always so fascinating to me that sometimes I think I made her up. She, by the way, may well have been listening to old Helen Morgan records—same quaver, same clarity—and there is no harm in that. Her rendition, as she sat on the edge of a gaming table holding a billiard cue, of Jenny's song of survival, "As You Make Your Bed, So You Lie There," received, and deserved, an ovation on opening night, and her "Moon of Alabama"—perhaps the most famous number in the whole score—was fine, too. But Miss Harris, for all my doting and for all her top billing, played a supporting role; it was the stalwart Mr. Porretta who carried the show. The script and lyrics, in Arnold Weinstein's translation, seemed all right, but barely all right if you happen to have seen any of the translations of Brecht's librettos by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman. (A set of their scenes from "Mahagonny" is appearing right now in the current issue of a magazine of translations called *Delos*.) Brecht is not, God knows, my kind of genius, but there is no denying his theatrical imagination and originality even once removed, geographically and linguistically.

This production, under the dynamic direction of Carmen Capalbo, was quite an achievement—rich and resourceful and full of sudden wayward surprises. Nevertheless, it did not seem all of a piece—did not attain the unity that gives any show the power to hold spellbound even a properly (Brechtly) alienated audience—nor did it quite capture the corrupt, decadent atmosphere of between-the-wars Germany. (Is it possible that Brecht does not travel?) These objections aside, the separate scenes and moments of the production more than made up for its minor failures. Near the end, Jimmy and Jenny sang a love duet. He was in a prison cell; she was in her room upstairs at the Widow Begbick's tavern. The stage was dark, and they were picked up by a pair of crisscrossing spotlights. It made a beautiful, effective scene—one of many in the show. Thomas Skelton was responsible for the fine lighting, and Robin Wagner for the fine settings. There were also color projections by Larry Rivers.

ED WODE is on the right track in the production of "The Republic" that he directed in his little Free Store Theatre. The play, which seems to be a rather slapdash cousin of "Lysistrata," is an adaptation of Aristophanes' "Ecclesiazusae," and it tells of a group of women who take control of the Athenian government (or, as one of them put it, "the Assembally"). Mr. Wode's jolly, dirty tricks and ideas are entirely in keeping with Aristophanes' jolly, bawdy script, and it is to be hoped that someday he will find actors capable of carrying them out. —EDITH OLIVER



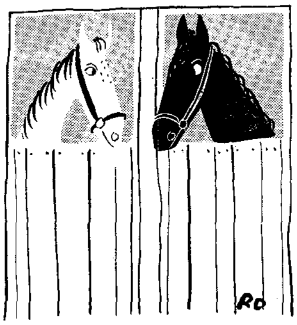
VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Look, it's our navy knit with boundaries of white, sailing free into the warmer days ahead. A skinny, ribby, pull-on pantsuiting of Fortrel® polyester knit that skims the body and self-sashes the waist, for 6 to 16 sizes, $46. Sport Separates Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

THE RACE TRACK

Dusty Derby

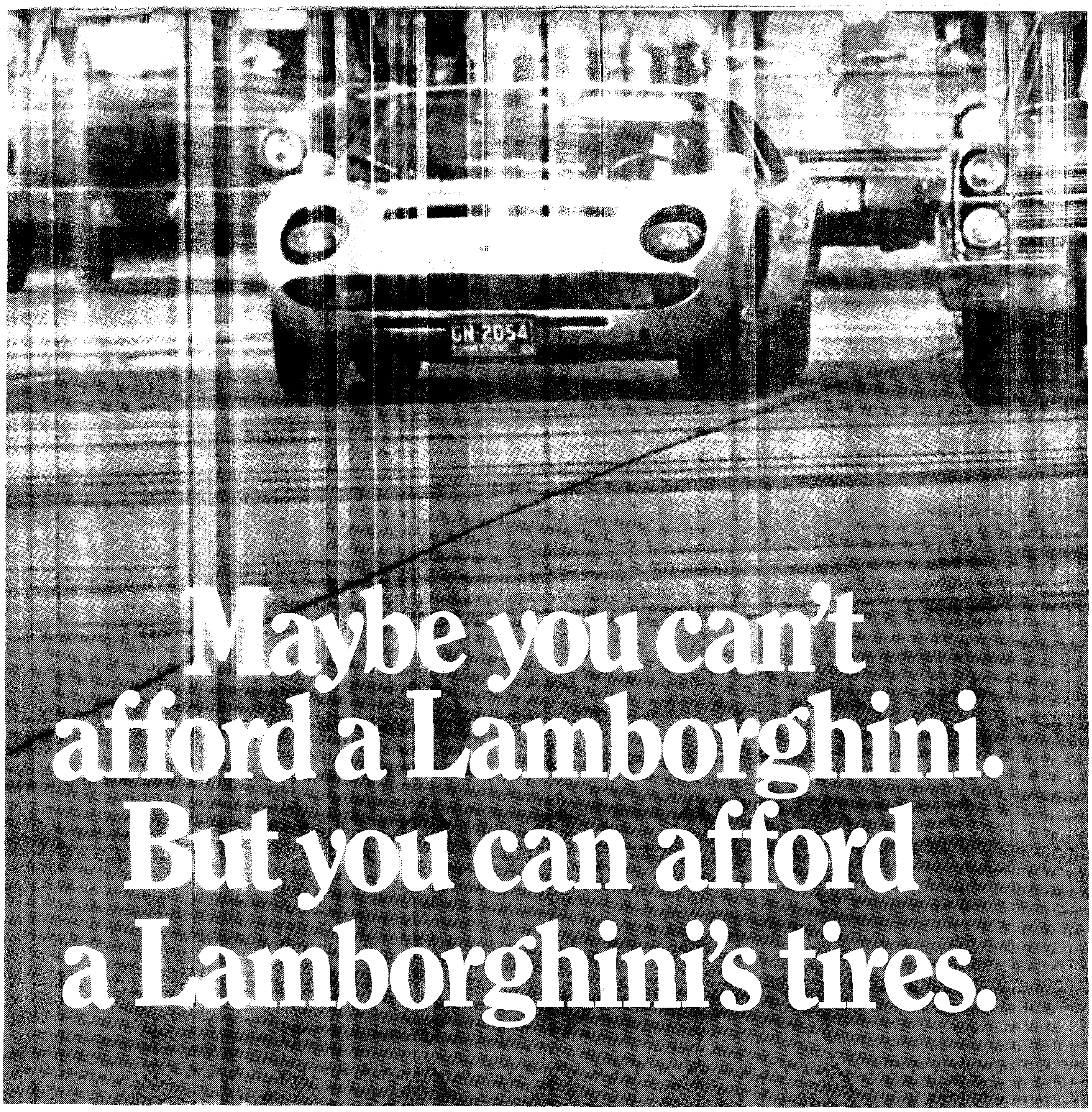
IT was Dust Commander by five lengths in the ninety-sixth Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs in Louisville last Saturday. My Dad George was second, High Echelon was third, and the fourteen other runners were strung out down the course. So let's pick up the pieces and make what we can from the result of the least predictable Run for the Roses since Count Turf's victory nineteen years ago. Dust Commander settled into his stride in the first quarter, and when Mike Manganello, who rode him, cut the corner at the stretch turn—a tactic that Arcaro, Meade, and Laverne Fator were tops at in their day—that did the trick, giving him the lead on the rails with clear sailing ahead. Although Holy Land had a mishap and unseated his rider, there was less crowding than one would have expected with such a large number of runners. No doubt the luck of the draw for post positions had a lot to do with that; most of the speed horses were near the rails, and those who usually get away slower were on the outside. Had it been the other way around, there might have been a disastrous jam at the first turn. But it wouldn't be a Kentucky Derby without some bumping. That came at the start, and was done by the runners near the rails who were eager to get away to a good position. Dust Commander probably got the worst of it, but Silent Screen also received a tidy wallop.



Rancho Lejos, a flier from California, came out of the gate like a greyhound in high gear and led around the far turn. George Lewis was second for a while, then Silent Screen. With three furlongs to go, Rancho Lejos tired (he finished last), and a bit farther on George Lewis called it a day. Meanwhile, My Dad George was moving up fast. He had a momentary check when Holy Land, directly ahead of him, lost his bridle and then his rider, Hector Pilar, who suffered two broken vertebrae. In the clear again, My Dad George passed Silent Screen easily, but by this time Dust Commander was too far ahead to be caught. High Echelon, last for three-quarters of the route, finished faster than the first two, but the best he could do was nod Naskra out of third money. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2:03⅖, which is no great shakes, but neither was the track, which was drying out after heavy rains. Terlago, with Shoemaker up, came in eleventh. He didn't like the track. This won't excuse his performance in the eyes of those who backed him to favoritism in the Caliente future book, but it does to a large extent explain it. Once more, Silent Screen showed that he doesn't like to go much farther than a mile. Up to that distance, he appeared to have a winning chance, but thereafter he seemed to lose his action, and he wound up fifth. I suppose he'll go for the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico a week from Saturday; the distance is half a furlong shorter. Personality, my selection, was never close; he had an outside post position, and because of that he had to run farther than the others, and he wasn't up to it. A note for feminists: Diane Crump, the first girl to ride against the boys in the Derby, had a mount—Fathom. She finished fifteenth.

When Dust Commander splashed home on a sloppy track in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, he was looked upon as a good thing for the Derby if the going was muddy. It wasn't, but he did all right. A chestnut colt by Bold Commander out of Dust Storm, he was bought as a yearling for $6,500 by Robert E. Lehmann, a former Fremont, Ohio, businessman who now divides his time between hunting big game in India and raising racers on his farms near Paris, Kentucky, and Ocala, Florida. Dust Commander's earnings to date total $181,604, which includes the Derby purse of $127,800. He is not entered in the Preakness, but if Mr. Lehmann cares to he can make him a supplementary nomination. This will cost only $10,000.

I saw the Derby on television this year, and the show was adequate. Just an old faultfinder, I'd like to have seen more of the horses, and to have heard what they looked like just before the race—which may be asking too much. From what I could glimpse, Silent Screen, as expected, was the pick of the lot. My Dad George and Terlago looked particularly fit and well, and so did Personality, but he was lighter in


GN 2054
Maybe you can't afford a Lamborghini. But you can afford a Lamborghini's tires.

A Lamborghini P400 Miura costs about $19,000.

It can corner in a way you'd be crazy to try with other cars. And stick to the road like glue while it's doing it.

It can eat up a straightaway without the least bit of sway.

And it can stop faster than just about any car made.

A Pirelli Cinturato costs anywhere from $21 to $65 depending on tire size.

It also can corner in a way you'd be crazy to try with other tires. And it sticks to the road like glue while it's doing it.

It too can eat up a straightaway without the least bit of sway. And stop faster than just about any tire made.

In fact, so impeccably engineered are Pirelli tires, Lamborghini and many other of the world's finest automobiles come with them as standard equipment.

How did Pirelli earn this honor?

By making a tire with a radial ply construction that flattens out and grips the road like the treads of a tank.

By making a tire that grips the road so well, many people use it as a snow tire.

And by making a tire that does all these things and yet rides smoothly and quietly on any surface. At any speed.

And if right now you're thinking that your car doesn't need a tire as good as a Pirelli, consider this.

Would you rather have your life riding on anything less?

PIRELLI
Radial Tires

PIRELLI TIRE CORPORATION, [illegible] EAST FORTY SECOND ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017.

Oak Room

Exercise your privileges in the Oak Room

Privileges like great food and wine. Starched white tablecloths and impeccable service. Lunch from 11:30 till 3 is for gentlemen only. The ladies may join them for dinner and supper till 1 am. For reservations, call Victor, PLaza 9-3000. Just one of eight great restaurants at The Plaza.

These days you need all The Plaza you can get.

The Edwardian Room. Oak Room & Bar. Oyster Bar. The Palm Court. The Palm Court After 8. Trader Vic's. The Persian Room. Plaza 9-.

A SONESTA HOTEL

A distinctive gift for every member of the wedding party...
CROSS®
SINCE 1846
CROSS
CROSS
Fine Writing Instruments from five to fifty dollars each at better stores worldwide.
© 1970 A. T. CROSS CO., LINCOLN, R. I. 02865

flesh than he had been before the Wood Memorial. Dust Commander just isn't my type, but, as the saying goes, "handsome is that handsome does"—and he did.

AS you know, the only scratch in the Kentucky Derby was Protanto, who injured an ankle in his final warmup gallop. Earlier in the week, however, Charles Engelhard, who owns him, had the satisfaction of winning the 2,000 Guineas, the first of the English classics, with Nijinsky, a Canadian-bred colt. A strapping bay, by Northern Dancer out of Flaming Page (both parents were winners of the Queen's Plate, in Toronto), and unbeaten in his seven starts, he is trained by Vincent O'Brien, who developed Sir Ivor, the winner of the 1968 Guineas and the Derby Stakes. Nijinsky right now is a hot favorite for the big one at Epsom the first Wednesday in June. Incidentally, Nijinsky, who was bred by E. P. Taylor, is, as far as my records go, the first Canadian colt to win an English classic. Starting at odds-on, and perfectly ridden by Piggott, he dominated the scene from beginning to end of the Rowley mile. Next day, Piggott won the 1,000 Guineas, for fillies, on Humble Duty. It's a double that not many jockeys have brought off.

FOR stay-at-homes, the big attraction at the Big A last weekend was the seventieth running of the Carter Handicap, at seven furlongs—one of the first stakes races run at the original Aqueduct. I caught it on TV after the Derby, and it was a lively affair, even if there were only five runners. Tyrant, a son of Bold Ruler who has a nice turn of speed, took the lead quickly and held it to win with something to spare from Best Turn, who was followed by Fast Hilarious, Beau Brummel, and Buck Run. Tyrant's time over a fast track was 0:22⅕, 0:44, 1:08⅕, 1:21⅖. Not bad, not bad.

A BELATED, immaterial, and irrelevant note on the recent Blue Grass Stakes: Villager, who finished next to last, is owned and trained by Winston Neil, an ordained minister in the Church of Christ.

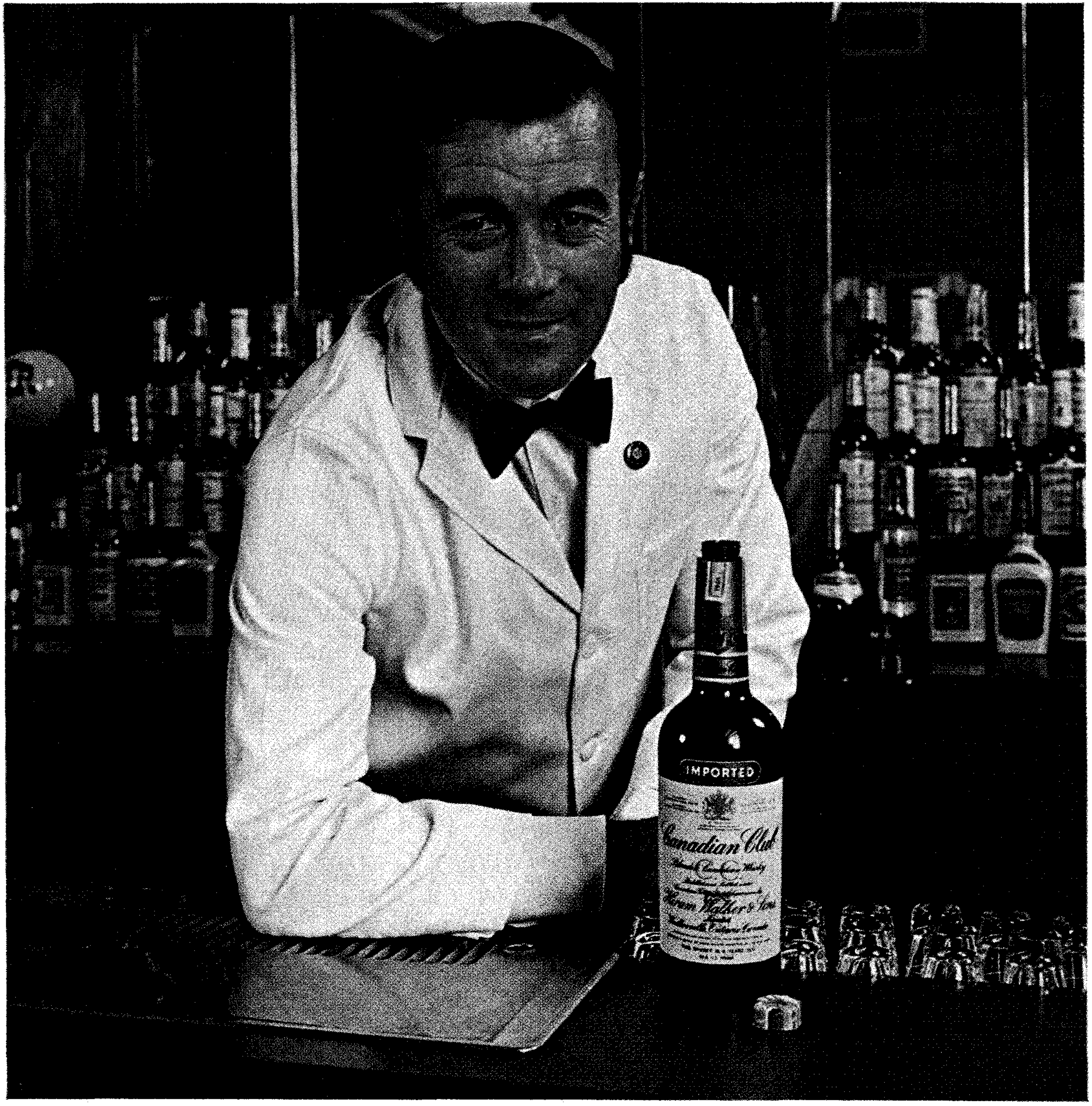
—AUDAX MINOR

●

DES MOINES, IOWA.—A bill introduced in landlocked Iowa yesterday would ban moonlight surfacing in the state.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

It's no time to come up anyway.

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.



The most valuable asset in Joe's bar is behind it.

Who knows that you like to watch football instead of basketball? Or when you want to talk? And when you don't? Or what your favorite drink is?

And who knows how to tell you the truth when you're really wrong? And still be your friend.

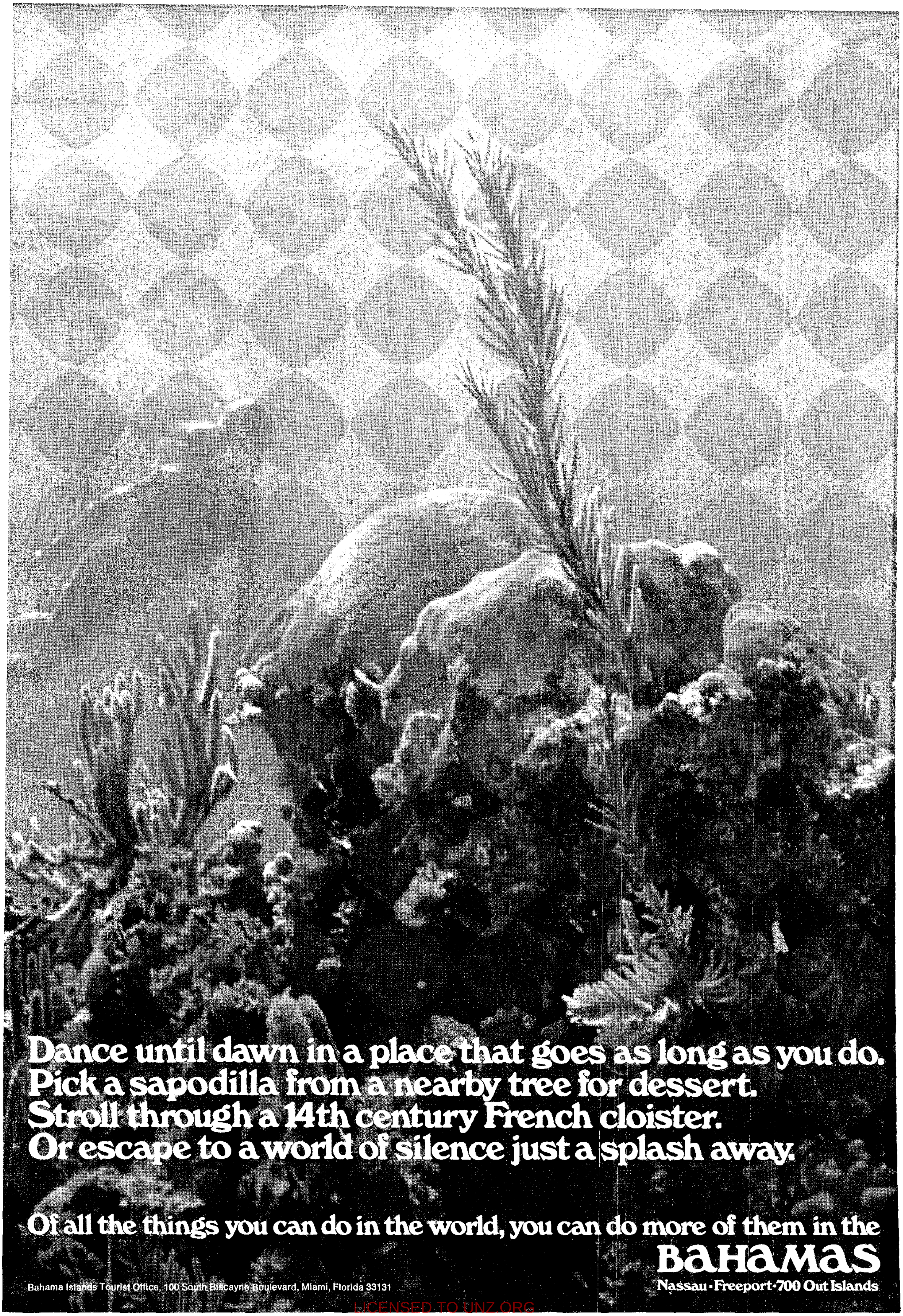
How could you not know? It's your neighborhood bartender. That's who.

And you probably wouldn't trade him in for all the tea in China. He's what makes your neighborhood tavern part of the neighborhood.

So stop in and see him during National Tavern Month. (It's the month of May.) And while you're there, have a drink of Canadian Club. It's the second most valuable asset in Joe's bar.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

Canadian Club
"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.


Dance until dawn in a place that goes as long as you do.
Pick a sapodilla from a nearby tree for dessert.
Stroll through a 14th century French cloister.
Or escape to a world of silence just a splash away.
Of all the things you can do in the world, you can do more of them in the
BAHAMAS
Nassau · Freeport · 700 Out Islands
Bahama Islands Tourist Office, 100 South Biscayne Boulevard, Miami, Florida 33131

THE ART WORLD

Young Masters, New Critics

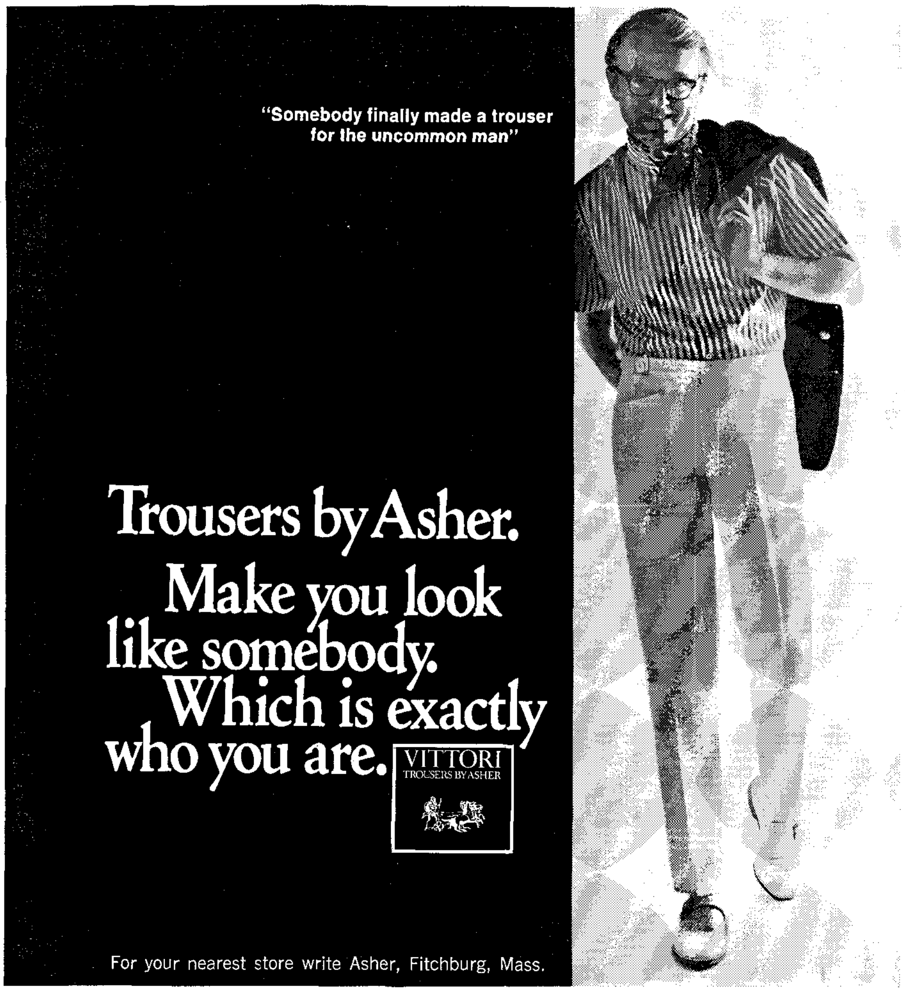
WITH a retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art at the age of thirty-three, Frank Stella is an artist who has wasted no time. The paintings in the exhibition go back to 1958, the year he graduated from Princeton. In the following year, he was included in the Museum of Modern Art's "Sixteen Americans" exhibition, along with Nevelson, Ellsworth Kelly, Jasper Johns, Rauschenberg. Since then, his career has been one of mounting successes. It would be fair to describe Stella as the young artist (Warhol belongs to a somewhat older generation) who has come most prominently to the fore in the nineteen-sixties. As such, he reflects the aesthetic interests of the decade, or, at any rate, of those forces that have been most effective in advancing reputations in it.

The retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art displays a variety of sedate decorations, notable chiefly for their large size and surface finesse. Stella unquestionably possesses a childlike fascination with squares, diamond shapes, triangles, arcs, and, above all, parallel bands of color. His sense of rhythmic repetition tends to make his compositions monotonous for the spectator, though not necessarily for the artist. Stella understands, however, that regularity needs to be disrupted at times in a manner sufficiently unostentatious to require an act of perception by the viewer. "Jasper's Dilemma" is a pair of joined squares, each of which contains a series of boxes within boxes. Superimposed upon these squares are four white diagonals that intersect to form a central diamond. But while two of the diagonals meet at the center bottom of the picture, the other two zigzag a bit in the middle of the squares and do not meet at the top. Thus the central diamond is open at the apex, and instead of a box at the center of each square there are three triangles. The slightly asymmetrical placement of the picture-plane diagonals complicates the geometry of the composition, and the complication is increased by the fact that the square on the left is in color and the one on the right consists of gradations of gray, and this may stimulate the viewer's interest.

In regard to color, Stella seems to have followed his decorator's instinct. From the can't-go-wrong all-black paintings of his early period, he has shifted to the seductive sheens of copper and aluminum paint, to the eloquent simplicity of unmodulated rust, yellows, and blues of some of his shaped canvases, and, finally, to the overluscious candy-box lavender, salmon, lemon, lilac, and apple-green fluorescent hues of his "protractor" series. With his delight in patterns, his cocktail-lounge taste in color, and his shrewd comprehension of how deviation and disruption add piquancy to repetition, Stella appears in his retrospective as a gifted designer, of whom it could be said that, allowing for the fact that the edges of his shapes are not actually ruled, he has been working well within the tradition of geometrical abstraction.

Such a modest estimate of Stella's accomplishment would, however, ignore the new formalist aesthetics that overtook American Abstract art in the nineteen-sixties, and that, to quote Dr. William S. Rubin's catalogue of the retrospective, "has naturally encouraged a related mode of criticism." The role of ideology in Stella's painting is not a simple one, since the "related mode of criticism" constitutes not only the intellectual ambience of Stella's painting but his own thinking as well, and has thus entered into his paintings. (According to Rubin, Stella is even more formalist than Rubin.) In the dozen years he has been painting, Stella has managed, by means of ingeniously emphasized details (such as notching the rectangle of a canvas or allowing the oil of the pigment to "bleed" out on the surface), to link the noncommittal shapes of geometry and the methodical paint application of the signpainter to concepts, episodes, and personages of recent American art history and to set up a position of his own with respect to them. In short, Stella's natural talent for ornament is secondary to his aptitude for engaging in visual debate with predecessors and contemporaries. For example, "Jasper's Dilemma," with its illusion of receding boxes and its mirroring of colored bands in gradations of gray, translates the paintings of Jasper Johns into unresolved issues concerning the representation of three-dimensional objects on a flat surface, and Johns is presented with a "dilemma" that critics who admire his paintings are invited to take into account. Thus Stella's exercises in harmonizing squares, diamonds, and triangles are at the same time painting as art criti-

VT SAVINGS BANK
BANKING HOURS DAILY 8-4 FRIDAYS 8-8
Robt Day



God bless Me.

He already did. Twice. Once He endowed Maine with more than others. And then He put it close enough for you to enjoy. Enjoy.

The Great State of Maine.

Department of Economic Development
2326 Gateway Circle
Portland, Maine 04102

Please send me booklets on the subjects checked below:

Name

Address

City State Zip

☐ Guide to Maine ☐ Public Parks ☐ Historic Sites ☐ 1970 Events
☐ Canoeing ☐ Coastal Cruising ☐ Fishing ☐ Hiking ☐ Camping

cism—an instance of the tendency in contemporary art, discussed in this column a year or so ago under the title of "Art and Words," to produce visual-verbal hybrids.

Response to Stella's paintings is divided between those who grasp (and accept) their art-critical content and those who simply look at them as wall decorations. This is not unusual; a good deal of twentieth-century painting is painting as art criticism. What distinguishes Stella's work, in addition to its visual qualities, is the particular kind of criticism that the pictures represent. Stella's commentary art is far removed from such famous examples as Duchamp's Mona Lisa with a mustache, the historical pastiches of Dali, and Rauschenberg's erased de Kooning. Like Rauschenberg and Johns, Stella began with an inventory of the formal and technical characteristics of Abstract Impressionism, but he diverged from Johns' popular images—his targets, flags, and numbers (as Johns put it, "things the mind already knows")—in the direction of pure abstraction. Also, going beyond Rauschenberg, he wished to negate not only the content of Abstract Expressionism but its gesture, too, which Rauschenberg had imitated. Stella's response to American art since the war has been to reinterpret it in terms of strictly formal problems—such as depth and flatness, size, shape, texture, repetition—as if he were anatomizing de Kooning, Pollock, Kline, and Hofmann in a classroom. With Stella, the wit and destructiveness of Duchamp, the Dadaists, and the Surrealists are replaced by pedagogy. Even Rubin, himself a formalist and a professor, is somewhat taken aback by the rigidity of the artist's outlook. "To maintain Stella's own attitude in the discussion of his work," he complains in his catalogue, "would mean remaining almost entirely within the framework of formal criticism." Rubin had wanted to say that, confronted by the striped black pictures of Stella's début, he was "almost mesmerized by their eerie, magical presence." Stella, however, would have none of this; he insisted that "in the striped paintings as a whole there 'aren't any particular poetic or mysterious qualities,' " and he ascribed their effects "to technical, spatial, and painterly ambiguities." If, as Rubin says, critics are going to talk about being "mesmerized by eerie, magical presences" when they see a black surface with regular patterns on it, perhaps Stella is right to concentrate on the visible elements of the painting. A more disciplined use of

IF THIS IS HOW YOU SEE CHEVY'S NEW LITTLE CAR, YOU'RE IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE.

It won't be a sawed-off Impala.

It won't be a shrunken Chevelle.

It won't be a miniature Monte Carlo, Camaro, Nova or Corvette.

Don't get us wrong. Our new car will be every inch a Chevrolet and proud of it.

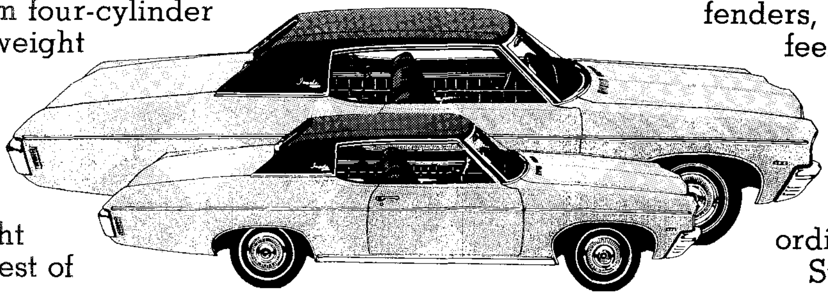
But it will stand on its own four wheels.

No hand-me-downs.

For example, we probably could have taken an existing Chevrolet engine and made it work in our new little car.

But we didn't.

We came up with a whole new one: an overhead cam four-cylinder job with a lightweight aluminum alloy block. Bigger and more responsive than most little-car engines, but right there with the best of them when it comes to gas mileage.



The car will also have its own strong body, its own disc/drum brake system, its own kind of front bucket seats, its own colors, its own impressive array of talents and abilities.

The little car that does everything well.

But not expensive.

We've put a lot of money into this car.

And it shows.

You'll be able to tell the minute you see it that this is a car of substance.

You'll be able to tell better by sitting in it, slamming its doors, pounding its fenders, revving its engine, feeling its power and grip on the road.

Yet the price for the base sedan will be right in the ballpark with ordinary little cars.

Surprised?

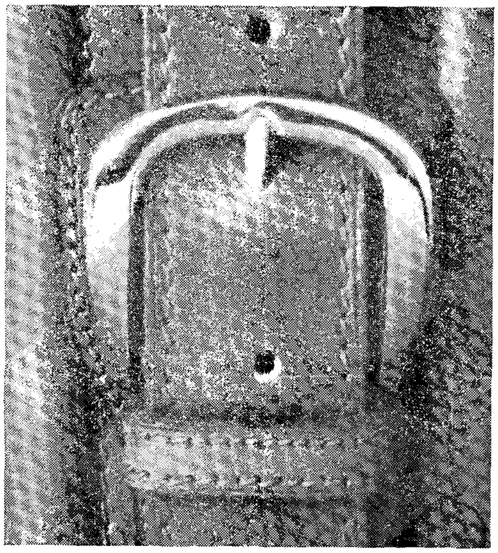
You'll see.

CHEVROLET

GM

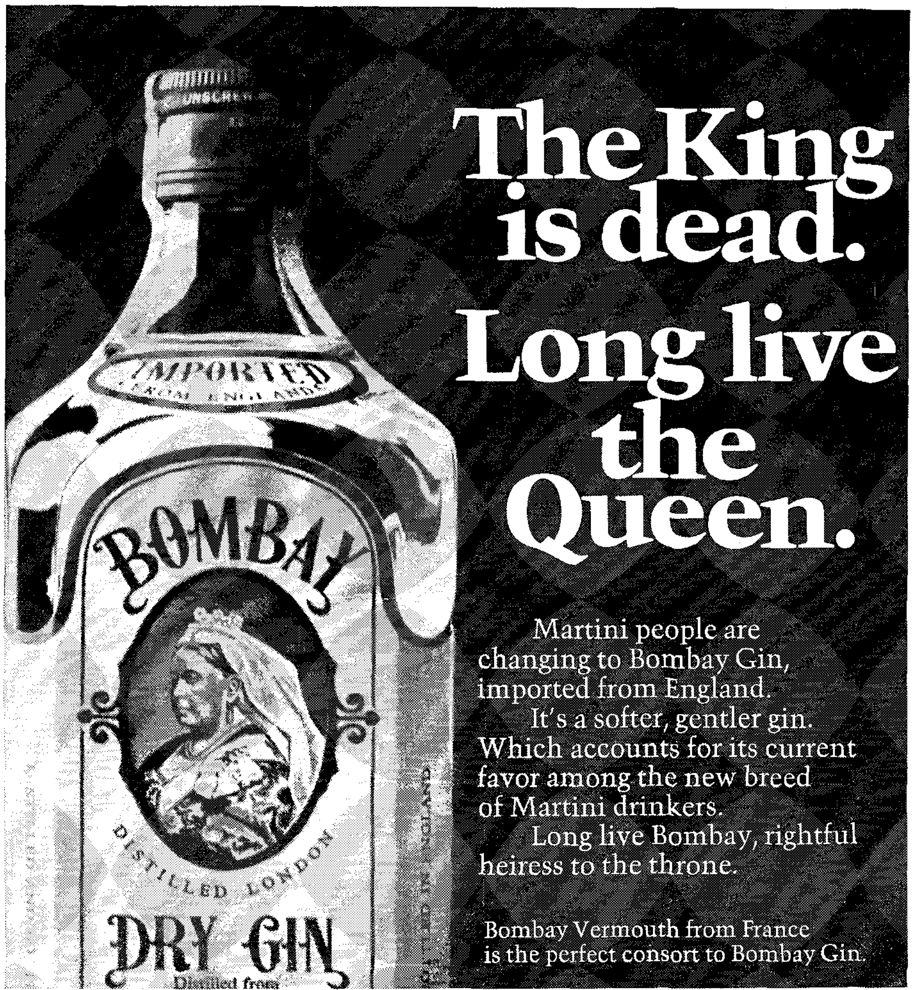
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Traveled with any top brass lately?



If not, shouldn't you start now? That tinny stuff some luggage makers use for hardware can hurt your image. And it won't stand up to stress in the long run, the way top brass does. You see, proper hardware—locks, rivets, buckles, studs—should be made of solid forged brass. Never inferior metals plated to *look* like brass. At Mark Cross, when we plate brass, we use only gold—as we've done for over a century. We believe you should travel first class, no matter what your ticket reads.

MARK CROSS/The place for luggage
New York/San Francisco/Beverly Hills/Atlanta/Detroit/Bal Harbour, Fla.



The King is dead. Long live the Queen.

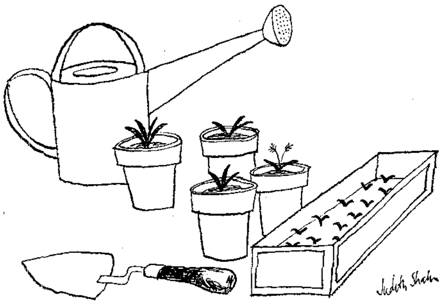
Martini people are changing to Bombay Gin, imported from England.
It's a softer, gentler gin. Which accounts for its current favor among the new breed of Martini drinkers.
Long live Bombay, rightful heiress to the throne.

Bombay Vermouth from France is the perfect consort to Bombay Gin.

CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N. Y. 86 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

metaphor, however, among critics and art teachers might make the starvation diet of formalism less necessary.

In any case, each of Stella's decorations is also an illustration, in the sense of a textbook or lecture-platform diagram. To my mind, the only paintings in the Museum of Modern Art exhibition that transcend chessboard aesthetics are some of the shaped canvases, such as "Effingham I" and "Moultonboro III." But to speak of drama in the collidings and penetrations of their masses and angles, comparable to those in the structures of Tony Smith, would superimpose considerations alien to Stella's intentions. The ambitious element in his decorations lies not in their ability to move the spectator's imagination but in their exposition of conclusions about contemporary painting. Like formalists generally, Stella contends that "only what can be seen there [in the painting] *is* there. . . . What you see is what you see." It is on this ground that he rejects Rubin's "eerie, magical presences." But he does *not* reject equally invisible pedagogical "presences." On the one hand, he wishes, he says, "to make what is popularly called decorative painting truly viable in unequivocal abstract terms;" on the other, he maintains that his paintings are "so strongly involved with pictorial problems and pictorial concerns that they're not conventionally decorative in any way." Apparently there is decoration and decoration, and the difference between them is "pictorial problems and pictorial concerns." But though problems may arise in the way a line is drawn or the canvas is folded over the stretcher, the problems themselves have neither line nor form nor color. "Conventionally decorative" painting aspires to be something more through the invisible factor of the critical discourse that surrounds the paintings and provides the spectator with clues on how to "read" them; visually, they remain simply decorative. Depending on discourse to raise them above ornament into art, Stella's compositions are the most professorial paintings in the history of art. The canvases of Albers may be more pedantic in asserting laws of visual perception; Stella's go further



The airline that treats you as beautiful as the country it flies you to.

Do you know a yellow-white beach, soft and friendly and covered in sun? It's in Portugal.

Do you know people who don't know what loneliness is? They live in Portugal.

Boa Noite, I am:
TAP

Have you sipped Vinho Verde, still sun-scented from the valley of Minho? Tasted fish, minutes from the sea? Cheeses made from ancient recipes... served by friendly faces you could have seen ancestral years ago in the Province of Alentejo?

It is all from the heart.

It is Portugal.

Then why should you sit on a plane lonely? With 146 strangers. It just isn't right.

We won't let it happen to you on a Portuguese airline. We Portuguese hate to be lonely. We don't want you to be lonely 35,000 feet in the sky.

We want to be the airline that treats you as beautiful as the country we fly you to. Ours.

That's why on all of our trips from New York to Lisbon, we're going to make sure you meet many people... before flight time. Some of them may become lifelong friends. Come to the airport early so you can meet as many people as possible.

Be our guest.

Isn't it time that somebody did this on transatlantic flights... and treated you beautiful?

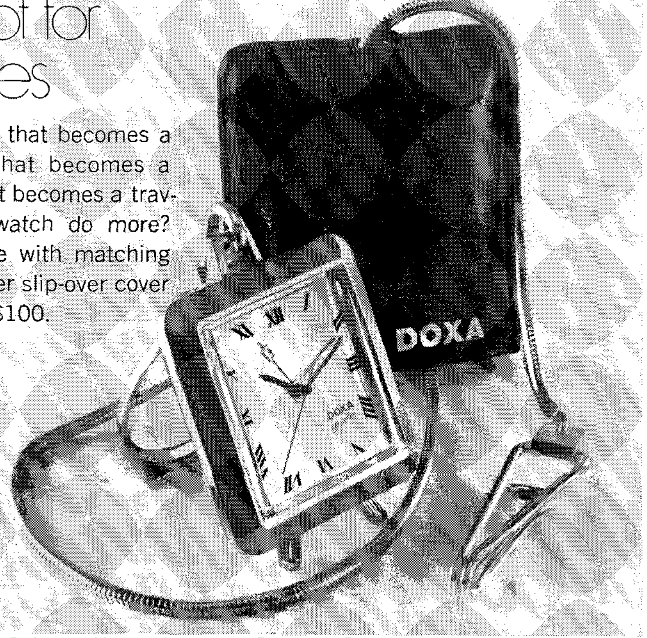
See your travel agent or call TAP Portuguese Airways.

TAP Portuguese Airways

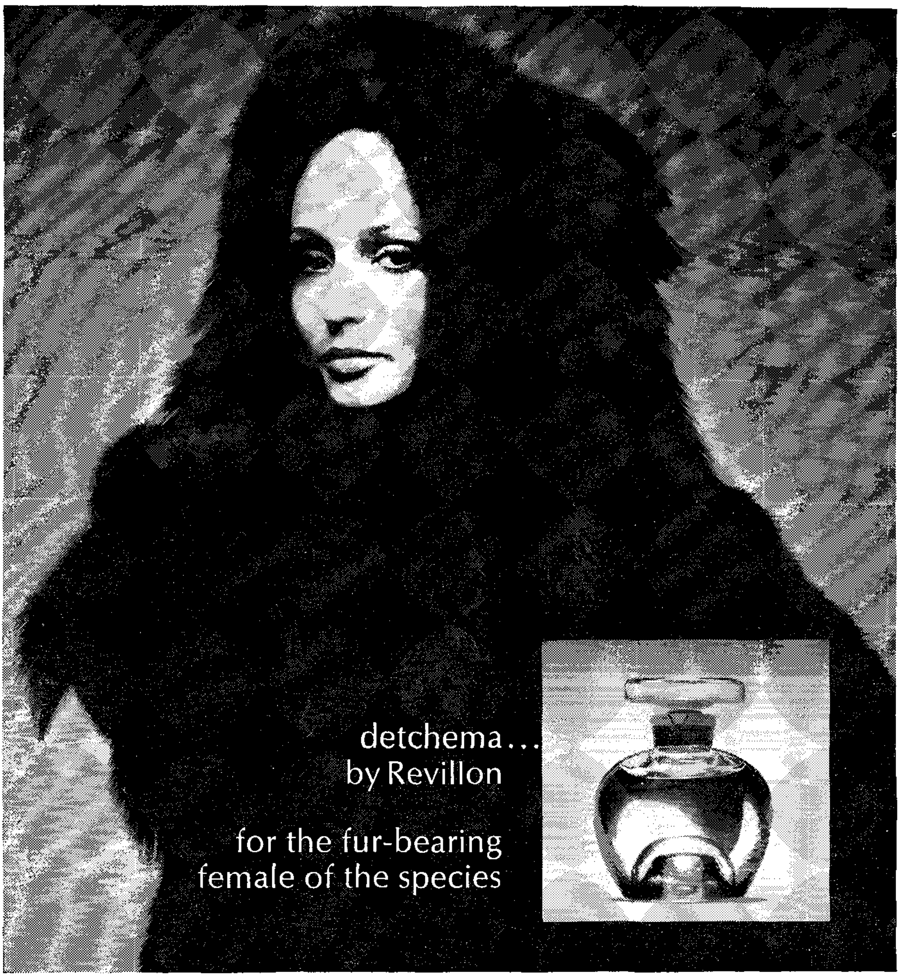
The airline that treats you
as beautiful as
the country it flies you to.

Doxa
the watch
the Swiss
have kept for
themselves

The executive watch that becomes a conference alarm that becomes a night-table watch that becomes a travel alarm. Could a watch do more? Brushed golden case with matching face, in a black leather slip-over cover for pocket or purse. $100.



At Schwarzschild Bros., Richmond, Va.; Hardy & Hayes, Pittsburgh, Pa ; Argo & Lehne, Columbus, O.; Long's, Boston, Mass.; Bigelow-Kennard, Boston, Mass ; Newstedt, Loring, Andrews, Cincinnati, O.; N-LA, Cincinnati, O.; Sogno, Rockefeller Center, N Y.C.; Wm. Wise & Son, Brooklyn & L.I.; E. J. Scheer, Rochester, N.Y ; Michaels, Conn ; Hamilton, Trenton, N.J.; Stieff, Baltimore, Md.; C. Schwartz & Son, Washington, D C.; Kruckemeyer & Cohn, Evansville, Ind.; Hillman's, Terre Haute, Ind.; Stix Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.; Lake, Birmingham, Mich ; Estberg, Waukesha, Wis.; Joseph's, Des Moines, Ia.; Thorpe & Co , Sioux City, Ia.; Wagner's, Amarillo, Tex.; Gildemeister, San Antonio, Tex ; Titche's, Dallas, Tex.; Joske's, Houston, Tex.; Judd, Albuquerque, N.M.; Rosensweig's, Phoenix, Ariz.; Zell Bros , Portland, Ore. Or write **DOXA, Syosset, N.Y.**



'The Detchema Collection' by Parfums Revillon, Paris. At discriminating stores.

in expounding attitudes and procedures. "For a painting to be successful," he says, "it has to deal with problems that are always given to painting, meaning the problems of what it takes to make a really good or convincing painting." Artists of the past have often said that there are no problems in painting, only solutions. In that it is his dealing with problems that makes Stella's decorations into art, he is a forerunner of conceptual art.

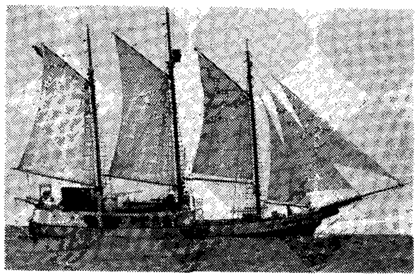
If words are part of Stella's paintings, Dr. Rubin's hundred-and-fifty-page catalogue, a staggering accumulation of the kind of formalist analyses that brought those paintings into being, is an essential part of the exhibition. In it, Rubin, appropriately, is also exhibiting himself; the voices of the artist and of the cataloguer echo each other, and they are joined by two other leading Stella experts—Professor Michael Fried, of Harvard, and Professor Robert Rosenblum, of New York University. Poring over each phase of Stella's activity with the attention that might be given to the Bill of Rights, the catalogue is the fabulous fourth dimension of the Museum of Modern Art retrospective. It envelops Stella's calm and emotionally detached paintings in its obsessive purpose of appropriating the prestige and technical discoveries of Abstract Expressionism, purging it of the "Romanticism" and "rhetorical posture" of de Kooning, Pollock, and Kline, and converting it into a set of formal presuppositions that, according to Dr. Rubin, contribute "one of the few genuinely new paths for continued development of major non-figurative art." The most eloquent epithet for the new formalist discipline is supplied by Dr. Rosenblum, who speaks of a Stella painting as "a dizzying tour de force of aesthetic engineering"—a description which he means to be flattering, and which could be accepted as such, except that, unfortunately, the phrase is reminiscent of Stalin's eulogizing of his academicians as "engineers of the soul."

Stella is inseparable from his critics. Yet in the last analysis the two species of aesthetic engineers, the art-critical painter and the history-revising critic, contradict each other to an absurd degree. "All I want anyone to get out of my paintings, and all I ever get out of them," declares Stella, "is the fact that you can see the whole idea without any confusion." And, again, "I wanted something that was direct—right to your eye . . . something you didn't have to look around—you got the whole

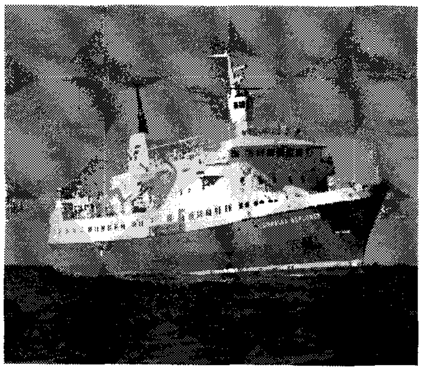
Lars-Eric Lindblad invites you to participate in adventurous trips to the four corners of the world!

Whether aboard our new, luxuriously fitted cruise ship, the M/S. Lindblad Explorer, in the Antarctic, or following the trail of the ancient Incans, or even on a "boatel" expedition to Brazil's legendary Mato Grosso, this year you have a wide choice of unforgettable Lindblad trips on earth (sorry, we haven't gotten our permit to the moon yet).

The well-known expedition leader, Lars-Eric Lindblad, invites you to join him on a visit to the white continent of Antarctica and the Ross Sea area via McMurdo Sound. The brand new M/S Lindblad Explorer, designed especially for ice breaking duty and with cruising speed of 15 knots, will afford the opportunity to view the unique fauna and flora of many Sub-Antarctic islands and areas which until now have been relatively free from the influence of man. Two 34-day tourist expeditions in January and February of 1971 are scheduled at $2,900 up plus air fare.

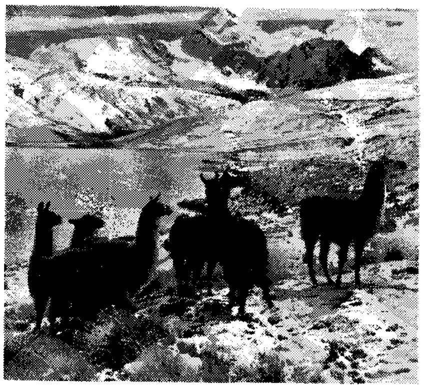


Visit Darwin's Galapagos, the primeval islands, "The Land That Time Forgot." Bi-weekly cruises aboard the luxury schooner Golden Cachalot (10 passenger limit). From $1400, including chartered DC-6 jets to Baltra in the Galapagos from Guayaquil, Ecuador.



The Forgotten Islands of the Indian Ocean. True "lost Edens," these islands are largely unchanged since the days of Vasco da Gama. The M/S Lindblad Explorer of Norwegian registry, will cruise the Seychelles April through November. $1035 plus air fare from New York.

THE WORLD OF LINDBLAD TRAVEL



On the Inca Road, 28 exciting days by air visiting Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Argentina—following the fabled trail of the ancient Incans—from mountain-high cities to port towns and colorful Indian markets. Fall and Spring. $1500 per person for land arrangements.

There will be an 18-day expedition into Brazil's legendary Mato Grosso, including 11 days aboard a specially-built "Safari Boatel" exploring the Amazon regions; to Brasilia, and ending in Rio de Janeiro. May through October. $1550 per person for land arrangements.

Dept. NY 5970

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
133 East 55th Street, New York, N. Y. 10022

Please send brochure. I am seriously interested in:

☐ The Antarctic Expedition
☐ The Forgotten Islands of the Indian Ocean
☐ The Mato Grosso Expedition
☐ Darwin's Galapagos, Golden Cachalot
☐ On the Inca Road

Miss/Mrs./Mr.____________

Street____________

City____________

State____________ Zip______

Phone No. (Area Code)____________

thing right away." Of course, what goes right to the eye is Stella's simple patterns and colors, not his "pictorial problems." Artists, however, have the license to claim the opposite of what they have done, and if Stella's paintings are reduced to visual fact they are still often interesting wall decorations. In contrast, here is a sample of how Rubin deals, page after page, with pictures the spectator is supposed to "get right away": " 'Conway I' is slightly more elaborate in conception than 'Chocorua I.' [Stella's titles are often embarrassingly "poetic" in the Sunday-supplement sense.] In the latter, the viewer is given some portion of all four sides of the rectangle and all three sides of the triangle in a *literal* manner—i.e., in terms of the framing shape of the field itself. The same is true for all four sides of the dominant rectangle of 'Conway I.' But of the smaller parallelogram that interpenetrates that rectangle, we see parts of only three sides in literal terms. The missing side is implied by those literally given, but exists *only* in depicted form. Seeing the silhouette of the picture alone, one would tend to complete the three-sided form at the bottom as a parallelogram. But the exact size of the parallelogram is not literally determined, as are the triangle and the rectangle of 'Chocorua I.' In fact, the eye might well assume completion of the parallelogram at a point less high than it is actually depicted in 'Conway I.' " This goes on for another page; then Rubin is joined by Stella, who discusses "color-value gradation." The viewer who may have thought he "didn't have to look around" would by this time have left. Obviously, looking, including "assumptions" of the eye, has become a professional matter, calling for at least as much skill as painting. Fried's rhetoric is even more impacted than Rubin's. He scratches away at a painting as if it were a bit of bone found in an archeological dig. Rubin credits Fried with having "distinguished between the 'silhouette of the support,' which he characterized as 'literal shape,' and 'the outlines of elements in a given picture,' which he called 'depicted shape.' " In the face of a distinction between literal and depicted shapes, "eerie, magical presences" begin to seem like solid flesh. Our good Doctors vie with each other in a professionalism designed to restrict forming opinions about paintings to those who have signed an aesthetic loyalty oath. Artists whom the new critics favor are credited with an incredible unerringness; "in this painting Stella succeeded in making ten different Day-Glo hues function to-

Limited Edition Apollo Plate

Commemorating the Apollo 11 Moon Landing, July 20, 1969, Wedgwood has specifically designed this handsome plate in pale blue and white Jasper—hand ornamented in white bas-relief. Limited Edition—great item for the collector, 8" diameter, $30. *Mass. Residents add 3% tax (or if delivered in Mass.) Add $1. for shipping.*

SHREVE
Crump & Low Company
of BOSTON

Boylston at Arlington, Boston, Mass. 02116 (617) 267-9100

We'd rather you buy another brand of piano than no piano at all.

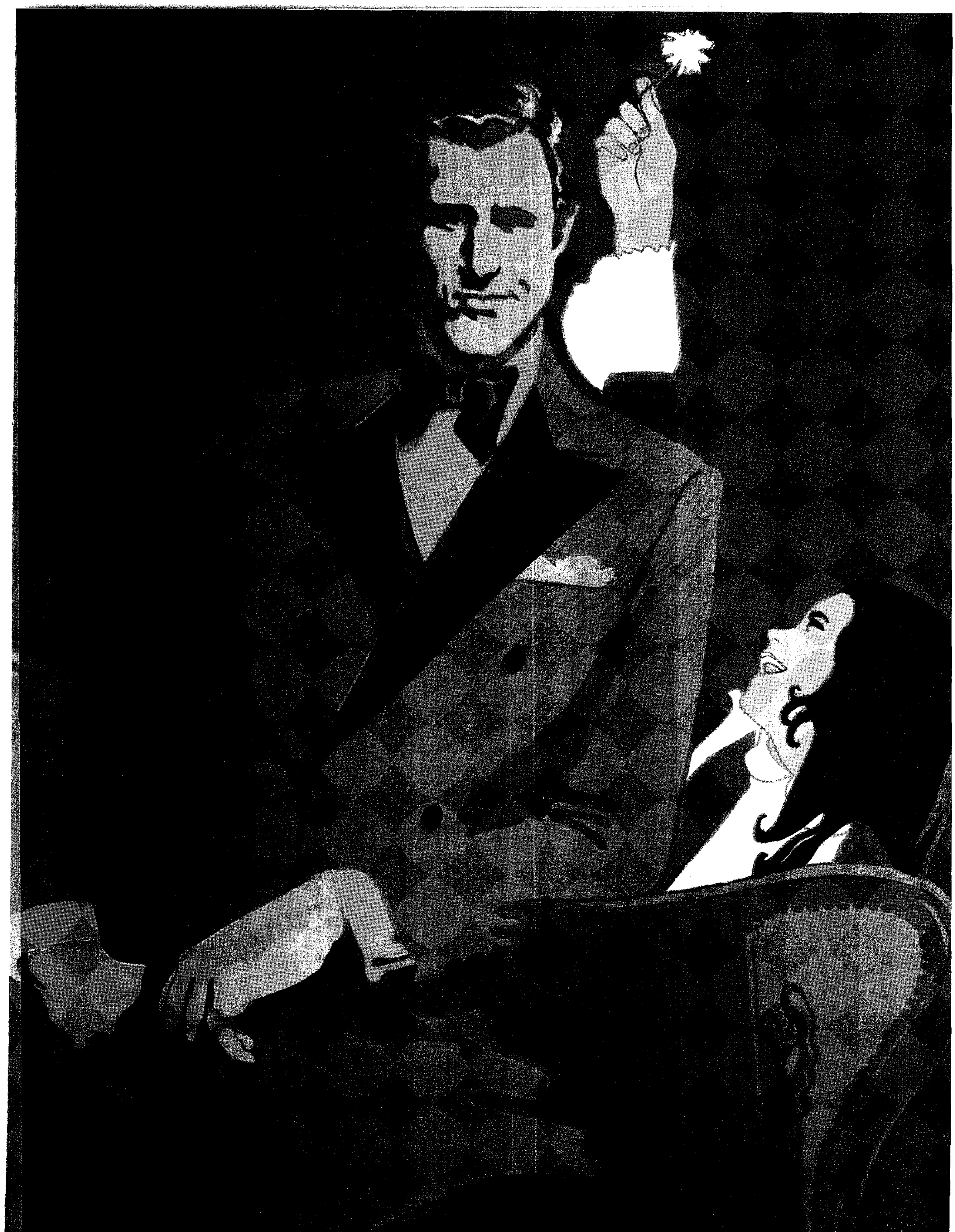
We think everybody ought to have music in his soul. It could make quite a difference. Oh, we don't claim it would save the world or feed the hungry masses. But it could make life a lot more pleasant in the face of all the problems we have to live with. And it's available to anyone who'll try.

We don't expect everyone to become a concert artist. But we do believe that everyone can learn to make music.

Especially on a piano. That's the best place to begin. It's the foundation instrument, embodying all the theory, all the beauty of music. Our piano. Anybody's piano.

YAMAHA
INTERNATIONAL CORP. MONTEBELLO, CALIF. 90640

Ask about the Yamaha School of Music, a uniquely rich educational experience for young children 4-8 years.



The Look is Lord West... and the lady approves.

The dinner jacket emphatically designed for this spring's swinging social scene . . . one hundred dollars. From Lord West, makers of distinguished formal attire for gentlemen at 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y.C.

Before Wellington won at Waterloo, we were a Tradition.

The White Horse Cellar
WHITE HORSE
Blended
Scotch Whisky
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

Wherever you travel, look for this label. It's your assurance of world-renowned quality.

The White Horse Cellar
Estab. 1742

White Horse Scotch. The difference between ordinary and legendary.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C., N.Y.

gether." I find it impossible to believe that any artist can be right to that extent—or that, except in the sixties, he would have wanted to be.

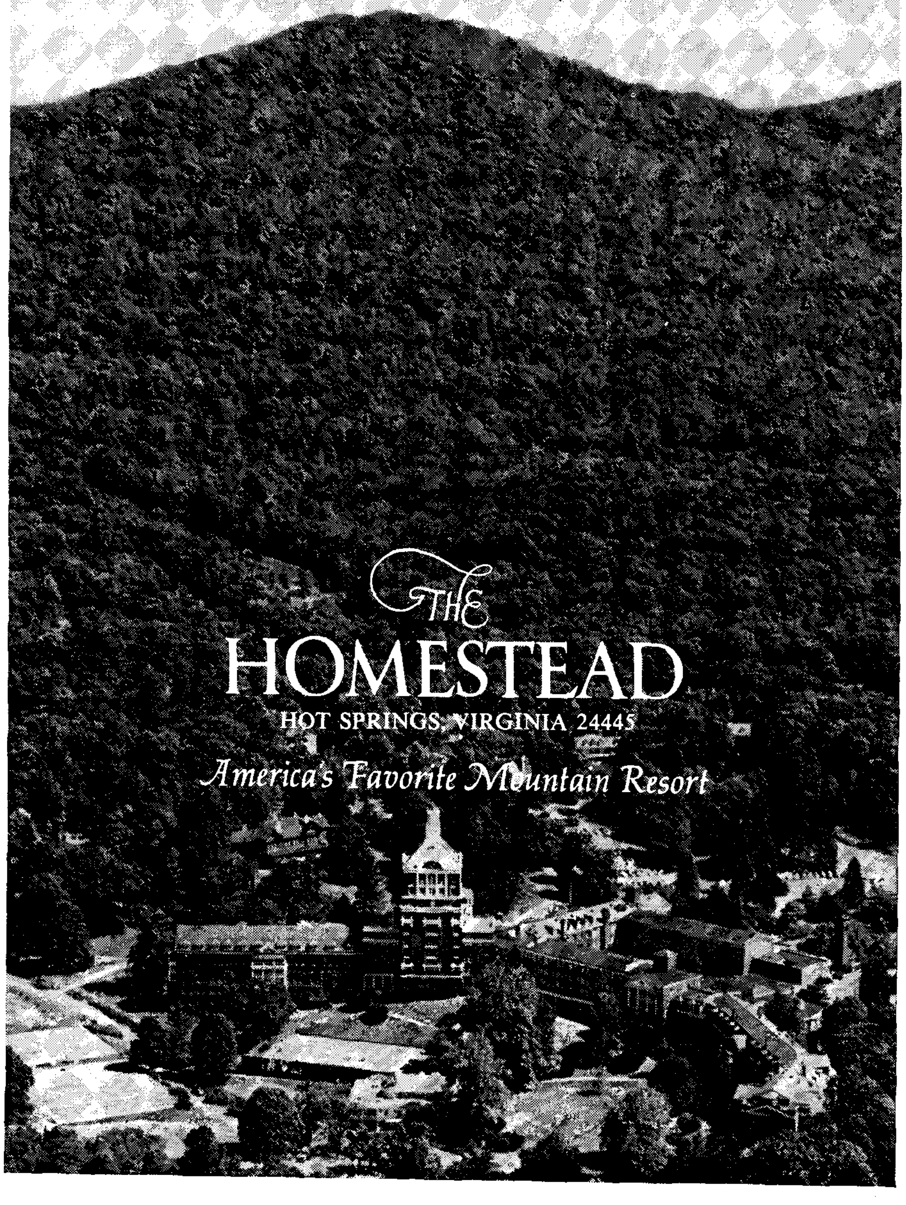
The basic point of the "new path" in Abstract art is the clash of critical interpretations: Rubin's catalogue contains the amazing innovation of six pages of argument with another critic—an attempt to rebut Fried's theory about Stella's design and the influence of Newman upon it. Are the striped patterns constructed from the edges inward or from the center outward? With "pictorial problems" of this sort to solve, painting itself has become an adjunct of aesthetic theology. Most likely it was in an attempt to separate himself as a painter from his critical partners that Stella plaintively declared, "When I'm painting the picture, I'm really painting a picture. I may have a flat-footed technique . . . but still, to me, the thrill, or the meat of the thing, is the actual painting."

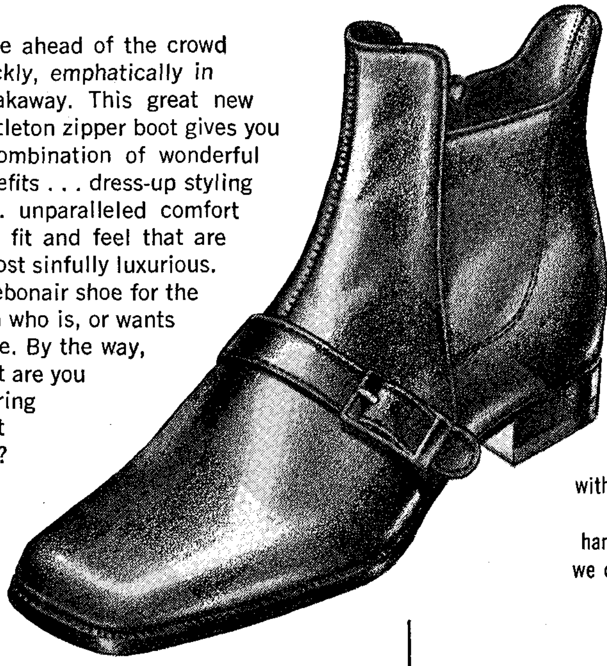
TO go directly from the university fine-arts department to the museum is the common ambition of art students today. The secret of this passage, to judge by the example of Stella, is the capacity of the student to give body ("the meat of the thing") to the shared beliefs of his teachers of art history. Rubin notes the interesting fact that "Stella is one of the first major painters in the modern tradition to have been formed virtually entirely through the practice of abstract art." The peculiarity of the pedagogical audience is that it has a quasi-official cast, comparable in its influence upon the production and acceptance of art to that of representatives of a cult or the state. It is this collective authority that has sped Stella to the Museum of Modern Art. The young master is a new phenomenon in American art—at least, in that portion of it known as experimental or avant-garde. For talent to find its form outright a tradition is needed; when this is present, the artist, as the sculptor Phillip Pavia archly put it in a recent talk, "can let his friends do his thinking for him." The United States, however, has had no tradition in painting, or too many traditions, which is the same thing. Its closest approximation to a tradition has been the academy and commercial art, and it is to these fields that gifted art students have in the past been attracted. The American, from Allston to Gorky, who searched for genuine art has been fated to spend half his life in blind alleys; often it required a second "birth" to get him out of them. One thinks of the radical

Your Summer Vacation Place in The Mountain Country

Serene wooded mountains and valleys, as far as the eye can see. Close-up, exhilarating life the Homestead way. Sports to play hard or easy, it's up to you.* Or relaxing life in our unhurried way of delightful sociability. A refreshing respite from the hurly-burly.

*Which is your game? Horseback riding, woodland walking, trout fishing, mineral spa, swimming, three 18-hole championship golf courses, tennis, buckboard and surrey driving, ten-pin and lawn bowling, loafing. Write for color folder. The Homestead is easily reached via U.S. Route 220, by Piedmont Airlines, or by Chesapeake & Ohio Railway. Write for color folder or call (703) 839-5500.


THE
HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA 24445
America's Favorite Mountain Resort



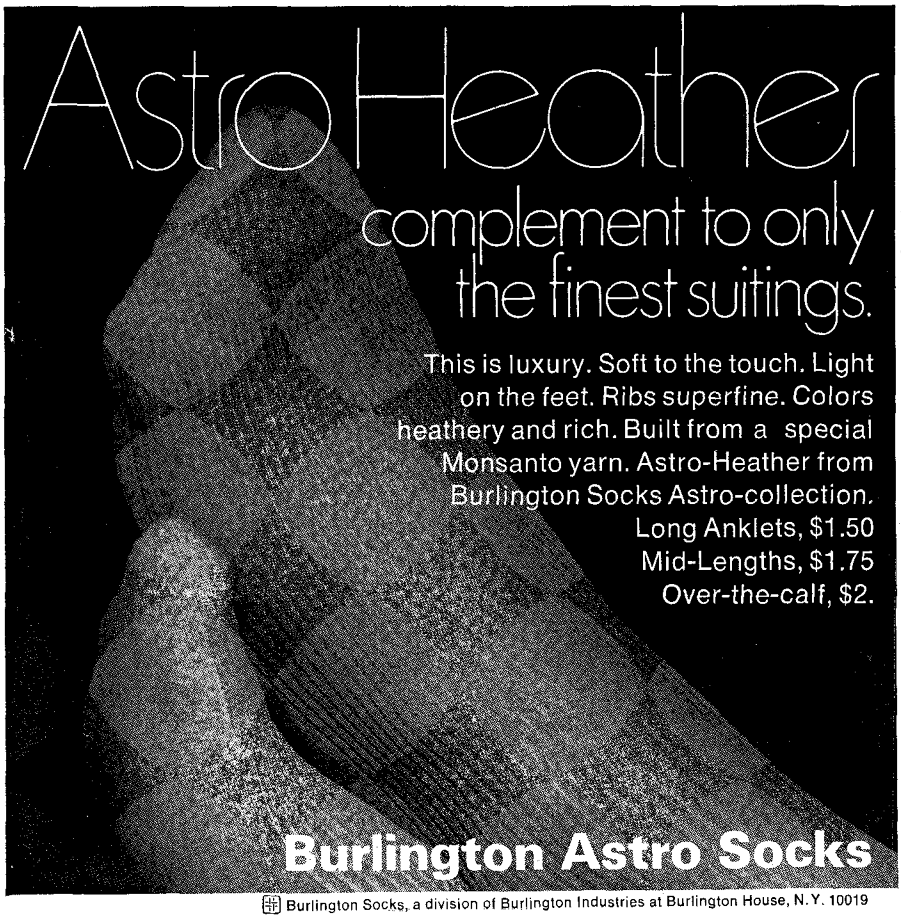
Step into the out-of-the-ordinary

Move ahead of the crowd quickly, emphatically in Breakaway. This great new Nettleton zipper boot gives you a combination of wonderful benefits . . . dress-up styling . . . unparalleled comfort . . . fit and feel that are almost sinfully luxurious. A debonair shoe for the man who is, or wants to be. By the way, what are you wearing right now?

BREAKAWAY
Butter soft uppers with glove leather lining. Black, or in a new hand antiqued gold tone we call Napoleon Brandy. About $50.

Write for our new Style Folder #N 70-5 and the name of your nearest Nettleton dealer. A good booklet to have . . . a good man to know.

Nettleton
A. E. NETTLETON CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y. 13203



Astro Heather
complement to only the finest suitings.

This is luxury. Soft to the touch. Light on the feet. Ribs superfine. Colors heathery and rich. Built from a special Monsanto yarn. Astro-Heather from Burlington Socks Astro-collection.
Long Anklets, $1.50
Mid-Lengths, $1.75
Over-the-calf, $2.

Burlington Astro Socks

Burlington Socks, a division of Burlington Industries at Burlington House, N.Y. 10019

Burdine's—Miami Browning Fifth Avenue—New York City Hamburger's—Baltimore
Hirsch's—Atlanta Cable Car Clothiers—San Francisco Hughes & Hatcher—Detroit
At all branches of the above stores

break in the careers of Rothko, Guston, Gottlieb, Kline—a break with the decisiveness of a conversion. The indispensable qualification of the creators of American art has been longevity. Our national personification of the creative adventure has been not the genius in his teens, a Rimbaud or a Keats, but the "good gray poet," beard included, who wrote bad verses for Brooklyn newspapers until, in his early thirties, he heard the song of himself. In the recently opened "Nineteenth Century America" exhibition, at the Metropolitan Museum, there is a painting by Elihu Vedder, done in 1863, that symbolizes the American artist; called "The Questioner of the Sphinx," it depicts a pilgrim with his ear to the lips of a giant Egyptian head half buried in the sands. In America, what Joseph Chiari wrote about Symbolism (that it calls for "the realization of the individuality of the artist through progressive self-discovery in action, without preconceived ideal or set purpose—social, religious or otherwise") applies to every artist who is more than a craftsman. With his confused culture and his training, which is inevitably irrelevant, the American creator has needed, as Wallace Stevens wrote in his confessional "Comedian as the Letter C":

> to drive away
> The shadow of his fellows from the skies,
> And, from their stale intelligence released,
> To make a new intelligence prevail.

Self-discovery has been the life principle of avant-garde art—not merely of Abstract Expressionism and Action painting (which the new critics keep castigating for the "egotism" of "Tenth Street painting" in the late fifties). No project can, of course, be more time-consuming than self-discovery, in which every step is bound to be tentative; indeed, it is hard to see how it can take less than the artist's entire lifetime. Stella seems to have been dimly aware that the question of who the artist is (the question of Vedder's Sphinx) plays a part in what he does. Apparently, however, he sees no connection between this question and the need to make a "new intelligence prevail." In a comment of astounding casualness, he considers that he solved the problem of self after five years of work. "Up through the purple paintings," he says, "my pictures were definitely involved . . . with the problem of establishing a painterly identity—what it is to be a painter and make paintings—and with the subjective, emotional responses to that situation. I don't think any painter can get around this. It has finally to do with the way

Picture this.

Your four-door family sedan with a body designed by Pininfarina. With the same flair, the same sleek treatment of contours that mark the Ferrari and Lancia.

Result? The kind of car that gathers a curbside crowd wherever you park it. The unrivaled Italian sporty look you've so often stopped to admire yourself.

The interior, the "soul" of the car, is elegantly French. The fully reclining bucket seats, the thick wall-to-wall carpeting, the built-in adjustable headrests and foldaway armrests—each feature, each detail reflecting that centuries-old French love of luxury.

And the bright warmth of sunlight—how the French love that. A solid steel sliding sunroof lets you enjoy it, too!

All these opulent interior components are standard equipment.

Standard equipment, too, is every *engineering advance that gives this car* its "international muscle". Each of the four wheels has its own independent suspension, its own power disc brake. A newly designed engine gives you as much as 25 miles to the gallon; lets you cruise at 90 mph all day. The entire body is built of .9mm sheet steel—heavier, safer, longer-lasting than you've had before. It comes with Michelin radial tires. And four-speed synchromesh transmission. This is the car that's built to take any road, anywhere in the world.

The car international auto writers voted "Car of the Year".

The Peugeot 504. Italian style, French soul, International muscle. All new, all yours, the complete car. Air conditioning and fully automatic transmission available, if you want them.

If you want a new car, you'll want to test drive the 504.

It can be your "Car of the Year" for years to come.

For more information see your local Peugeot dealer or write Peugeot, Inc., 107-40 Queens Boulevard, Forest Hills, New York 11375.

$3195, p.o.e. East Coast ($3295, p.o.e. West Coast)*

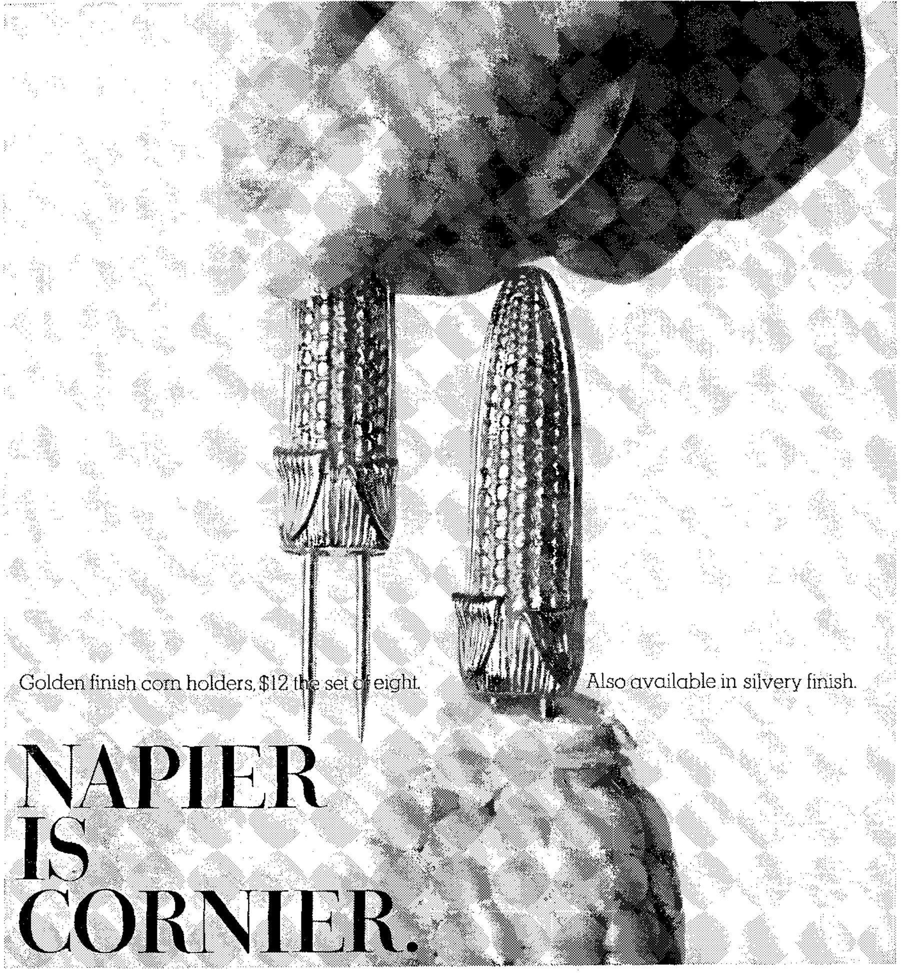
*suggested retail price. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.

Italian style, French soul, International muscle.

The New Peugeot 504

PEUGEOT SALES & SERVICE NATIONWIDE

Napier® 530 Fifth Avenue, NY10036. At fine stores everywhere.


Golden finish corn holders, $12 the set of eight.
Also available in silvery finish.
NAPIER IS CORNIER.

How to make beautiful happen in your windows.

We have a book for you—full of beautiful (and helpful) ideas on what to do with windows. Compiled by top decorators, it tells all: about measuring, lighting, blinds, valances, drapes, colorful shades—and our spectacular new 1-inch Riviera blinds. It's all there. Send for your copy today.

NY
Levolor-Lorentzen Inc.
720 Monroe St., Hoboken, N.J. 07030
Please send me a copy of your idea book, "Window Magic". I enclose 25¢ for handling and mailing.
Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________ Zip__________

FREE FROM LEVOLOR

WINDOW MAGIC

you see yourself. What you do, and the world around you." Having indicated that the question of identity was disposed of by Stella in 1963, Rubin goes on to discuss the artist's decision to use metallic pigments.

It is inconceivable that Cézanne, Matisse, or Miró could have qualified for a retrospective in a leading museum after his first dozen years of painting; certainly Gorky, Hofmann, Pollock, and de Kooning did not. For a coherent body of significant paintings to spring directly out of an artist's early thoughts, a new intellectual order had to be instituted in American art. Rubin claims that Stella's paintings "have revealed their deep and manifold roots in the tradition of modern painting." No doubt he is speaking of this tradition as it is reflected in blackboard diagrams of postwar art history. But the tradition of modern painting itself lies outside the classroom. —HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

The legislative program described by Ottinger would amend:

Federal law to broaden the right of citizens to bring "class actions" against polluters and to provide a fund to help defray legal expenses in such actions.

Every federal construction bill with a new standard to require that all federal projects must provide for enhancement and preservation of the environment.

Every federal colnstruction bill with a new standard to require that all federal projects must provide for enhancement and preservation of the enviroment.

Every federal construction bill with a new standard to require that all federal projects must provide for enhancement and preservation of the enviroment.

Every federal construction bill to require that all federal projects must provide for enhancement and preservation of the environment.

—*Danbury* (*Conn.*) *News-Times*

You can't say it too often to suit us.

•

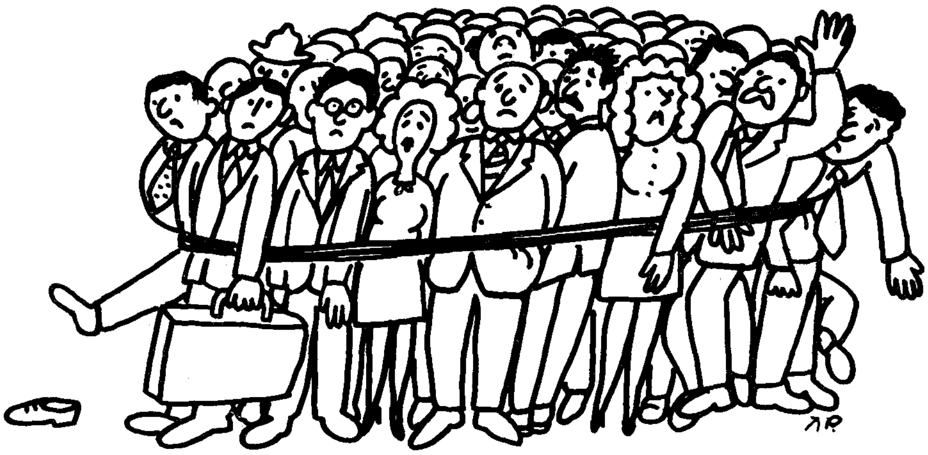
REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE IN CHORUS

[*From the Osaka & Tokyo Mainichi Daily News*]

Calm excitement fills those who see the film of deep emotion at the Fuji Group Pavilion, depicting the joy, melancholy, sorrow, love and resentment of men around the world.

"Man has bad points and good points. You must be honest in presenting these features, common to all around the globe. Hard-selling propaganda of morale for the days to come is not appealing," Canadian producer Roman Kroiter, 43, and director Donald Brittain, 41, said in chorus as they discussed the projection.

Supermarket tours. They're probably the last thing you want.



It's just not in us to make a number out of you.

Air-India

The trouble with supermarket tours is, they're arranged with the tour in mind instead of you in mind.

They keep you bunched up like asparagus, spending all your time doing tired old things and no time at all doing fresh new things.

At Air-India we offer you some pleasant un-supermarket alternatives, taking you to the British Isles, Europe, Russia and India.

Briefly. For just $295 you can have two off-by-yourself weeks in the Isles by auto or rail, including round-trip air fare, accommodations, your auto and more. $318 will stand you to a fortnight in London, Dublin and Edinburgh, with flights between cities.

On the other hand if you want something super-unique, you can take our exclusive two week theatre tour of London, Moscow and Leningrad from $499.

Naturally, ever so naturally, we can give you India too. From $654 for 17 exotic days to $1,595 for 28 days.

Pick one, but slowly. They're very select.

NY059

AIR-INDIA
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019.

I've checked the free brochures I'd like:
☐ British Isles Tours ☐ The Bard & The Bolshoi ☐ India.

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City________________State________Zip________

My travel agent is:______________________________

Tour prices based on round-trip group and bulk economy air fares from N. Y.
The airline that treats you like a maharajah. Over 37 years of flying experience.

Alan Paine

For tennis and yachting too . . .
Alan Paine's original club-trim
pullover; in white, navy, canary and
light blue. Under $25.

New York and all stores: *Wallachs;* San Francisco: *Robert Kirk, Ltd.;* Kansas City, Mo.: *Jack Henry.* For other fine stores, write Frank L. Savage, Inc., 17 East 37th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

MASERATI

Styled for the cognoscenti...
hand-crafted for the
perfectionist...
priced for the privileged

FOREIGN CAR CITY
MASERATI IMPORTERS AND
DISTRIBUTORS
ROUTE 59, WEST NYACK, N.Y.
(914) EL 8-4800—or N.Y.C. LO 2-7625

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Back to the Trees

THERE are a good many difficulties about going to the movies in New York. There is the traffic, and the cost of tickets, and the problem of trying to talk to a box-office when it's a recording, and the queues around the block. This week, though, the hurdle is the films.

"A Man Called Horse," directed by Elliot Silverstein, is a thing about an Englishman named Lord John Morgan who is captured by the Sioux Indians. Richard Harris plays the peer, clipping his voice in a good likeness of Olivier's. Fed up with the life of an eighteen-twenties toff in England, Lord John has resigned his Army commission and now finds his soul in primitivism. The Indians first call him Horse, intending to be rotten, and torture him in their age-old ways, intending to be more rotten, but his spirit triumphs and he decides to try to become a big-time Indian on the ladder to chiefdom. For him and us, this means going through the ordeal of the Sun Vow. Hooks made of bone are put into the flesh of his chest and he is swung up to face the glaring sun while the soles of his feet are burned. *Noblesse oblige.* The picture as a whole is extremely earnest about Lord John's search for his identity, and painstakingly well researched about Sioux life, as though that helped. The torture scenes, for instance, are obviously scholarly in their misbegotten way. Between lowerings of one's head to the floor in order to let a little blood run into the brain, one grows fond of the picture's unmeant moments of flinty farce. Dame Judith Anderson is very gracious as a harridan called Buffalo Cow Head, who is a sort of Indian Lady Bracknell. She gets furious with a girl called Running Deer for kissing Lord John and seems about to do something terrible to her for being a strumpet, but Running Deer defies her and angrily tells Lord John, in an immortal folk metaphor for innocence, that there is no hole in her moccasin. There is also a sort of Jeeves, in the character of a French-speaking captive of mixed blood who gets solicitous about a nice young peer's leading this savage life. Brutally primal things have been done to him, too, but he droops with a sophisticated weariness, speaking and behaving oddly like some disappointed French waiter worn down by years of battling with the kitchen staff in a lousy restaurant.

"HI, MOM!" is about—well, what's happening. That's its bag, and this is what it's really into, and this is where it's at, and right on. A white boy back from Vietnam and dully crazed by New York capitalism takes first to making blue films and then to acting in the modish theatre of revolt with a troupe called Be Black, Baby. Liberal white playgoers, eager to keep up, submit to participating in psychodramas of rape and theft played out by blacks in whiteface. One of the enacted rapes nearly comes off; the whites, blacked up, riot; the hero, playing the role of a cop, has to side with the blacks; and soon afterward the blacks are shown raiding a coöp apartment building. They are led by a young white revolutionary and are eventually mown down by a middle-class white with a handy machine gun. After this crammed parable about everything and nothing, the hero gets married, becomes an insurance salesman, and suddenly blows up his own apartment house by putting sticks of dynamite in one of the washing machines in the laundry room. Passersby are interviewed about the explosion. They say that there's obviously going to be a lot of this, and that it makes room for dog-walking.

The inanities in the film are sometimes funny, sometimes pretty forced. Brian De Palma, who wrote and directed it, obviously has a quirky view of life and a load of scamp's energy, and many a lumbering flight of fancy is helped into the air nowadays by people's general longing to dignify the random as the surreal; the period will turn out, I think, to have been wistfully kind to pieces of work like this. No harm in it, as long as the notion of real satire doesn't get fogged and lost. "Hi, Mom!" is the ersatz form, ruled by the times. Its mockery of contemporary voices is exact but also eerily complaisant, and the weight of the parody seems to land equally on everything in hearing. Of picking up sounds out of the general earshot this sort of work knows nothing. Common currency is obligatory, and the satirist's

NOILLY PRAT
FRENCH EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH
MAISON FONDEE EN 1813
VERMOUTH
NOILLY PRAT & Cie
ANCIENNE MAISON Ls NOILLY FILS & Cie
MARSEILLE R. Paradis 167
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
Produced and Bottled by NOILLY PRAT & Cie MARSEILLES
Contents: 1 pint 14 fluid ounces Alcohol by volume 19%
Sole Agents in the United States of America
BROWNE-VINTNERS Co. NEW-YORK 22, N.Y.
MARQUE DEPOSEE
GRAN TORINO
TORINO, ITALY
SWEET
ITALIAN
VERMOUTH
MARCA REGISTRATA
Made by NOILLY PRAT
EST. 1813
CONTENTS 1 PINT 14 FLUID OUNCES
BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY
SOLE IMPORTERS FOR U.S.A.
NEW YORK
IMPORTED FROM ITALY

Imported by General Wine & Spirits Co., Browne-Vintners Div., NYC.

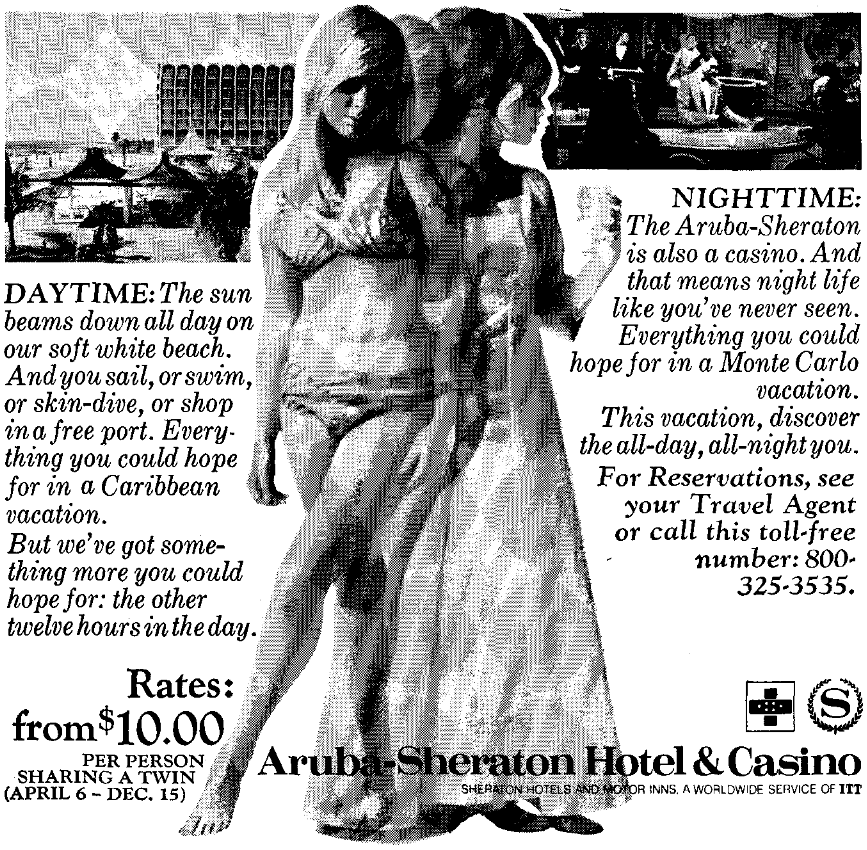
In 1813, Noilly Prat created the world's first dry vermouth, and everyone began to copy us.

This year, we created Gran Torino sweet vermouth. Now they've got double trouble.

impulse to spit in the face of his century—that loneliness, that high-handed anger—is replaced by the instinct of hunger for company, producing lines that deride the age in a voice that is the very voice of the age.

JOYCE: "riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs." John Korty takes the title of his "riverrun" from "Finnegans Wake" with humility, devotion, and pomposity, all three. His film seems a gentle-natured, attentive, simple one undercut by something mawkish and thick. He wrote, directed, and photographed it himself. It reports the behavior of three people—a boy and a pregnant girl who have left Berkeley for the country to try to find an uncynical way of living, and the girl's father, a merchant seaman, who isn't really salvaged from being a cliché of the generation gap and a symbol of the elemental father-husband. The boy and the girl are semi-vegetarians, not so much because of the animals as because the boy has been thinking about the effect on people of their never being the man who actually does the slaughtering. The picture does give you a strong sense that the boy, at least, really has been thinking when he says he has. I don't know if the girl is meant to be as servile and as automated in her pastoral spontaneities as she comes out to be. The boy seems to have an interior life, partly because he is sometimes terse and sometimes photographed at interesting moments of withdrawal, but the girl seems a blockish cipher in need of Women's Lib, smiling with geisha obedience as she cooks and keeps the men from fighting each other and does prenatal exercises. The father, a crusty boozer who thinks that the kids should get married and that the baby should be born in a hospital, has cut-in thoughts of girls in foreign ports and of his own daughter as his mistress. The shots are a bit platitudinous, and they only just work. The old man eventually dies after cracking himself on the head when he busts down a door because he can hear his daughter going through natural childbirth at home. The death happens mystically with the birth; the boy runs to and fro, from patient to patient, first cutting the umbilical cord and then putting the old man's head to rest, in a scene that the director might have suspected of being pretty close to Feydeau as well as a jarring sequence of

Sheraton in Aruba: Dutch Treat.



DAYTIME: *The sun beams down all day on our soft white beach. And you sail, or swim, or skin-dive, or shop in a free port. Everything you could hope for in a Caribbean vacation.*

But we've got something more you could hope for: the other twelve hours in the day.

NIGHTTIME: *The Aruba-Sheraton is also a casino. And that means night life like you've never seen. Everything you could hope for in a Monte Carlo vacation.*

This vacation, discover the all-day, all-night you.

For Reservations, see your Travel Agent or call this toll-free number: 800-325-3535.

Rates: from $10.00 PER PERSON SHARING A TWIN (APRIL 6 - DEC. 15)

Aruba-Sheraton Hotel & Casino

SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

PRODUCT OF MEXICO 80 PROOF
IMPORTED
TEQUILA
Mariachi

Tequila civilized.

For 200 years, tequila has been a bit wild in the saddle.

Tequila Mariachi is different.

We make it especially for north-of-the-border tastes.

Latin spirit with a calm disposition.

Trust us. Now you can enjoy a delicious margarita, tequila sour, tequila collins, tequila anything.

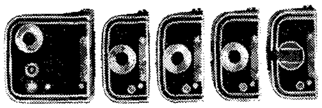
Mariachi. The tequila for gringos.

Imported Tequila. 80 Proof. Calvert Dist. Co., N.Y.C.

To be portable a camera has to be more than small.

If you want to switch from color to black and white in the middle of a roll, and your camera won't let you do it, it makes no difference how small your camera is. You might as well have no camera at all.

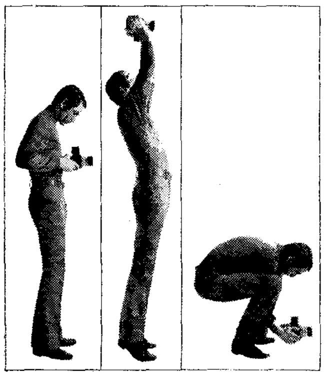
Hasselblad offers five interchangeable film magazines. They not only let you switch from one type of film to another, but to other film sizes as well. And they give you a choice of 12, 16, 24, and 70 exposures. By carrying a few extra pre-loaded backs, you have continuous shooting capacity. Each back is like having an extra camera along.



If you're itching to take a picture of someone unobserved, but you have the kind of camera you have to hold up to your eye to see through, forget it.

With Hasselblad's waist-level finder and big bright viewing screen, you could have aimed the camera to the side while facing straight ahead.

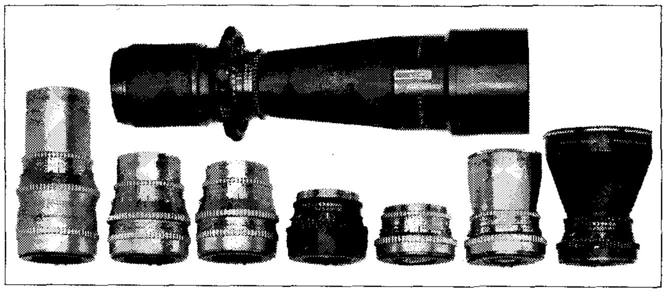
The Hasselblad also lets you shoot from positions where you couldn't or wouldn't want to be yourself. You can shoot with the camera on the ground, without having to lie down beside it (an advantage if you're shooting near a giant ant hill). You can even shoot above hedges or crowds by viewing with the camera held upside down, overhead.



If you really want to put distance between yourself and the camera, the electrically-driven Hasselblad can be operated from a mile and a half away. By remote radio control.

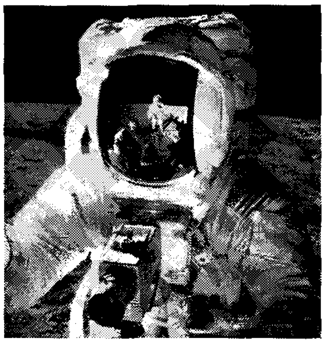
A good camera should let you see your results without the need of enlarging equipment. The Hasselblad takes big 2¼" square pictures, which you can see clearly with your naked eye.

A good travelling camera should have good lenses, in a variety of focal lengths. The Hasselblad System includes ten interchangeable Carl Zeiss lenses. The widest covers a sweep of 88°. The longest narrows down your field to 9°, to shoot details or to bring far away objects closer.

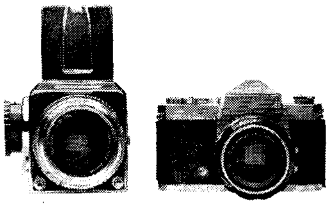


A good portable camera should be able to be used with portable lighting equipment, such as electronic flash, at all speeds. Which means it shouldn't have a focal plane shutter. Hasselblad has Compur shutters in all lenses, which can be synchronized with electronic flash at all speeds up to 1/500 second.

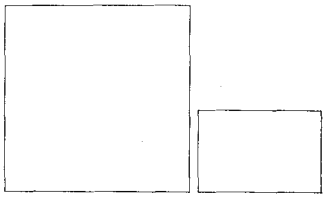
A good camera should be able to follow you to the ends of the earth without complaining. Hasselblads have performed everywhere from deep in the sea to the airless surface of the moon. (Hasselblads have been used on every manned space flight since 1962.)



A good camera should let you take good pictures even when there isn't time to focus properly (for instance when you're being chased by a creature bigger than yourself). With the Hasselblad Super Wide C you can shoot while running. Everything will be sharp from 12" to infinity.



And of course the camera you take with you should be comfortable to carry. When you sling a Hasselblad over your shoulder lens down, it doesn't feel much different than a 35mm camera. Yet the 2¼" x 2¼" images it produces are more than three times larger than the 35mm image.



RELATIVE PICTURE AREA.

So while we couldn't in good conscience describe the Hasselblad as a miniature camera, it's actually the smallest camera in the world that can do all the things it does.

For more information, see your Hasselblad dealer. For his name, and a free 48-page catalog on The Hasselblad System, write to address below.

HASSELBLAD
Paillard Incorporated,
1900 Lower Road, Linden, N.J 07036.
Other products. Bolex movie equipment,
Hermes typewriters and figuring machines.

The System

Lord & Taylor

Packs flat

and opens up to carry all the
good things you've picked up
along the way. From Denmark in
natural leather, 16" long, 20.00
In YNY, Young New Yorker
Lord & Taylor, all stores

What typifies Denmark? A smile. Grins just grow around anything Danish. See it by visiting the happy fur collection of Birger Christensen, at Bonwit Teller. And bring a gloomy friend. She'll smile too.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the
Royal Danish Court

melodramatic events in an otherwise deliberately eventless film. A stringent accomplice should have been around, perhaps, to help the director-cameraman take out the "Elvira Madigan" shots of gum boots reflected in water and of rain beautifully dropping into puddles. The direction of the acting is careful and true, the whole endeavor is decent, but the tone is rather romanticized and worthy.

IN the issue of April 25th, I said that Ivan Passer, the Czech director, is working here "in exile." After talking to him again, I'd like to amplify that, because the phrase might be misleading. He's in exile only in the sense that he is away from home; his long stay here is a business trip, because of a contract between Filmexport-Prague and the Theatre Guild, and he will be making films in Czechoslovakia again next year, under his contract with Barrandov Studios, in Prague.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

THE CANNERY SONG

and man becomes fish
drowned in the ocean
he is food for the crabs.
the salmon
with marbled eyes and silver mail
sees his flesh wandering the depths
a chunk torn loose
he swallows
and swims the shallows
gleaming in the sun.

and fish becomes man.
slithering the shoreline
the salmon
seeing the lead
traps himself in seine-net
bounces aboard among others
and is carried away on a tender
chugging across the water.
at the cannery
piked and gutted
the salmon are sliced across
each with his coat of mail
shattered by blades
his last movement
the rhythm of sliding dead
across the cutting board
to await a can
the last touch of life
a woman's hands stuffing
her mind dreaming of a man
the night sounds swaying around them
the mad rhythm of their bodies
perfect like a salmon in the net
the quiet breath of their sleep
guarded like a salmon in the shallows.

—CHRISTOPHER GEOFFREY

Louis Lourioux
FRENCH PORCELAIN OVENWARE

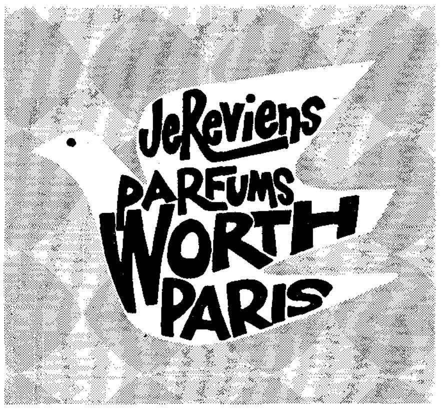
An inspiration for the gourmet. Louis Lourioux's Songbirds collection of ovenware leads a double life in the oven and on your table. In sizes, shapes and a variety of patterns to suit the most discriminating taste. Write for literature and name of nearest dealer.

Exclusive U.S. Distributor:
Jacques Jugeat, Inc., 225 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10010

CLAM OPENER

The Italians invented it. Hoffritz has it. The world's easiest way to open clams. The stainless steel blade performs job instantly and effortlessly. Forked end picks up clam. Comes apart for easy cleaning. **$6.00** At Hoffritz. By mail add 50¢ pstg. & hndlg. Plus area sales tax. Credit cards.

HOFFRITZ HAS IT
20 Cooper Sq., Dept. N-24, N.Y.C. 10003



JE REVIENS PERFUME, COLOGNE, TALC, BATH OIL, SOAP, POWDER, MADE AND SEALED IN FRANCE. FROM $50. TO $5. AT STORES OF DISTINCTION

FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER, WRITE TO:
WORTH, DEPT.NY, 5 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

beautiful
things
happen
when you
reach
The
Beautiful
Families *

* Families like the Leland Rosemonds of Sugartown, Pennsylvania. Who do things beautifully. Parties. Hobbies. Interiors. To them The Beautiful Life is a way of life. House Beautiful hits home with over 4 million readers every month. Your key to beautiful houses and the people who live in them.

House Beautiful
717 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

If you share a man's life, and dress to please him, button down that dinner in town in the purest of silk floral print. Pulled to desired slimness at the waist. Pink only. Sizes 10-20. By Royal Lynne. $60.00. 3rd floor. Also Short Hills.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
Madison Ave. at 45th St., 682-3600

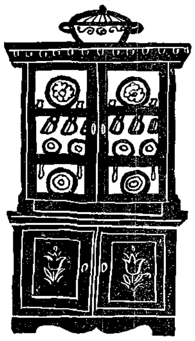
adjustable
ZODIAC
PETITE
ring
with 4 charms
by Cini
14kt. GOLD
$60.
Available at
Better Stores

GUGLIELMO CINI INC.
867 SOUTH COAST HWY.
LAGUNA BEACH, CALIF. 92651
Phone (714) 494-1440

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

DURING the second half of the last century, thousands of patent applications were filed by designers of curious pieces of furniture equipped with mechanical devices that could turn them into something more (or less) than met the eye. Such things as combination sofa-bathtubs and spittoon-footstools were thought up and manufactured, and presumably bought; there was even an astonishing upright piano that opened to reveal not hammers and strings but a mattress. Nothing is being produced today in the field of multipurpose furniture to match the lunatic inspiration of the nineteenth-century pieces, and little is being produced that has anything to recommend it at all. Dowdy convertible sofas and television sets cunningly disguised as ugly cabinets are almost all that one sees of this kind of furniture, which seems a pity. Many people—especially those who live in the rabbit warrens known as East Side Luxury Apartments—could use good furniture that fulfills more than one purpose and doesn't take up much room. Exceptions turn up from time to time, and two recent multipurpose arrivals from Europe strike me as especially noteworthy for the way they contrive to be a great many things and avoid being ludicrous.



Environment I, at Macy's, is such an excellent piece of furniture—I should say pieces of furniture, since it breaks up into units that can be bought singly or in combination—that it seems churlish to object to its name, but a stop really ought to be put to calling *everything* an environment. It like debases the language. The furniture under discussion is an arrangement of square-cut cabinets and shelves that stand against a wall and provide, without appearing to, beds, desks, dining tables, closets, and other amenities. The pieces are of wood painted with a flat white polyester finish that looks elegant and is supposed to clean easily. The two wall arrangements at Macy's have a singularly concise and orderly appearance, entirely unlike the cluttered and ungainly appearance of most other wall-storage systems. The pieces that hide things are very clever. A floor-to-ceiling unit consisting of bookcases, cabinets, and a desk revolves, and out comes a bed (a rather narrow one with handsome metal legs); a cabinet door lets down like a tail gate to become a dining-room table big enough for five people and equipped with metal legs like those of the bed, and, at the wall end, with a compartmentalized storage place for china and glassware. The drop-down cabinet door of another unit becomes a desk, nicely appointed with shelves and cubbyholes, and this one opens and closes by means of a remarkable pair of hinges devised to lower the writing surface slowly and smoothly, with a gentle, whirring sound. (Conventional drop-leaf desks have a way of crashing down if you're not careful.) The arrangements are a uniform eighty-eight and a half inches high and vary in width and depth according to the components. Here is an idea of the prices: the dining table with storage cabinet costs $562.94; the bookcase-desk-and-bed unit costs $946.96 (and it includes a closet); an entire wall composed of two beds, a table, two closets, a desk, a speaker cabinet, a filing cabinet, bookcases, and a bar cabinet costs $3,601.99. With rents what they are, a family that is outgrowing its apartment might well find it cheaper to spend $3,601.99 on multipurpose furniture than to move to larger quarters.

The other admirable multipurpose piece is the Home Office, available at Greatwood Products, 290 Madison Avenue (41st), and intended for people who do paperwork at home and don't have a separate study to do it in. In its dormant state, the piece, which is made in Norway, is a compact two-door cabinet, forty-five inches high, thirty-two inches wide, and twenty-one inches deep. When it's opened up, it becomes an enormous desk (sixty-four and a half inches long), equipped above and below with innumerable shelves and compartments and a lamp. The storage area includes a place to keep a typewriter, a vertical file, a pullout shelf, a drawer with compartments, and pigeonholes for ledgers, legal-size documents, and catalogues. The contrast between the piece as a desk and the piece as a cabinet is staggering; the model on display at Greatwood Products was filled with more papers and folders and ledgers and office supplies than one usually sees in an office, and

*TM©1970 CLAIROL INC., AT COSMETIC COUNTERS, LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES

How to make a mother feel like a woman.

She runs the house, raises the children, consoles, comforts, and coddles. Which sometimes makes us forget she's a woman. She is.

And so, on occasion, she's also entitled to dazzle men and make her women friends green with envy.

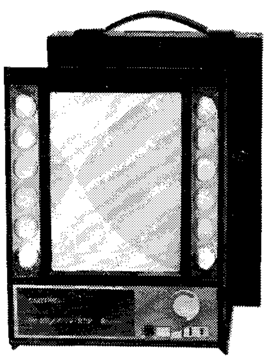
To help you help her do it, may we suggest:

The Carmen Enlightened* Mirror, which has 3 different kinds of light for her to make up by—Day, Office (or fluorescent), and Evening light. Which make it easier for her to look her best whenever, and (since it comes in a travel case), wherever.

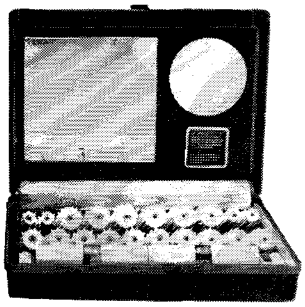
The Carmen International hairsetter has 20 electrically heated rollers (6 jumbo, 10 large, 4 small), works on any voltage, anywhere, and comes in a travel case, too.

Give her either. Or better still, give her both.

In any case, you'll be letting a very special mother in your life know that you know the very special woman she is.



Carmen Enlightened Mirror

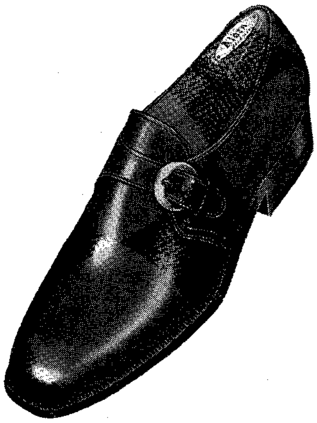


Carmen International Hairsetter

Carmen Beauty Products. Because mothers are beautiful people.

Alden
OF
NEW ENGLAND

Custom Bootmakers
Since 1884



Our unique strap buckle Oxford in Aniline hand stained Walnut Brown or Black imported Calf. Available in finest shops or please write.

C. H. Alden Shoe Co.
Middleborough, Mass. 02346

AL FRESCO COTTON KNITS

Paul Stuart designed these knits in confetti colorings of red/yellow, red/blue, red/grey or tan/grey. Washable. Full fashioned. S.M.L.XL. V-neck, $18.50. With placket front and collar in complementary colors, $23.50 in short sleeves; $25 in long sleeves.

Please add $1 for postage plus applicable sales tax.

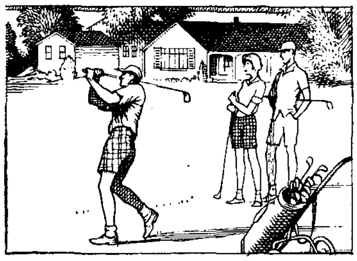
at
Paul Stuart
Dept. 1, Madison Avenue at 45th Street
New York, N.Y. 10017

filling it could conceivably be a problem for sensible people who don't hoard every scrap of paper that comes their way, but how many such people are there? The basic structure of the Home Office is birchwood, and there is a choice of veneers—oak, walnut, mahogany, teak, and rosewood. The rosewood version is $395, and the others are $325, with an extra charge for delivery. I'm told that orders in the city are filled within two weeks. For someone who is going to keep the piece in the living room, I recommend rosewood, in which the cabinet looks really impressive.

SIXTY of William Morris's beautiful wallpaper patterns are on display at the W. H. S. Lloyd Company, 979 Third Avenue (58th). The papers are hand-printed from Morris's original wood blocks by the English firm of Arthur Sanderson & Sons, Ltd., which came into possession of the blocks in 1930. The minimum order is six rolls, and delivery takes from eight to ten weeks. Most of the patterns are of leaves and flowers arranged in dense and complicated but wonderfully coherent designs, naturalistic and yet properly translated to exist on a flat surface. The colors are fresh and clear and bright, and seem to approximate the luminous dyes that Morris used. (Morris is reported to have told a client who asked for a dim, murky hue, "If it's mud you want, there's plenty in the street.") A pattern called Golden Lily looks like a detail from the background of a medieval tapestry or a pre-Raphaelite painting, being full of delicately multicolored lilies and tulips and harebells on a white background. It costs $37.50 a roll. "Sweetbrier" ($19.50) has lovely pink brier-rose blossoms and twining green and brown branches and green leaves on a cream background, and seems particularly reflective of the gentleness and openness of Morris's nature, which served him so well in the work he did with his hands and less well in his politics and poetry. "Harebell" is a rather formal pattern of blue harebells and green wreaths on a white background ($21.75), and "Mallow" ($5.85, which makes it seem practically free after one has adjusted one's scale of values to the other prices) is a close, simple, concise design of flowers and branches, done in white on a yellow background, that would be lovely for a bedroom.

MORRIS defined art as "the expression by man of his pleasure in labor," and felt that it ought to be

At Basin Harbor, you don't have to drive to play golf.



Opening June 14th.

Our 18-hole course is at your door, on the shores of Lake Champlain. Electric carts and 9-hole putting green, too. And a 75-foot pool, water sports and fishing on the beautiful lake. We have a yacht basin and a 3200-foot landing strip. Children's programs. Why not bring the family?

New York Reservation Office: 30 Rockefeller Plaza West. Tel: (212) LT 1-6595 or write Robert H. Beach, Manager, Box 8-A.

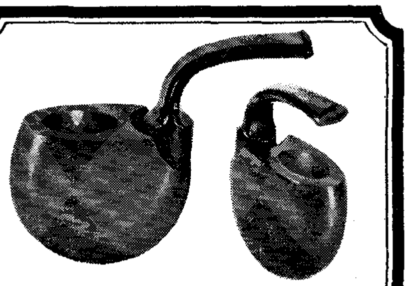
BASIN HARBOR
CLUB
Tel: (802) 475-2311
VERGENNES, VERMONT 05491

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin

Superb pre-theatre dining . . . and just a stroll to your theatre. After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

HOTEL
Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.



VEST POCKET PIPE

Fine Italian import for the dedicated pipe smoker who likes the unusual. Beautifully grained Walnut with finest quality Briar and a stem that swivels over the bowl for vest-pocket carrying. $5.00. Add 50¢ for postage. Perfect Father's Day gift.

New Hampton General Store
523 Main St., Hampton, N.J. 08827

This authentic Pre-Columbian figure is from the famed Kahlúa collection of authentic Pre-Columbian figures.

"Kahlúa, anyone?"

Kahlúa, everyone! There's remarkable unanimity in the way people everywhere cherish the exotic flavor of Kahlúa.

It's the most popular, largest selling coffee liqueur in the whole wide world. Because it tastes so great straight. And in marvelous mixed drinks. And because it lends a gourmet flair to dozens of dinner delicacies and desserts.

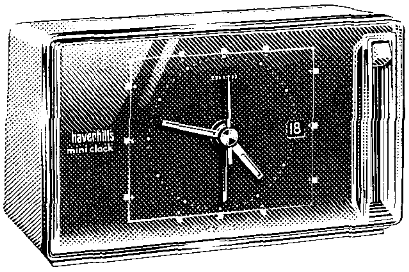
All of this is the subject of a wise, witty and wonderful Recipe Book which we suggest you send for. Thousands already have. In fact, if it weren't free it would be a best seller. Just like Kahlúa.

KAHLÚA Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico

JULES BERMAN & ASSOC., INC., 116 N. ROBERTSON BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. KAHLÚA 53 PROOF

DIDN'T WE MEET IN ACAPULCO?
AT las brisas (OF COURSE)

Should you pay $25 for "Just" a Clock?



Yes, but only *if you get the outstanding features* that you find in the **12-Month Clock.** Briefly, these are the most important ones: There is a calendar – when you wake up you'll know what day it is. An ordinary flashlight battery powers the transistorized mechanism for a year or more. Accurate? You can regulate it to within 2 seconds in 24 hours. The alarm is gentle, but very effective. Needless to say, the **12-Month Clock** *is absolutely noiseless – no tick, no tock, not even a purr.* Luminous dial, of course. Measures a compact 5x3x2½", Just right for the night table and compact enough to make a fine travel clock. If you can afford to indulge your appreciation of fine things or if you wish to make a wonderful gift (perhaps to a son or daughter with early classes), the **12-Month** clock is for you.

☐ Send me the **12-Month Clock.** I enclose $25.95 ($24.95 plus $1 for post. and insur.). Calif. residents add 5% sales tax.
☐ **White Model:** White case, midnight blue dial.
☐ **Grey Model:** Grey case, white dial.

NAME
ADDRESS
ZIP
NY0509

haverhill's 584 Washington Street, San Francisco, CA 94111

"made by the people and for the people, as a happiness for the maker and user." This seems more applicable to primitive and folk art than to Morris papers and pre-Raphaelite paintings, made by intellectuals for the rich, and it would be interesting to know what Morris would have thought of the wealth of primitive and folk art that has been unearthed since his day. At the American Indian Arts Center, 1051 Third Avenue (62nd), there are some wall hangings, called *molas*, that are as far from the spirit of the Morris papers as anything could be, and yet share with them a genius for decoration and a zeal for craftsmanship that would surely have elicited Morris's admiration. The hangings are made by Cuna Indian women, who live on the San Blas Islands, off the coast of Panama, and who use them as blouses; they are rectangles, about fifteen inches by nineteen, which the women wear in pairs, stitched together at the shoulders. They look like appliqué work, but in fact they are made by a process that is the reverse of appliqué. Several layers of cotton of different vivid colors are placed one on top of another, and the design is made by cutting down to the colors wanted, rather than by applying colored pieces to a background cloth. The designs are complex and rich. Some represent animals and plants, others are abstract; some have an almost Oriental opulence, others are simple and concise. The *molas* cost from $40 to $45, or, mounted on a twenty-by-twenty-four-inch piece of Formica, $75. Close scrutiny shows lovely tiny stitches, and from a distance many of the hangings look like modern abstract paintings. The figures and shapes are supposed to have religious and mythological significance, but ethnologists are still at a loss to know what it is.

—JANET MALCOLM

•

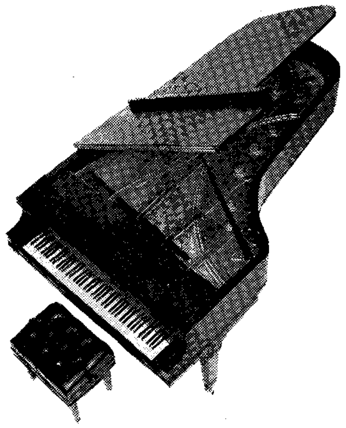
Elementary school pupils will receive an extra 10 minutes for lunch to alleviate problems which have arisen due to the district's extension of the lunch line to three-quarters of a mile, Dr. Edwin E. Weeks Jr., acting superintendent of schools announced today.—*Syracuse Herald-Journal.*

And put the track squad at the end.

•

As Budget Director—the man who supervises the spending that shapes the curse of the government and who has authority that reaches into every operating department—Mr. Hayes is paid $40,000 a year. —*The Times.*

Maybe a raise would help.



Peter Duchin's Accompanist

BALDWIN

JANE MORGAN
April 29 to May 19
Performances 9:15 & 12:15
Reservations: PLaza 9-3000

PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA
A SONESTA HOTEL

Reid wishes a word with you.

Reid is your waiter.

"I would tell you this about this new fifty room hotel. Ah, mon, it is elegant. It is the place for fine people to enjoy the best things in life."

Carlyle Beach
One of the five very different hotels of Montego Bay, Jamaica.

See your travel agent or Utell International, Essex House, NYC, PLaza 7-2981.

Yesterday Rosalba became a Foster Child.

Tomorrow she will get soap so she can wash her hair. And everyone in her family will have soap, too.

She and her family will get regular dental and medical attention.

Within a month she will have a dress that is not torn.

For the first time Rosalba will know what it's like to eat at least one wholesome meal, what it's like to fall asleep without gnawing hunger keeping her awake.

Soon she and her brothers and sisters will have shoes to wear to school.

Most of all, she'll understand that someone somewhere cares. Someone thoughtful and loving enough to give $16 a month to Foster Parents Plan. Someone whose sole satisfaction will be to read of his Foster Child's progress in monthly letters. Letters from Rosalba herself and translated by PLAN. Someone who knows how important it is in this world to take a dismal, hopeless yesterday and change it into a tomorrow worth living for.

PLAN operates in Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Peru, Indonesia, Korea, the Philippines, and Viet Nam. PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent organization, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for International Development.

Yes, I want to be a Foster Parent.

A. ☐ I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex_____, age_____, nationality__________.

_____I will contribute $16 a month for one year or more ($192 per year). Payment will be monthly ☐, quarterly ☐, semi-annually ☐, annually ☐. I enclose herewith my first payment of $__________.

B. ☐ I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing $_______.

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City___________State_________Zip____

All contributions are tax deductible.

Foster Parents Plan, Inc.
352 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y.
10010. In Canada: P.O. Box 65, Station
B, Montreal, Quebec.

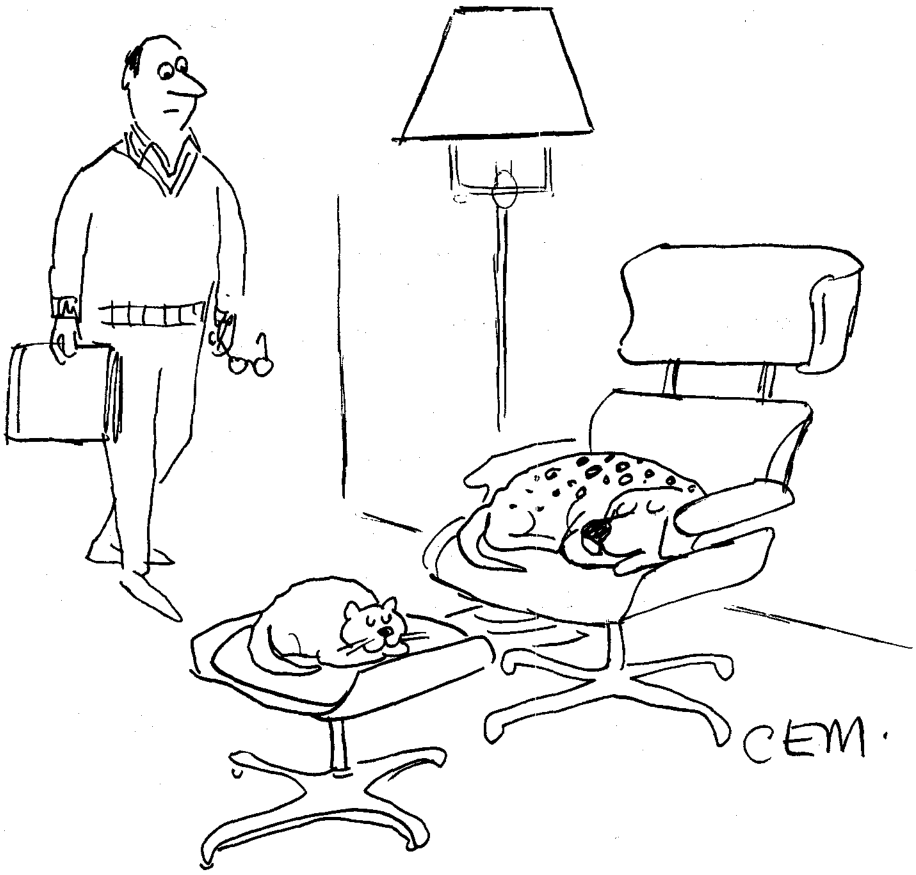
NY-5-70

LETTER FROM INDO-CHINA

Saigon, May 2

IN the entire Indo-China area during the last two months, the Communists of Peking and Hanoi have been given, and have employed to their advantage, a whole new set of options and opportunities, which, it seems, President Nixon's use of American strength in Cambodia will do little to alter. The events that have, so far, worked against us began with the overthrow of Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia by pro-Western generals and politicians, then continued with this group's almost immediate errors of judgment and action—particularly its brutal actions against Cambodia's Vietnamese minority and its overeagerness to join battle with much stronger and more experienced Communist forces—and included renewed heavy Communist pressure in Laos and a seriously deteriorating political and economic situation in South Vietnam. In that country, although our stated policy of Vietnamization was reaffirmed when the President announced, on April 20th, the withdrawal—against the advice, not surprisingly, of his generals—of another hundred and fifty thousand men in the next year, the "low profile" our policymakers have sought to maintain had been elevated considerably even before the President's speech on Cambodia by our shipment of arms to Phnom Penh and by our troops' increasing involvement in operations around the Cambodian border. When conditions are as volatile as they now are, it is difficult, if not impossible, to be guided by something as vague as the doctrine enunciated by the President on Guam last July, emphasizing our intention of limiting our involvement and depending on Asian initiatives. Now, instead of Vietnamization, we are faced, in effect, with a new Indo-Chinazation, including the possibility that both Laos and Cambodia may soon be dominated or controlled by the Communists. This belatedly brings into clear focus the problem we have all along refused to face—the unrealism of fighting an isolated war in one small country in the middle of a large racially mixed area without sufficient understanding of the over-all political or military consequences.

The principal beneficiaries of recent events would appear to be the Chinese Communists. Peking is the military and political bulwark behind the emerging new Indo-China United Front Against American Imperialism, created after a meeting on April 24th and 25th somewhere in China. This hastily called "summit conference of the Indo-China peoples," apparently convened at Sihanouk's instigation, forged an alliance of the New Revolutionary Movement in Cambodia, headed by the ousted Prince, with the Hanoi regime and the already established Communist rebel governments of South Vietnam and Laos. With their growing support of insurrectionary movements in Thailand and Malaysia, and, to a lesser extent, in Burma and the Philippines, the Chinese are now in a stronger position to control the revolutionary apparatus throughout Southeast Asia than they have been at any time since 1965, when the Vietcong were stopped by American troops from winning the Vietnamese war and when the Peking-backed coup in Indonesia failed. The response so far of the non-Communist Asian states to the new crisis has been slow; Indonesia has called for a meeting at which Thailand, Japan, and about fifteen other Asian nations can discuss the matter, but that is all. While the Americans have found themselves being inexorably drawn into Cambodian operations, in which the chances for any sort of decisive military engagement will probably prove as evanescent as they have for ten years in South Vietnam, Peking and Hanoi have determined to gain as much as possible from the confused state of affairs. There is little reason to expect them to cease doing so, particularly in Cambodia, especially in view of Hanoi's decision, indicated in enemy documents, to "re-guerrilla-ize" the war in South Vietnam and to prolong the conflict there until after the departure of the bulk of American forces. No one with any experience in Vietnam, including Hanoi's top experts, has minimized the difficulties of achieving this goal, but no one doubts the will of the Communists or their patience and endurance. In any event, the recently increasing number, in several South Vietnamese provinces, of young men abducted and sent to North Vietnam for training and indoctrination underlines the long-term approach that Hanoi has again adopted. Another indication of this is the vast amount of matériel that has poured down the Ho Chi Minh Trail from the North during the last several months. Only about twenty per cent of this traffic has been interdicted by American bombing. The coup in Phnom Penh has momentarily denied the North Vietnamese access to the southern Cambodian ports of Sihanoukville, Kep, and Ream, through which most of the Chinese matériel used in the Mekong Delta of South Vietnam was previously shipped with the agreement and profitable connivance of the Sihanouk regime. However, the Communist forces in Cambodia are showing every intention of trying to regain access to those ports



le bon voyage
The businessman's version.

Le bon voyage:

It's the one good way to mix business with pleasure, on our convenient commuter service to Paris. We have a total of 49 flights a week from New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, Los Angeles and Houston. And when you fly from New York (starting May 23) or Chicago (June 11) you can sample the Air France 747. If that's not le bon voyage, we don't know what is!

Le bon voyage

is our service, second to none in the world. We make it our business to make your business easier. We'll supply you with writing materials, the latest Wall Street Journal, *an informal conference room, even an electric shaver to freshen up for your first appointment of the day.*

Le bon voyage

is our ability to help you relax. From cocktails before dinner to dinner (as superb a French meal as you've ever had) to after-dinner cognac and an after-dinner movie. If you feel like a good night's sleep you'll have it. Along with a pillow, blanket and sweet music to dream by.*

Le bon voyage

is how we help you make connections to keep business appointments within Europe and all over the world. If you've got a big deal cooking in London or Madrid or any one of almost 50 other European cities we'll fly you there. If your business takes you around the globe, then so will we. We'll fly you from Paris to as many as 180 different cities on six continents. In short, le bon voyage is just our way of doing business. Why not make it your way too? Have your secretary make a note of these numbers. She can file them under bon voyage, le.

New York	(212) 759-9000
Boston	(617) 482-4890
Chicago	(321) 782-6181
Philadelphia	(215) 735-8585
Washington	(202) 337-8711
Los Angeles	(213) 625-7171
Miami	(305) 379-6444
Houston	(713) 225-1911
San Juan	(809) 724-0500
San Francisco	(415) 982-7150
Anchorage	272-0531

Journal du Dimanche
Paris-presse
France-soir
Journal du Dimanche
Paris-presse
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
LE FIGARO

*Stereo and movies by Inflight Motion Pictures available at nominal cost.

AIR FRANCE
le bon voyage

SHERATON IN MAUI, HAWAII

Sheraton-Maui

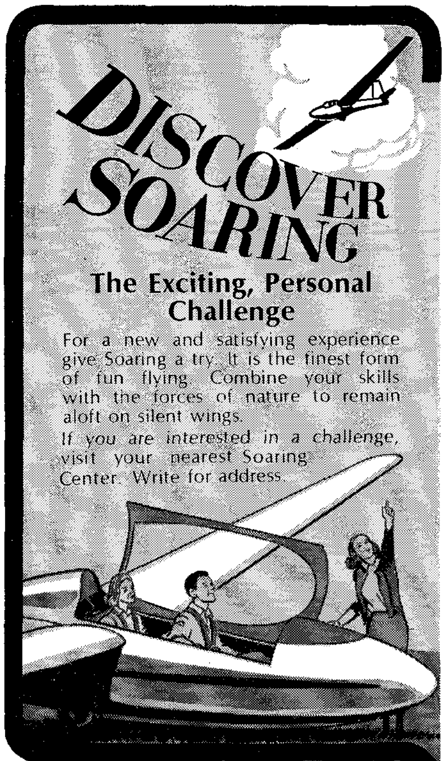
just the place to play around

Because the championship Royal Kaanapali Golf Course is just a short drive away . . . maybe even a 9-iron . . . from our famous resort wrapped around Black Rock Promontory. Between rounds play on our three-mile stretch of warm golden beach . . . in our fun-filled King's swimming pool . . . or in our glamorous Discovery Dining Room. Whatever you like to play around . . . we have it, at our between-turf-and-surf hotel . . . Sheraton-Maui.

For confirmed reservations at guaranteed rates call 800-325-3535 toll free, or your Travel Agent will call it for you.

Sheraton-Maui Hotel

SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT



DISCOVER SOARING

The Exciting, Personal Challenge

For a new and satisfying experience give Soaring a try. It is the finest form of fun flying. Combine your skills with the forces of nature to remain aloft on silent wings.

If you are interested in a challenge, visit your nearest Soaring Center. Write for address.

SCHWEIZER T.M.
SOARING CENTERS OF AMERICA
NATIONAL DEALER ORGANIZATION

SCA P.O. Box 147-N, Elmira, N.Y. 14902

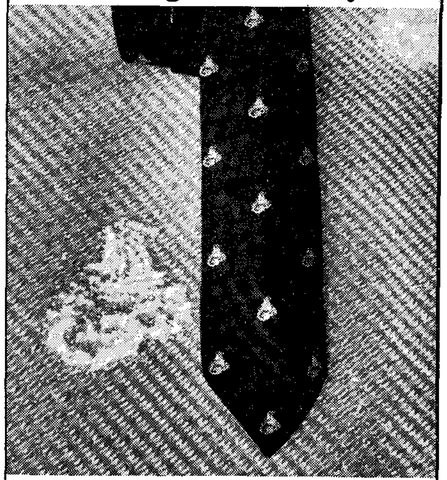
and supply routes. In the meantime, they are already extending the branches of the Ho Chi Minh Trail deeper into Laos; through the border area where Laos, Cambodia, and South Vietnam come together; and farther into Cambodia, as well as into the Vietnamese Highlands and the Delta.

This extension, though it will be no easy feat, will undoubtedly serve to strengthen the arguments of the American military leaders who have been against halting the bombing of the Trail in Laos—in return for which Hanoi and its local Communist supporters of the Pathet Lao have indicated their willingness to limit military operations in that country and to start political negotiations there, which would inevitably lead to stronger Communist representation in any new, coalition government. This is bound to come eventually anyway, and some Americans have felt that a break in the Laotian situation now could produce some movement in the deadlocked peace talks in Paris, and perhaps bring to an end at least some of the fighting in Vietnam. The intense mixture of political accommodation and competition would certainly continue, accompanied by terrorism and guerrilla warfare, but the Americans would be out of it sooner rather than later. The whole series of developments in Cambodia, Laos, and Vietnam scarcely encourages any of the recently expressed hopes for the summoning of another Geneva conference to collectively neutralize the former Indo-China states. The French have once more suggested this, and the Russians briefly put out a similar idea, then backed away from it. Even if the Americans obtain some fresh support from the Russians, who undoubtedly are unhappy about the benefits that Peking is deriving from the new situation, no new Geneva conference could conceivably get off the ground without the participation of the North Vietnamese and the Chinese.

THE Cambodian coup must first be viewed in the light of the country's relations with Vietnam and the Vietnamese. The traditional enemies of the Cambodians have always been the Vietnamese, who for centuries threatened to take over the remnants of the once great Khmer Empire and would have done so by the middle of the nineteenth century had not the French moved in to colonize Indo-China. Sihanouk, a member of the Khmer royal family, after winning Cambodia's independence from France in 1953, stepped down as king to be-

THIS ROLLICKING TIE

will bring Bermuda to you



Unique pattern has white sailing ship over gold map of Bermuda. All pure silk. Made in England expressly for us. A distinctive accessory. In black, navy, bottle green or maroon—please give second choice of colour. $5.75, postpaid. Write to H. A. & E. Smith Ltd., Hamilton, Bermuda.

Smith's in BERMUDA

THE CHURCHILL

PORTMAN SQUARE CENTRAL LONDON

A NEW HOTEL.
CLOSE TO EVERYTHING IN LONDON.
But nothing in London can come close to it!

A LOEW'S HOTEL. PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRESIDENT.

Barrie Ltd.®

Landlubber™ Moccasin

$16.95 Postpaid

Sizes 6 to 13
D Width

Made from soft cowhide for comfort • Genuine hand-sewn vamps • White rubber sole for flexibility • In Brown ☐ or natural ☐ *Order by Mail, state shoe size—BARRIE LTD. Dept. N-NEW HAVEN.*

OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
914 15th STREET NW. WASHINGTON, D.C.

come both an active head of state and a father figure to his six million Khmer "children." He built roads and schools, but at the same time he permitted the country to slip deeper and deeper into an economic abyss. He set up a series of inefficient state-run enterprises, including everything from a gambling casino to cement factories and banks, but a large share of whatever profits there were went into the pockets of Sihanouk's friends in and around the royal palace. Politically, the bouncy Prince ran the nation with the help of a few relatives and associates, while his handpicked Sangkum, a nationalist "movement" that convened twice a year, dominated the National Assembly. He failed to create any firm administrative lines between the palace and the Sangkum, on the one hand, and the people, on the other. Between there was a growing political gap, increasingly filled by discontented civil servants, students unable to find jobs, and a small group of powerless intellectuals. The thirty-thousand-man Army, controlled at the top by pro-Sihanouk officers, was both restive and resentful in the middle and lower echelons. It engaged in little or no military activity—in fact, it hardly kept its mixed array of weapons clean—and this is an important reason for its present inability to contend with the Communists.

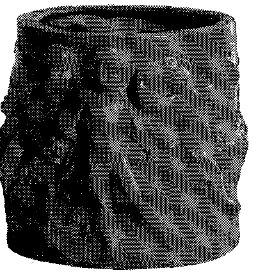
Until two or three years ago, when the Vietnamese Communists and Chinese Communists, working through a handful of Khmer agents, incited local rebellions against his rule, Sihanouk countenanced with silence or bland denials the use of Cambodia as a haven for North Vietnamese Communist troops, who moved back and forth at will between Cambodia and South Vietnam. He sought to distract his people's attention from the Vietnamese incursions by denouncing the United States and by touting "the unity of the Indo-Chinese people." He frequently described China as his "greatest friend," though his relations with Peking cooled somewhat after the Communist-inspired uprisings. As Hanoi and the Vietcong became more brazen in their use of Cambodia, building hospitals, rest camps, and complex jungle bases there, Sihanouk had to admit what was going on. By mid-1969, he was forced to acknowledge that between forty and fifty thousand Communist troops were spread out over eight or nine Cambodian provinces, about half of the troops in the usually deserted northeastern border areas and the rest farther south, particularly in the mountainous region of the Elephant Range, just northeast

PONTIFICATE
THREATEN
SNIPE
Overwhelm
EXAGGERATE
FLAIR

The Executive FLAIR!

It writes like an executive thinks. Fast. Decisive. Clear. Flair's smooth nylon point can write bold and tough—or fine and subtle—any way you feel. In this executive edition, Flair comes handsomely cased in very business-like colors. Flannel Gray, Money Green, etc. The Executive Flair. **Only $1.95. Refillable.**

CHERUB HOLDING BASKET, Fountain complete with recirculating pump. In lead, 44″ high—12″ x 14″ basket. Pompeian green or other finish. $375.00 F.O.B. N.Y.C.



BACCHANALIAN GROUP, TUB In lead, 12″ high—11½″ diameter. $100.00 F.O.B. N.Y.C.

Send 50¢ — stamps — coin for 40 page catalogue illustrating many fountains and garden ornaments.

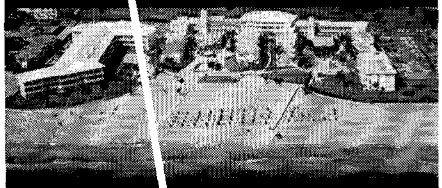
The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
650-654 FIRST AVE. (37th St.) NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Phone LExington 2-3926

18

summer priced & pleasure perfect

LM

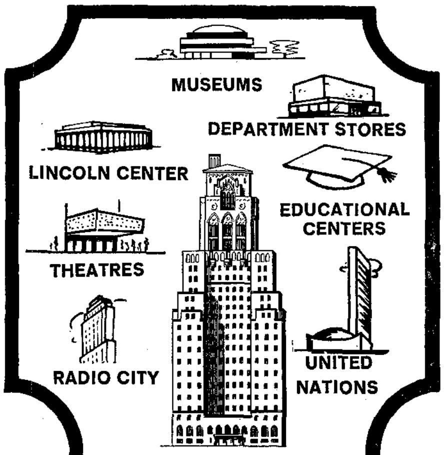
With our own 18 hole, 72 par championship golf course, 800′ private beach, 2 pools, tennis, 3 par golf, oceanfront playground, dining room, bar lounge, entertainment, guest rooms, efficiencies, apartments, villas. Your inquiry is invited.



Lago Mar
A RESORT CLUB
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.

of Sihanoukville and across from Vietnam's Mekong Delta. He then denounced the Communist incursions and showed less hostility toward the Americans; in fact, he even called upon them to maintain "a presence in Southeast Asia" after the end of the Vietnam war. Secretly, he accepted American intelligence obtained in various ways—including infrared aerial photographs, electronic sensors on the border, and reports by agents and prisoners—which enabled him to pinpoint Communist troops and installations, and he used this material in making diplomatic complaints to the Vietcong and to Hanoi, both of which, along with an impressive list of Communist and non-Communist nations, maintained legations in Phnom Penh. (The United States was allowed to send a small mission back there last year after a four-year hiatus.) However, through Chinese middlemen, he continued to sell the Vietnamese Communists large quantities of rice and medicine, and he also allowed the arms traffic between Sihanoukville and Vietcong areas in South Vietnam to continue, siphoning off—as a cut in kind—about twenty per cent of all the Chinese-made AK-47 automatic rifles and ammunition that passed through the country. In spite of his growing displeasure over the Vietnamese incursions, Sihanouk had given the diplomatic representatives of the Vietcong embassy status, equal to that of the North Vietnamese government. Meanwhile, characteristically, he was saying privately that once the Communists took over his country he would be finished but that if the Cambodians had to live under some form of Communism the Chinese variety would be better than the Vietnamese.

Sihanouk's alternating moods of euphoria and despair proved both emotionally and physically debilitating—to him as well as to his associates. Increasingly, he showed signs of hysteria. He travelled annually to France to rest for a month or more and try to lose weight. Through the years, he had often used these absences for political purposes, playing off his left-wing and right-wing opposition against each other back home. In the spring of 1967, for example, when the head of the present government, General Lon Nol, was Prime Minister, and when left-wing disturbances in several provinces had led to a crackdown of sorts, Sihanouk came home, fired Lon Nol, and took over as head of a "special government." He thereby averted what at that time might have developed into a coup. A serious automobile accident suffered by



The Barbizon

THE BARBIZON—NEW YORK'S BEST FOR YOUNG WOMEN

In the Barbizon itself there is every convenience—shops, beauty parlor, restaurants, recital rooms, swimming pool, a lobby of sparkling decor. Step outside and world-famous sources of education, *fashion, culture, and entertainment are within* range of your footsteps. What girl wouldn't love this marvelous location to work and study for her future? Ambitious, discriminating young women have for years preferred the Barbizon. Many of the world's most successful women were Barbizon girls and credit the uniqueness of the Barbizon as a solid factor in their careers. New York's leading residential hotel for young women offers perfect security and privacy. Rates from $10.25 daily. Weekly on application. Send for free brochure.

LEXINGTON AVE. AT 63RD ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

For a traditional roast beef dinner, and Yorkshire pop-over, fly to London. Or, take a cab to

Keen's
English Chop House.
72 W. 36, N.Y.—WI 7-3636
Free Dinner Parking

Ladies Desert® Boot

EXCLUSIVELY
Clarks® OF ENGLAND

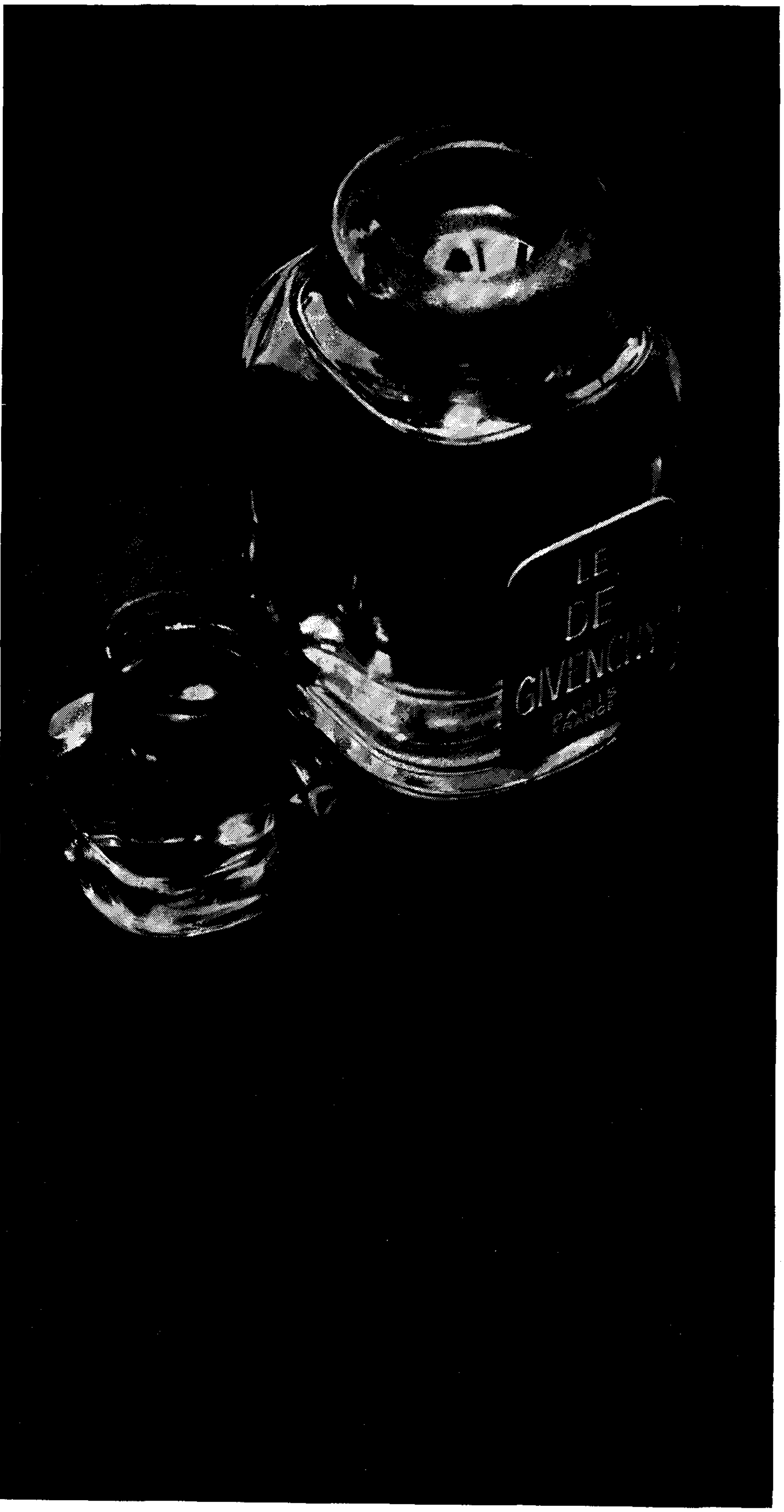
Patterned after our famous men's Desert Boot. Comfortable. Light. English crafted. Sand suede $14.95

®Reg.T.M. Clarks – 568 Main Ave., Norwalk, Conn.

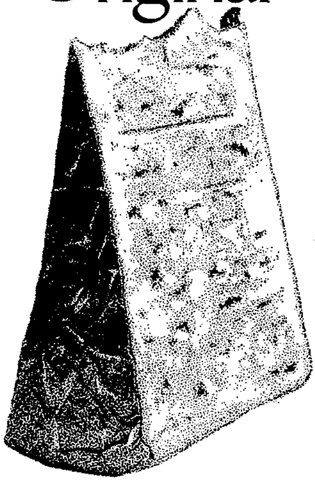
Lon Nol may have delayed its happening. Sihanouk then named three members of the Assembly—Hu Nim, Khieu Samphan, and Hou Youn—as leaders of a Communist conspiracy against him. The three men soon fled, either into the jungle, to North Vietnam, or to China. What is now interesting is the fact that these same three men, described by Sihanouk as his bitter personal enemies, have been mentioned by Peking as "leaders" of the movement against the new Lon Nol government, and are probably now somewhere in Cambodia. This offers further evidence that Sihanouk is more a captive of Peking today than a spearhead of an independent government-in-exile, or that at best he is regarded by the Chinese as a useful figurehead—albeit somewhat of a nuisance. Peking is obviously aware of Sihanouk's deep-seated hatred and fear of all Vietnamese. Despite his temporary collaboration with Hanoi and the Hanoi-controlled Laotians and South Vietnamese, the Chinese are also aware that the North Vietnamese or the Vietcong would destroy Sihanouk at their convenience.

It is in the perspective of this brief history of Sihanouk's role that the events of the last two months must be analyzed. Last September, a month after Lon Nol had agreed to become Prime Minister again, but with stronger powers, Sihanouk sought to test his own prerogatives as chief of state by getting four ministers who were sympathetic to him to resign. He expected this to lead to the fall of the government, but Lon Nol balked. He conferred more and more frequently with his former classmate and longtime friend Prince Sisowath Sirik Matak, a cousin of Sihanouk's, who, after ambassadorial tours of duty in Tokyo and Manila, had returned to Phnom Penh last summer to become First Deputy Prime Minister. There is considerable evidence that Lon Nol and Sirik Matak had been scheming together for at least three years to overthrow Sihanouk, but the actual hard planning for the current coup probably began last December. By that time, Sirik Matak and Lon Nol had further clipped Sihanouk's wings by putting into effect a number of new legal measures, including one that brought tax receipts directly into the government treasury instead of into the office of the chief of state, and another shutting down the Phnom Penh gambling casino, which had long been a source of profit for the palace. Early this January, Sihanouk announced that he would leave for France. He anticipated that Lon Nol would find it im-

The most unmistakable perfume in the world.
Le De Givenchy.
Created to identify his following.

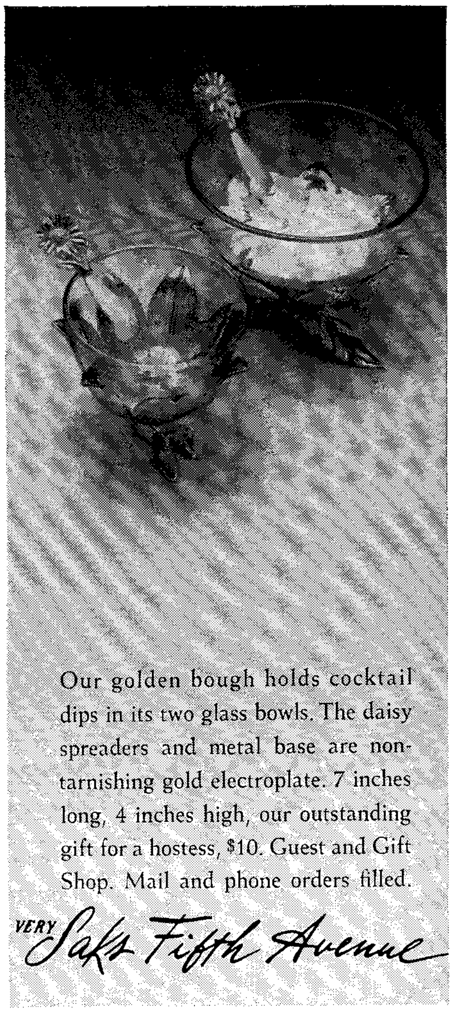


Danish Original



There's no mistaking authentic Danish Blue cheese. Crown a sizzling steak or hamburger with its tempting tang. Add spunk to salads, snacks and sauces. A distinct accent to pizza. Delicious Danish Blue is an original import, and as every woman knows, nothing can compare to an original.

IMPORTED
Danish Blue Cheese
ONE OF THE WONDERFUL CHEESES FROM THE FAIRYLAND DAIRYLAND OF DENMARK.



Our golden bough holds cocktail dips in its two glass bowls. The daisy spreaders and metal base are non-tarnishing gold electroplate. 7 inches long, 4 inches high, our outstanding gift for a hostess, $10. Guest and Gift Shop. Mail and phone orders filled.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

possible to deal with the country's growing economic crisis and would box himself in politically, thereby leaving the way open for Sihanouk, the indispensable man, to return and once again take over. But this time it didn't work out.

To begin with, Lon Nol and Sirik Matak moved to dismantle a number of state enterprises that Sihanouk had established. They also liberated from government shackles a good part of the foreign trade, eased domestic trade restrictions, and allowed various foreign nations to open banks. And they created a new currency issue, which would prevent the Vietcong from using counterfeit Cambodian money to buy supplies. On March 8th and 9th, demonstrations broke out against the Vietcong in the eastern province of Svay Rieng, where villagers, with the help of Cambodian troops, seized weapons from Vietnamese guerrillas. On March 11th, there were demonstrations against the North Vietnamese and Vietcong Embassies in Phnom Penh. In the next few days, as Sihanouk's supporters began to rally, Sirik Matak emerged as the strong man of the coup, and insisted on settling the issue of Sihanouk's future role as quickly as possible. Meanwhile, on a French television program, Sihanouk denounced the campaign that he said was being mounted to take his country into the American "imperialist camp" just when he was planning to visit Moscow and Peking en route home in order to urge the Russians and the Chinese to persuade the Vietnamese Communists to quit Cambodia—an unlikely eventuality under any circumstances.

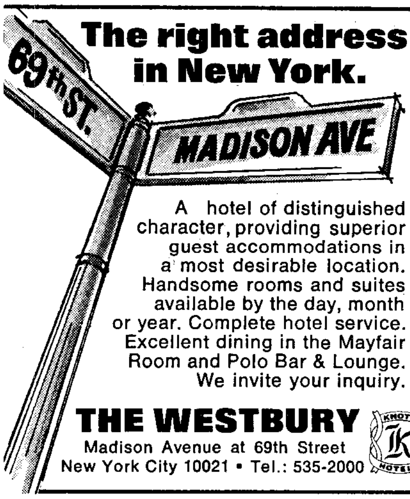
At this juncture, however, Sihanouk panicked. Lon Nol and Sirik Matak had sent him word in Paris that they were dispatching two emissaries to see him there. These men were supposed to tell him that he could return to Phnom Penh in the role of chief of state if he accepted what had already been implied as early as the previous summer and was now made explicit—that he would no longer run things single-handed in his old manner. Sihanouk responded by cabling that he wouldn't receive anyone, and was off to Moscow and Peking. Had he returned to Cambodia and appealed directly to the public, or had he simply stayed in Paris for the time being, he would have stood a better chance of regaining at least part of his power. By March 18th, the coup was given formal approval by a well-staged vote of the National Assembly, before which Sirik Matak played a recorded speech

In Freeport, the number one hotel isn't one hotel.

It's two. • With a combined total of 350 beautiful new rooms and suites. Two pools. A magnificent private beach. An 18-hole championship golf course. Four great dining rooms. Two specialty restaurants. Tennis courts. Bars. An international scuba club. A first class marina and charter fleet. Sailboats. Sauna baths. A world-famous casino across the street, and another five minutes away. • The Oceanus North. And Oceanus South. Stay in one. Enjoy all the facilities of both. Charge at either. • Call your travel agent, or our international representatives, Leonard Hicks.

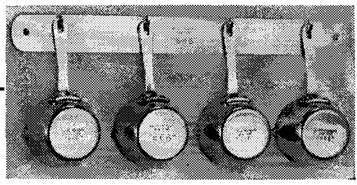
Freeport's Oceanus North & South
Freeport/Lucaya, Grand Bahama Island
Where the odds are
2 to 1 you'll have a great time.

The right address in New York.



A hotel of distinguished character, providing superior guest accommodations in a most desirable location. Handsome rooms and suites available by the day, month or year. Complete hotel service. Excellent dining in the Mayfair Room and Polo Bar & Lounge. We invite your inquiry.

THE WESTBURY
Madison Avenue at 69th Street
New York City 10021 • Tel.: 535-2000
KNOTT HOTELS



INDIVIDUAL BUTTER PANS

Can be used while serving artichoke, asparagus, lobster, etc. Also for individual service of salad dressing, jelly or nuts. Delightfully informal. Made of solid copper and lined with pure tin. The handle is elegantly made of brass. Complete Set of 4 pans with copper hanging bar.............. $11^95 postpaid

No C.O.D.'s, please! Write for complete catalog.

Bazar Français EST 1877
666 SIXTH AVE. NEW YORK 10, N.Y.
21st 6 AVE

Miss Springmaid brings you a fresh bouquet for your bath: towel flowers.

Towel flowers. Blooming in your bathroom. Flowers that won't fade with the passing of the seasons, jacquard blooms that are woven right into the sheared terry itself. In a marvelous array that improves on nature, with a thick plushness that drinks up moisture. Pick your arrangement from Mexicali, the soft yellow flower pattern with contrasting stripes at the left; Jamaica, the water blue floral design in the center; and Springtime, the happy nosegay of big and little blossoms at the right. Each of the towel flowers comes in several lovely color combinations to coordinate with Springmaid's solid color Radiance towels. So start gathering your mixed bath bouquet now and treat yourself to an indoor garden all year long.

SPRINGMAID

SPRINGS MILLS, INC., 104 WEST 40TH STREET, N.Y. 10018, MAKERS OF FAMOUS SPRINGMAID FASHIONS FOR THE HOME: SHEETS, TOWELS, BEDSPREADS AND KITCHEN COTTONS.

Hutschenreuther China. Pasco Crystal. Wallace Sterling. The O'Neills.

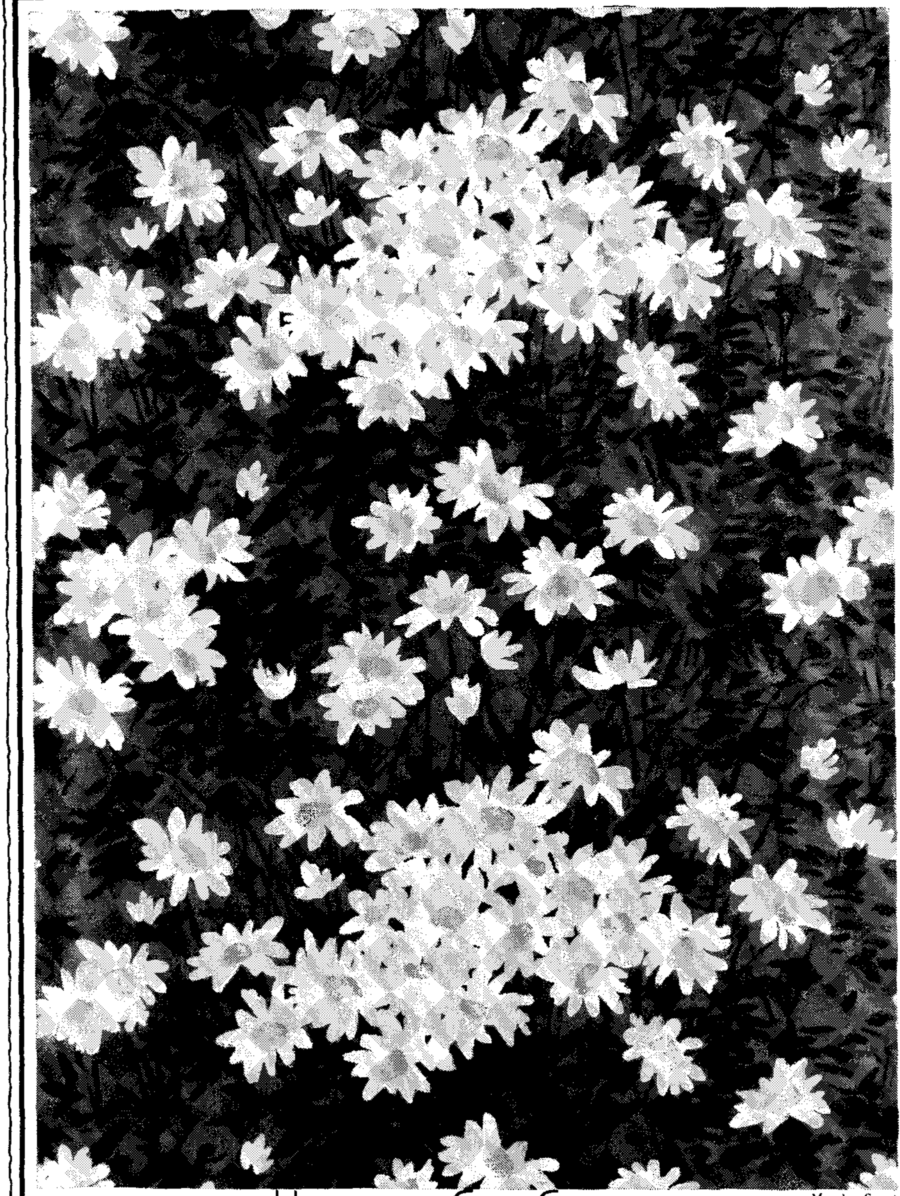
The patterns: Hutschenreuther "Summer Garden," 5-piece place setting $21.95 and Pasco "Peer Gynt" stemware, 3-piece place setting $41.85. Shown with Wallace "Shenandoah." At fine stores. Take this advertisement to your nearest store or send 25c for illustrated brochures on china and stemware to Paul A. Straub & Co., Inc., (PASCO), 11 E. 26th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10010.

of Lon Nol's listing Sihanouk's sins. Unanimously, the Assembly dismissed Sihanouk as chief of state and named Cheng Heng, the head of the Assembly, in his place. Sihanouk had by now been in Moscow four and a half days. He received the news of his deposition from Premier Aleksei Kosygin a few hours before he left for Peking. He took it calmly, and spoke vaguely about forming a government-in-exile. His mission to Moscow had, predictably, been a failure. While the Russians had given him a royal welcome and had commended his professions of continued Cambodian neutrality, they had shown no willingness to intercede with the Vietcong and Hanoi, which were already about to close their embassies in Phnom Penh.

In Peking, Sihanouk rapidly slipped further into the Communist camp. He labelled his dismissal as chief of state illegal, insisting that it could take place only by national referendum. He denounced the actions that had been taken in his absence as motivated by the "personal ambitions and greed" of his rivals and as backed by the Central Intelligence Agency of the United States, which had long been his bête noire. (There is no evidence that the Americans participated in the coup or that they were even apprised of it until a few hours before it took place, although they were undoubtedly aware of what might happen and did nothing to try to prevent it.)

In Saigon, there was considerable difference of opinion among American officials as to whether the effects of the coup would be advantageous or disadvantageous. (These doubts mounted even as joint South Vietnamese-Cambodian military operations were launched in Cambodia.) As the Cambodians began massacring Vietnamese residents of Cambodia, and demonstrating their growing inability to handle the rapidly deploying Communists—who dispersed over a wider area both for their own protection from South Vietnamese air and ground attacks and in order to mount fresh assaults against the ill-prepared government in Phnom Penh—the American doubts about the usefulness of the coup and about the ability of the Lon Nol government to sustain itself grew even stronger.

In Peking, Sihanouk, typically, poured forth a series of frenzied and contradictory statements. "I have absolutely no intention of seeking to resume power, which, in fact, I have lost, or of retaining the now absurd title of head of state of Cambodia," he said first. Then he pledged himself to "partici-



wall of fame

Greeff's great scene changer...super-strength Tyvek*

Remarkable new wallcovering with unique features plus the exquisite beauty of Greeff's original designs. Tyvek is durable, will not tear even during hanging. It's fade-proof and stain-resistant, won't crack, peel or lose its finish even when scrubbed. Stubborn stains wipe clean quickly. It is strippable and goes up with any kind of paste. Tyvek gives you all the carefree advantages of vinyl wallcovering, yet costs less. Twelve garden-fresh designs with complementary screen-printed fabrics are featured in Greeff's "Flower Show" collection. Available through interior designers and decorating departments of fine stores.

*Du Pont registered trademark for its spunbonded olefin.
Du Pont makes Tyvek, not the finished wallcoverings.

Greeff
A Growing Source for Interior Designers

155 E. 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

A growing source for coordinated fabrics, wallcoverings, custom upholstered furniture, carpets, handcrafted rugs and E. C. Carter fabrics for fine curtains.

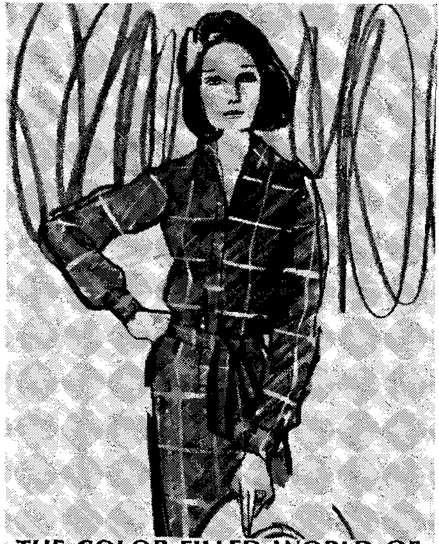
Hand made
De Busschere

HABANERA
Black, brown
navy or red
Baby llama calf
$65

Classic, timeless styling. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President

Belgian Shoes

60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

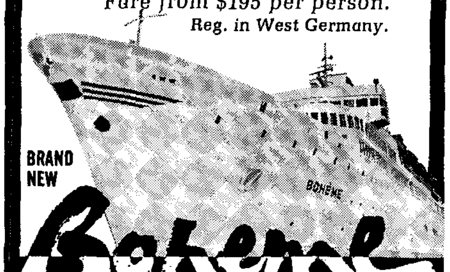


THE COLOR-FILLED WORLD OF
Donald Davies
BEGINS IN DUBLIN . . .
where the wispiest of woolens is exquisitely woven, richly dyed, perfectly coutured into classics for women to discover in boutiques in Paris and London and the finest stores in the U.S.A.
DONALD DAVIES, 417 Fifth Ave, NYC 10016

pate in the sacred struggle our people will wage from inside and outside the country to obliterate this coup d'état and restore legality and democracy." A few days later, he said, "I am an unlucky man, with a bad destiny," and excoriated "the reactionary group of Lon Nol, Sirik Matak, Cheng Heng, and their American masters." In this message, he called not only for a new government but for a "National Liberation Army," which he promised to support.

Sihanouk's Chinese hosts played it cool. They received him and praised him without embracing him. Premier Chou En-lai expressed their attitude clearly when he said, early in April, "The Chinese government and people firmly support the just stand taken by Prince Norodom Sihanouk . . . and they consistently support the policy of independence, peace, neutrality, democracy, and defense of state sovereignty and territorial integrity pursued by him." This could hardly have given Sihanouk the sort of encouragement he sought; nor could he have been pleased by an announcement that the Chinese had designated the same three Cambodian assemblymen he had denounced three years before as members of his New Revolutionary Movement. It is to the Prince's credit that he was able so quickly to arrange the summit meeting in the last week of April with Prince Souphanouvong, head of the Laotian Patriotic Front; Nguyen Huu Tho, chairman of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam; Pham Van Dong, the Premier of North Vietnam; and some fairly sizable and impressive delegations. Following long diatribes against United States imperialism, the leaders of the conference pledged "reciprocal support" while promising to respect each one's policies concerning "the liberation and defense of his country." This was broad enough to satisfy all those present without committing them to anything drastic or new. Despite the show of solidarity, Sihanouk remained, ideologically, the odd man out, in more ways than one, and he must have sensed it. Whether or not he secretly makes a visit to Cambodia over the next few weeks, he has little choice right now but to spend most of his time either in Peking or, if the Chinese let him go there, in Paris. In either case, as he continues to orbit in Communist-controlled space, his chances of ever reassuming his special neutral role in Cambodia are slight. Should the Lon Nol government fail to survive, Sihanouk may gain the satisfaction of hav-

4 ISLAND 7 DAY CRUISES
Sails every Saturday at 3:30 P.M. from New Port of Miami to **FREEPORT, ST. THOMAS, SAN JUAN** and **CAP HAITIEN,** too! Luxury ship with first class staterooms, two lower beds, fully air conditioned. Duty-free shopping, pool, sauna, gym, superb cuisine, star entertainment, plus the glamorous Caribbean. See your Travel Agent or call **COMMODORE CRUISE LINES:** (305) 373-5502.
Fare from $195 per person.
Reg. in West Germany.



BRAND NEW
Boheme
COMMODORE Cruise Lines

COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER

Cafe Pierre

New York's intimate rendezvous for cocktails, dinner and supper

5TH AVENUE & 61 STREET • TE 8-8000

Furniture for Gracious Living
Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at 964 Third Ave., New York City. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 75¢ to Dept. N.
UNION-NATIONAL INC., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

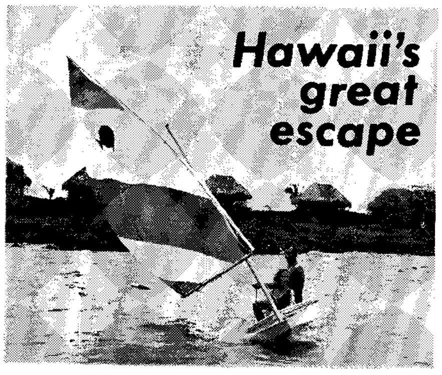
ing his previous intricate balancing act, with all its acrobatics, justified by history, but there will probably be no encores.

WHILE the situation in Cambodia is, at best, precarious for Lon Nol, the situation in Laos remains perilous for the neutralist government. Since Premier Souvanna Phouma's rejection last June of an indication from Hanoi that if the Americans stopped bombing the Ho Chi Minh Trail it would be willing to talk about a military and political settlement, the Communist military forces have attacked more strongly than at any time since 1962. Having replied to the North Vietnamese ambassador's proposal in May by saying that the North Vietnamese would have to withdraw all their forces (then numbering fifty thousand, and now closer to seventy-five thousand) from Laos before the American bombing would stop, Souvanna Phouma allowed General Vang Pao, the leader of the Meo tribal army that is the country's only reliable fighting force—and that is supported by the C.I.A.—to move onto the Plaine des Jarres, in north-central Laos, which had been held since 1964 by the Communists. With the help of American bombers, Vang Pao began what turned out to be a considerable counter-escalation of the war in Laos. The North Vietnamese were driven eastward off the Plaine, losing a vast amount of equipment and supplies. By the end of the year, they had been regrouped and reinforced, and in January they began their own counterattack, which has now imperilled Vang Pao's two major bases, Sam Thong and Long Cheng, adjacent to the Plaine. No fewer than fourteen North Vietnamese and Pathet Lao battalions are occupying that area today. The Communists can probably capture both sites (they took Sam Thong in March and then lost it again), though at a considerable cost in casualties—which Vang Pao, despite the fact that he has suffered heavy losses himself, is still capable of inflicting. A second move the Communists can make is to try to interdict the whole area between Vientiane, the administrative capital, and Luang Prabang, the royal capital, just to the west of the Plaine des Jarres. Another possible Communist move is an attack against the town of Paksane, on the Mekong River, west of the Laotian Panhandle and the main area of the Ho Chi Minh Trail complex. Such an attack would threaten both the heart of Laos and

Your past begins the moment you try this restless parfum from France. Crêpe de Chine by F. Millot. Also in Eau de Toilette and bath luxuries.

CRÊPE
DE CHINE
F. MILLOT
PARIS FRANCE

...by this time you should have quite a past



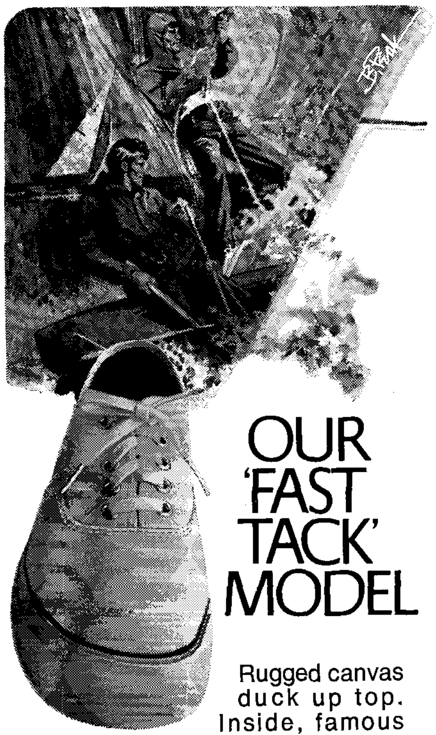
Hawaii's great escape

KONA VILLAGE RESORT

Want to really get away from it all, then this is the resort for you—a restored, native Polynesian village nestled along the Kona Coast of the Big Island-Hawaii. You'll stay in thatched roof cottages with modern comforts; dine extravagantly; luau under the stars; explore for ancient artifacts; swim; hunt; fish; and sail. Truly unique, unforgettable, here is where the word "RELAX" was born. Fly to nearby Kailua-Kona Airport from your city without extra charge—consult your travel agent or our representative, Glen W. Fawcett in West, Robert F. Warner in East.

Write for color brochure and rates to:

KONA VILLAGE RESORT HOTEL
P. O. Box 366 NY
Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96740



OUR 'FAST TACK' MODEL

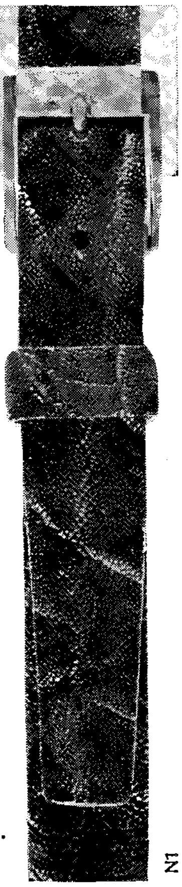
Rugged canvas duck up top. Inside, famous Posture Foundation® support. And deckside, our unique "Grip Block" sole for sure footing. Set your course for the Jack Purcell Windjammer.

Jack Purcell®
BFGoodrich 100th Anniversary

neighboring Thailand. The seizure by Communist forces on April 30th of the town of Attopeu, west of the Ho Chi Minh Trail, is clear proof of the determination of the North Vietnamese to widen their Trail complex by safeguarding the route south from Laos into Cambodia via the Sekong River. Attopeu lies between the plateau and the Sekong, and as long as the Laotian government held it, traffic along the river could be interdicted. Despite several attacks on Attopeu over the past years, the Communists had never been so bold as to grab it, and the fact that they have now done so emphasizes as nothing else could their need to find new supply routes into Cambodia, now that they no longer have Sihanoukville.

In the last two or three weeks, the Communist offensive has been held back by rains in the North, which came earlier than usual this year. The North Vietnamese battalions are also suffering, as they did last year, from illness and from a shortage of supplies—a problem that has been aggravated by the Vientiane government's removal of most of the population in and around the Plaine. In the past, these people were impressed as porters by the North Vietnamese troops. Moreover, the rains helped lift the smog, abetted by brush fires at the end of the dry season, that had restricted allied air attacks; in the last few weeks, the planes have been hitting hard again at the now overextended North Vietnamese lines.

Early in March, the central committee of the Laotian Patriotic Front, which is the political arm of the Pathet Lao, offered Souvanna, at Hanoi's instigation, a peace plan that included, as before, a demand for complete American military withdrawal, plus a demand for disavowal by Laos of any foreign military alliances, and for an election to set up a National Assembly and create "a democratic government"—pending which there would be "a consultative conference and a provisional coalition government" embracing all parties. This is essentially the same program that the Communists have offered South Vietnam. Souvanna, in his reply, repeated what he had said before—that the North Vietnamese consistently have violated the Geneva accords of 1962 in Laos and have invaded the country in force. He then declared that he was ready to agree to a cease-fire and to the immediate withdrawal of all foreign troops, under the supervision of the International Control Commission, and to "a meeting of the interested parties, in a place to be determined, to discuss



ELEPHANT IS THE NAME OF OUR GAME!

ELEGANT ELEPHANT BELTS

"You'll probably outgrow them before you wear them out!" Our famous luxuriously supple Genuine Elephant Leather. Solid Brass buckles. 1" Dress Belt, French feathered edge, $12.95. Fashion's favorite 1¼" width, $14.95. Newest 1½" width, $17.95. Money Belt, concealed zippered compartment, 1¼", $16.95. All priced in Midnight Black. Sizes 28-42. Add $1 shipping

N.Y. Residents Add Tax

CONSERVATION IS OUR BUSINESS!

Our Elephant Leather is collected through Government-sponsored Habitat-Preservation projects under Conservation Agency control.

Write For Our Conservation Bulletins

Visit Our SAFARILAND™ SHOP or Write For Our New 84-PAGE CATALOG

HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. New York 10022

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing and boating. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

17 40 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

PORTRAITS, INC.

EXHIBITION:
PORTRAITS IN REVIEW 1969-1970
THRU MAY 26th

41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK 10022

Two more shots for the cause.

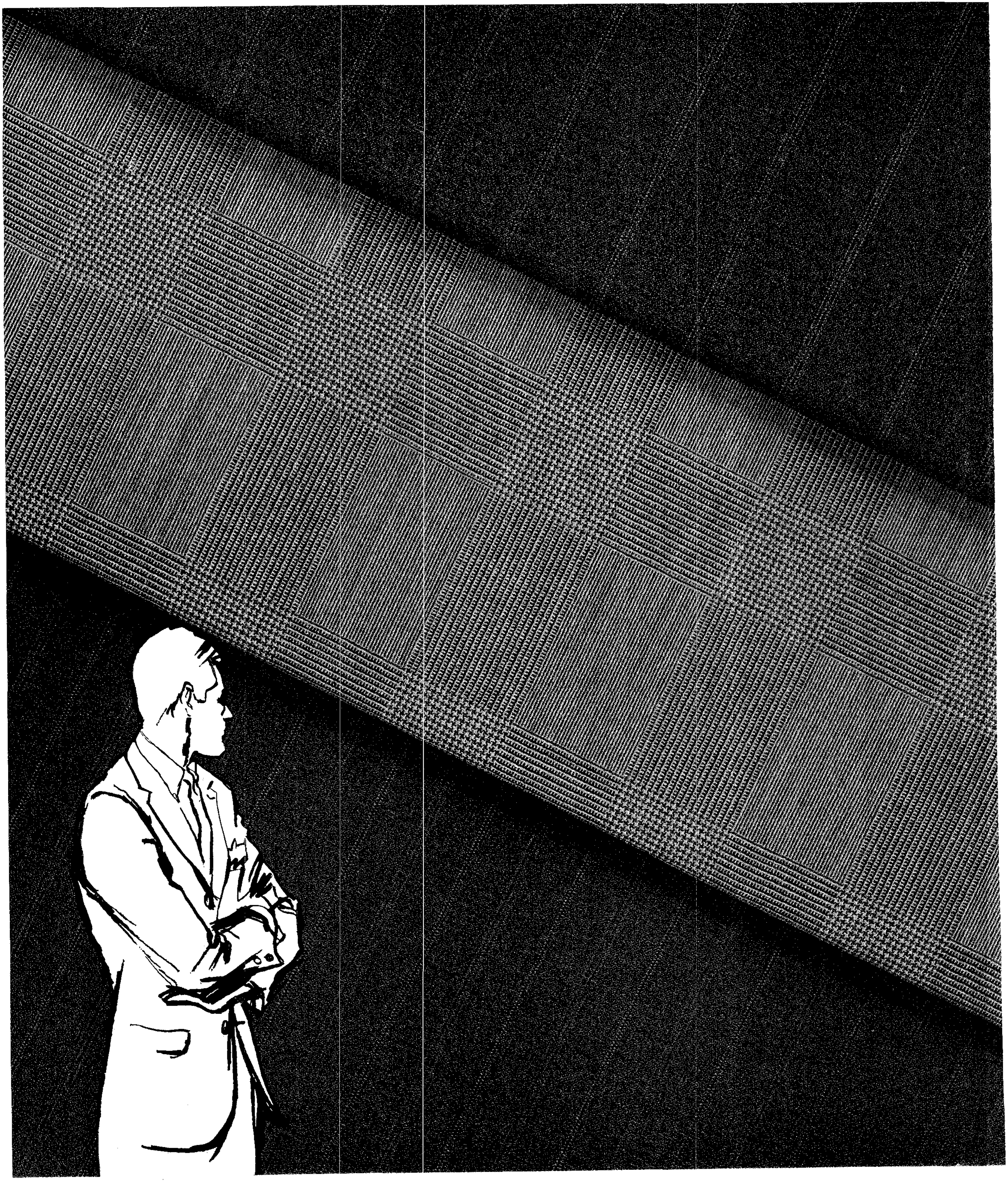
"Loyalty to Ballantine's Scotch never goes unrewarded."

"I'm with him."

The more you know about Scotch, the more loyal you are to Ballantine's.

Be a Ballantine's Loyalist

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND.
86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N.Y.C.



Grosvenor Bengal, the status suiting by Southwick. Decisively individual imported lightweight worsteds which bespeak self-confidence. Naturally tailored in a manner and style born of quality and good taste. Southwick - A tradition among gentlemen. From $150.

PRICES HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Southwick Clothes

Southwick
DIRECTORY OF STORES

NEW YORK, N.Y.	PAUL STUART
Albany, N. Y.	Dall's
Allentown, Pa.	Gentry
Asheville, N. C.	Bell's
Atlanta, Ga.	H. Stockton–Atlanta
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Baltimore, Md.	Eddie Jacobs, Ltd.
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Berkeley, Cal.	George J. Good
Birmingham, Ala.	Shaia's of Homewood
Birmingham, Mich.	Claymore Shop
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Peller & Mure
Cambridge, Mass.	J. August
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Gentry, Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, O.	Burkhardt's
Clarksburg, W. Va.	Kaitea, Ltd.
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, O.	Bunce Brothers
Colorado Springs, Colo.	London Shop for Men
Columbia, S. C.	J. Patrick Treadway
Columbus, O.	The Union
Dallas, Tex.	Varsity Shop
Dayton, O.	D. H. Peer, Ltd.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Easley, S. C.	Barron's, Ltd.
Flint, Mich.	James, Inc.
Fort Worth, Tex.	Clyde Campbell
Fresno, Cal.	Hodge & Sons
Grand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Sterr
Hackensack, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Hempstead, N. Y.	Edw. Miller
High Point, N. C.	Arnold Craven Clothiers
Houston, Tex.	William Richard
Huntington, N. Y.	Marsh's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	Owens, Ltd.
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Knoxville, Tenn.	Hansom House
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lancaster, Pa.	Filling's
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Los Angeles, Cal.	Lew Ritter
Louisville, Ky.	Schupp & Snyder, Inc.
Lynchburg, Va.	S. H. Franklin Co.
Madison, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Manchester, N. H.	Jim's Oxford Shop
Manhasset, N.Y.	David's
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sim's, Ltd.
Morganton, N. C.	Lazarus
Newport, R. I.	Narragansett Clothing Co.
Newport News, Va.	Beecroft & Bull Ltd.
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden
New York, New York	Paul Stuart
New York, New York	Walker & Florio
Norfolk, Va.	Egerton & Lea, Ltd.
Norwood, Mass.	Joseph's
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Connolly's
Palo Alto, Cal.	Tearney's
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz.	Mill's-Touche
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Portland, Ore.	Ray Bolger
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Red Bank, N. J.	Roots
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Roanoke, Va.	Jos. Davidsons
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley's
Sacramento, Cal.	Irwin at the Crossroads
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
San Diego, Cal.	Lion
San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Santa Ana, Cal.	Guy Livingston
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Short Hills, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Spokane, Wash.	Klothes Kloset
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Springfield, Mass.	A. O. White
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomingdale's
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Swampscott, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Tarrytown, N. Y.	John Charles, Ltd.
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Tucson, Ariz.	Mill's-Touche
Tulsa, Okla.	Connolly's
University of Va.	Ed Michtom's
Washington, D. C.	Arthur Adler
West Hartford, Conn.	Allen Collins
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Wilton, Conn.	The Suburbanite

For stores in other cities write

TAILORED BY
Southwick

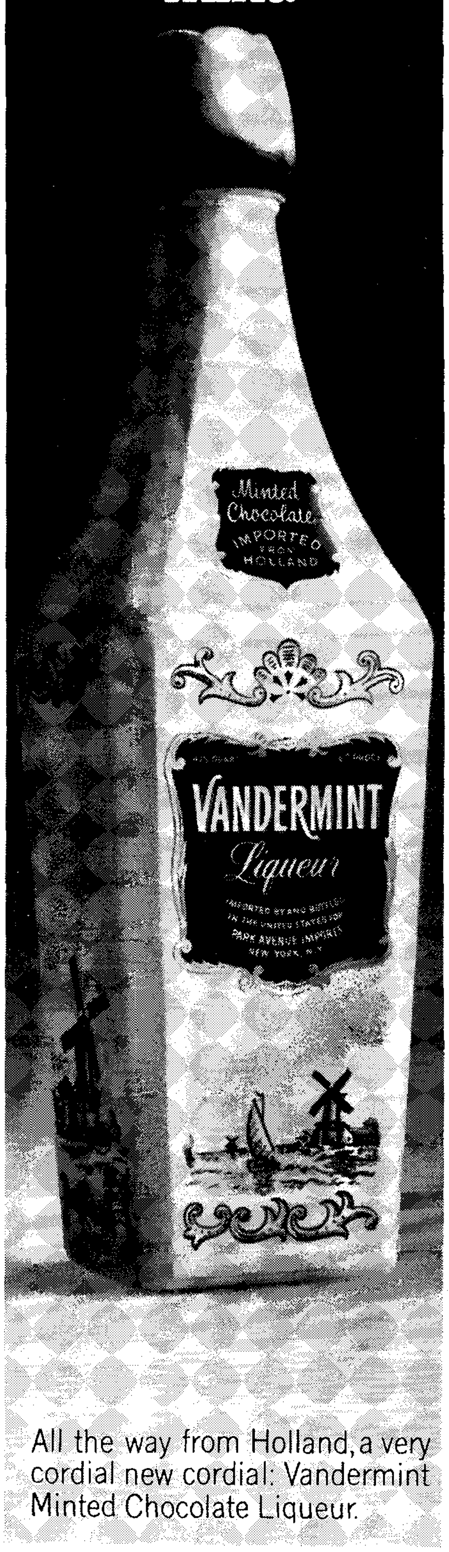
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, New York 10019

thoroughly all points of difference and to seek an equitable and definite solution, taking into account national interests only, without interference in the internal affairs of neighboring countries, which is the very condition of neutrality." This seemed more an amendment than a rejection of the Communists' offer. In a number of interviews recently, Souvanna has said that the area of Laos through which the Ho Chi Minh Trail runs is virtually uninhabited and as far as he is concerned is of no real national value, that the North Vietnamese can have it, and that it is up to Washington and Hanoi to decide what to do about stopping the bombing. In the last month and a half, the Russians and the Americans have exchanged messages in which Moscow countered an American request for new consultations on Laos with a demand that the Americans stop the bombing first. All this has left things pretty much as they were.

Meanwhile, American opinion has been further aroused by the gradual disclosure—through leaks, and finally the release of a partial transcript of the secret Senate hearings on Laos—of the details of the American involvement in Laos since 1964. Despite the fact that relatively little has now been disclosed that had not been known before, if only unofficially, the reaction in the United States was to increase sentiment against any further involvement in Laos or Cambodia. Unfortunately, whatever chances existed for halting the bombing of the Ho Chi Minh Trail—even for a trial period—have been diminished as a result of our intervention in Cambodia. To stop the bombing now, the American military argue, would give the North Vietnamese total freedom to pour supplies and troops not only into Laos and South Vietnam but also into Cambodia. Because of the longer route involved, the military maintain that they can interdict thirty or more per cent of the traffic rather than the current twenty per cent.

In view of North Vietnam's determination to dominate Laos as well as South Vietnam and Cambodia, and of China's approbation and supervision of this course, it seems that there is little the United States can do except persuade Souvanna Phouma to restore the coalition with the Communists that fell apart in 1964. The low-level American counter-insurgency support in Laos has bought time but not space, and as far as the United States is concerned the situation is not likely to improve, no

Vandermint.
The 60 proof chocolate after-dinner mint.



All the way from Holland, a very cordial new cordial: Vandermint Minted Chocolate Liqueur.

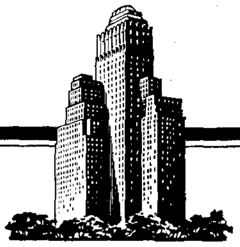
IMPORTED BY & BOTTLED IN THE U.S. FOR PARK AVENUE IMPORTS, 375 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 60 PROOF.

matter how many more alternating dry-season and wet-season offensives and counter-offensives take place.

The recent Cambodian events simply aggravate the Laotian situation, since the widening of the war serves the Communists better than it does either the new Cambodian government or the Americans. However, there are signs that the Communists are aware of the dangers of overextending themselves in Cambodia, too, and that they need time to create their own rebel political structure there. They may threaten Phnom Penh, but they are not expected to actually attack it; they seem more interested in consolidating their new military strength within the country and then creating an equivalent of the Provisional Revolutionary Government in South Vietnam. If Lon Nol collapses, they will naturally move swiftly to take over, but they would almost certainly prefer a coalition deal in Cambodia, as in Laos, since it offers them the best and safest road to power.

WHATEVER the previous opportunity for or the advisability of big new ground and air attacks on Laos and Cambodia in order to "win" the war in Vietnam, as once urged by the military, there is no likelihood that such an effort can now succeed. The announced primary objective of our first Cambodian attack, the headquarters of COSVN—the Communists' Central Office for South Vietnam—has so far proved elusive, and will probably continue to do so, since reliable reports indicate that it was moved at the time of the coup against Sihanouk. Negotiation is still the best way out, but it still takes two to negotiate. Since neither Hanoi nor Peking wants negotiations at present—they certainly want to wait and see which way Cambodia turns—that leaves only the Russians as a source of leverage, and Moscow has continued to vacillate. The Russians are scarcely in a position to persuade their Chinese antagonists to begin talks, and since the coup in Cambodia the Soviet influence over the North Vietnamese is probably less than it was.

The prospects for peace are thus gloomier than ever. And what is happening in Saigon today, on the government side, scarcely improves the outlook. The rebellious attitude of South Vietnamese students and war veterans, and the friction between President Nguyen Van Thieu and the National Assembly, which has worsened the already bad economic crisis, threaten to cancel the gains that have been made in



Enjoy New York at
a Prestige Hotel Address
at Moderate Rates...
overlooking Central Park!

The Barbizon-Plaza
AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.

...renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza's fine personalized service, superb French Cuisine and 24 hour operator-attended elevators have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

RESERVATIONS
AT GUARANTEED RATES

Choice Singles.....$19.00 to $26.00
Choice Doubles ...$26.00 to $34.00
Tower Studio Suites $34.00 to $40.00

Free Indoor Garage with:
Singles from $24.00.
Doubles from $32.00.

WRITE FOR
FREE COLOR BROCHURE "N"

TELEPHONE: (212) CI-7-7000 • TELETYPE: 212-640-4099

Garden Ornaments
CONTEMPORARY AND TRADITIONAL

Erkins has many decorative fountains, figures and other ornaments of lead, bronze, stone and marble, in a wide price range. Send 50¢ for fully-illustrated Catalogue . . . or visit our galleries.

Planter Pool, 36" x 27", with lead bubbler and pump, $280.00. Also other sizes and shapes. Charming lead figure, $350.00. Prices f.o.b. New York.

Erkins STUDIOS
Dept. 302, 8 West 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018

An 18th century Japanese palace to eat in, drink in and be entertained in.

The Benihana Palace
15 W. 44th St., NYC. Phone 682-7120

Pilot House, Nassau, Bahamas. Where you're close to everything. In a world of your own.

Pilot House, Nassau, Bahamas
See your travel agent or our rep. Robert Reid Associates, Inc.

Peter's BACKYARD
OPEN 7 DAYS

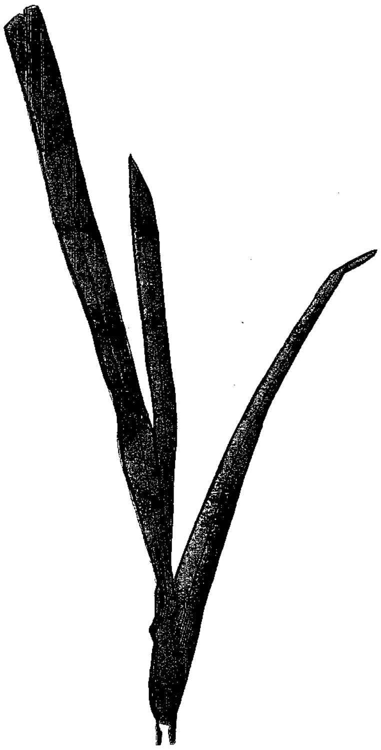
Charcoal Broiled
STEAKS • CHOPS LOBSTER
Now open for lunch, Mon. - Fri.
Res. suggested: **GR 3-2400**

the countryside over the past year. It has become fashionable in Vietnam to maintain—and it is basically correct—that the psychological and political benefits gained by the Communists in the 1968 Tet offensive were dissipated by the huge losses they suffered and by the fact that the Saigon government, though belatedly, became aware of its opportunity to pull itself together. Some improvements were indeed made, but today the situation, aggravated by rampant inflation, has become more serious than ever, both economically and politically.

Ironically, the coup in Cambodia and its aftermath have given the Communists an unexpected psychological boost similar to the one they received from the Tet offensive, and at far less physical cost. What was regarded as a pro-Western move could prove to be the final blow to the American effort to withdraw from Vietnam in orderly fashion. The ugly racial aspect of the situation, with Vietnamese not only killing each other in Vietnam and in Cambodia but killing and being killed by Cambodians, could set off a new bloodbath, which in the long run would mostly benefit the Communists (although the attempt to create interracial unity at the Indo-China People's Conference suggests that the Communists are also aware of the dangers of racial upheaval).

If everything now comes unhinged, those who have urged the United States to admit failure in Southeast Asia and to gain stature by withdrawing completely will win new support at home. If things somehow stick together in Cambodia and Laos and the war simply drags on, but in a broader area, it will surely get messier, and public opinion in the United States will be more sharply divided and more painfully disillusioned than ever. At the moment, nothing is clear or certain. Correspondents cover the war in Cambodia by riding down dangerous roads on Hondas or in air-conditioned Mercedes-Benz sedans hired in Phnom Penh for inflated sums. (A dozen reporters have been captured by the Communists so far.) In Laos, the correspondents chase the elusive Vang Pao around in hired planes. In Vietnam, they ride helicopters by day and are briefed in Saigon at dusk with computerized statistics about population control and body counts. Less and less makes sense. The war—or wars—has become as unreal and macabre as a bad trip in the East Village.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN



Oxygen Giver

A blade of grass.

Using the rays of the sun as its source of energy, grass synthesizes carbon dioxide, water and minerals to promote green growth. In the process, it takes pollutants from the air, filters out dust particles, and gives off oxygen in return.

In fact, actively growing grass on a 50 by 50 ft. plot releases enough oxygen to meet the needs of a family of four, day by day.

The world needs more such greenery.

Copies of this message available from Scotts, the grass people, Marysville, Ohio 43040. No reprint permission necessary.

Uncrowded

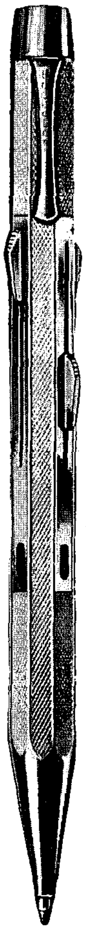
...yet you are only 100 miles from the city

A leisurely round of golf on our uncrowded 27-hole course is just part of the fun at Buck Hill. High in the picturesque Poconos, The Inn is only a pleasant drive from New York or Philadelphia. Horseback riding, tennis, lawn bowling and other activities in season.

Special Golf Package Plans

Reservation Office: New York: 30 Rockefeller Plaza W. (212) 245-5620,

BUCK HILL
INN & GOLF CLUB
BUCK HILL FALLS • PA.
TELEPHONE (717) 595-7441



4 COLOR MEGYSKA BALLPOINT PEN

A superbly efficient mechanism of this excellent precision Swiss 4 Color Ballpoint Pen assures many years of pleasurable, troublefree handwriting. Choose ink color with simple flip of the finger. The stem is perfectly balanced for effortless performance. Classic in design, unobtrusively elegant, Megyska is the favorite of professional men here and abroad. Standard refills.

$4.00 each
2/$7.50 **6/$21.00** 12/**$37.50**
plus 35¢ postage

Your Money Back Guarantee

J.D. BROWNE
900 North Point Ghirardelli Square
San Francisco, California 94109
Name
Address

quantity check encl.
chg. Diners accnt.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Feet First

THE Royal Ballet continued its season at the Metropolitan Opera House last week. I did not attend Thursday night's "Romeo and Juliet," because I have nothing more to say about it. I have already written several times that it is a magnificent spectacle, that the MacMillan choreography is wonderful, and that Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev in the principal roles are a once-in-a-lifetime experience—and also, by the way, that the score, by Prokofieff, is one of the most beautiful ones of its kind ever created. I went instead to Tuesday evening's mixed bag, which consisted of "Daphnis and Chloë," "Symphonic Variations," and "A Wedding Bouquet," all choreographed by Frederick Ashton. "Daphnis and Chloë" is an old Fokine ballet, with music by Maurice Ravel, and I suspect that it has been re-created with all the reverence that Sir Frederick bestows on such resurrections. There was some nice dancing by Jennifer Penney as Chloë, Robert Mead as Daphnis, Georgina Parkinson as the bad girl Lykanion, and Keith Rosson as the herdsman Dorkon. But the whole concept of this ballet, which was created in 1912 for Diaghilev, is now terribly old-fashioned. It has neither the clear recitative-and-aria character of classical ballet nor the concise, abstract character of modern ballet. I found it pretty tiresome.

"Symphonic Variations" is entirely different. It is an original Ashton creation rather than a historical restoration, and it is abstract in the manner that we have learned to like in the ballets of George Balanchine. Not that it represents a recent conversion of Sir Frederick to this sort of ballet. It has been in the repertory for many years. But it is a continuously exciting affair, in which one may concentrate on dancing rather than on scenery and parades. The dancers were Antoinette Sibley, Ann Jenner, Jennifer Penney, Anthony Dowell, Robert Mead, and Michael Coleman. Their dancing, done mostly in symmetrical arrangements, was of the highest order, and Mr. Coleman, who had more than the rest to do, distinguished himself in some spectacular whirling leaps. "A Wedding Bouquet" is that nutty affair based

WASHINGTON, D.C.

A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the great European tradition. Elegant, quiet, unruffled—never a convention.

THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Streets, Northwest
Washington, D.C. 20005
Telephone (202) 483-6400
or see your travel agent
Marshall B. Coyne, President

SALUD AMOR Y PESETAS Y TIEMPO PARA DISFRUTARLAS

WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE?

"Health, love, wealth — and time to enjoy them" reads the warm Spanish toast on the rim. Cast in sand, this 9" diameter plate is a fusion of ten different metals in precise proportions that give it the feel and look of old pewter. Makes fine ashtray or warming dish when not decorating your mantel. Oven safe.
$10.75, postpaid

CASUAL LIVING, Stony Hill, Bethel, Ct. 06801

When in Philadelphia visit Madame Wellington,
the biggest thief in town

WELLINGTON JEWELS COUNTERFEIT
JEWELERS TO THE WORLD
Bellevue Stratford Hotel
Broad & Walnut, Phila. 19102

MEXICO

The mysterious stone heads of La Venta. How did they get there? The Olmecs moved these gigantic heads through swamp and jungle without benefit of the wheel. How they did it, or where the heads came from is just one of the mysteries of this oldest known culture in Mexico. There are others. Come explore the myths and mysteries. Mexico is an endless discovery.

MEXICO 70

Mexican Information Office, Dept. M-05
Mexico House, 9445 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, California 90212

Send more information on
the endless discovery of Mexico

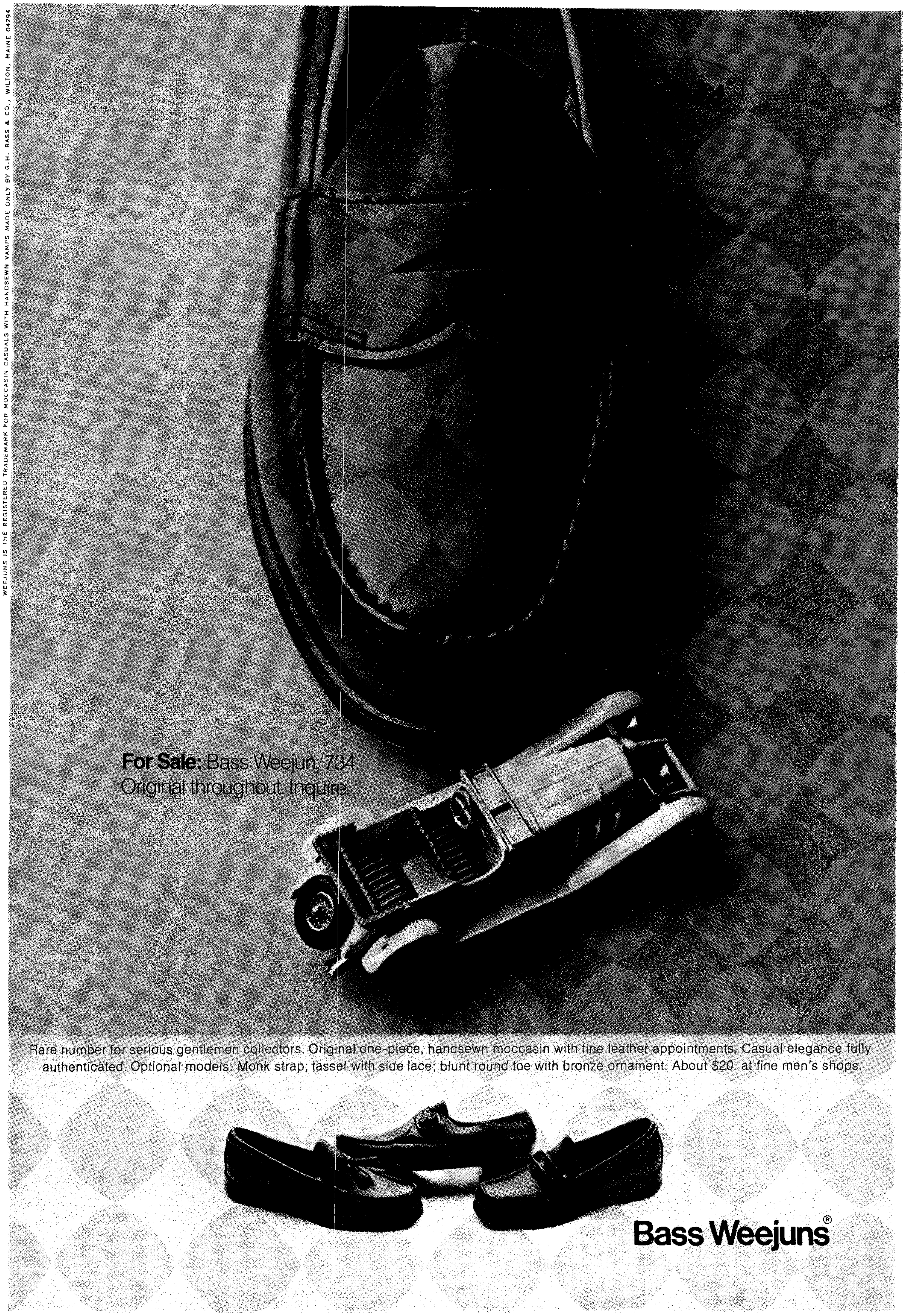
Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________State________Zip______

Site of the 1970 World Soccer-Football Cup
Mexican National Tourist Council/Mexican Tourism Department

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



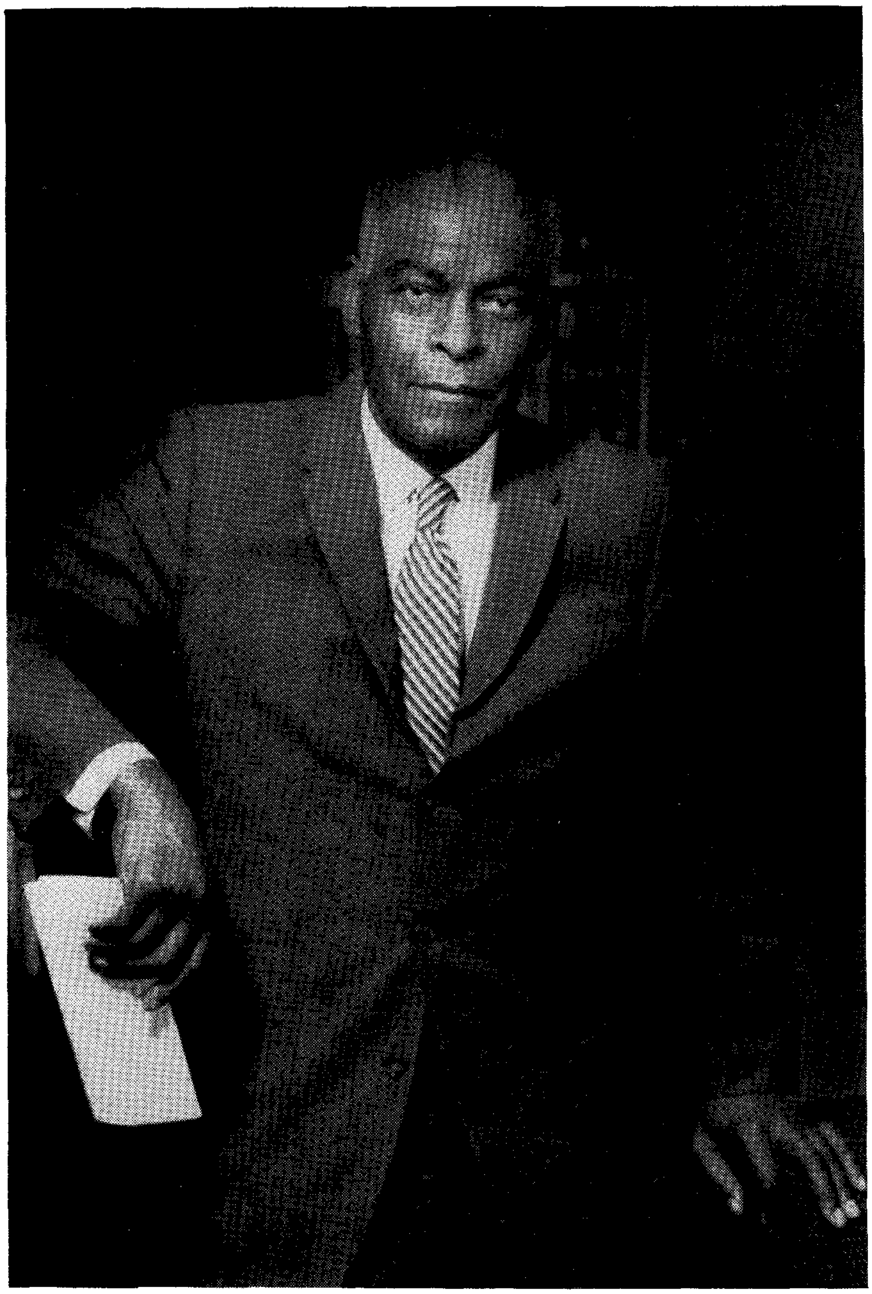
For Sale: Bass Weejun 734.
Original throughout. Inquire.

Rare number for serious gentlemen collectors. Original one-piece, handsewn moccasin with fine leather appointments. Casual elegance fully authenticated. Optional models: Monk strap; tassel with side lace; blunt round toe with bronze ornament. About $20. at fine men's shops.

Bass Weejuns®

WEEJUNS IS THE REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR MOCCASIN CASUALS WITH HANDSEWN VAMPS MADE ONLY BY G.H. BASS & CO., WILTON, MAINE 04294 on words by Gertrude Stein, with a narrator (Robert Helpmann nowadays), and a whole troupe of solo dancers who present witty ideas and clown it up in a very amusing manner. Like the immortal "Façade," this is, to me, one of Ashton's masterpieces. The music, by Lord Berners, still sparkles. The scenery and costumes, also by Lord Berners, are a delight. The cast is so large that it is difficult to pick out any single dancer for commendation, but Deanne Bergsma, as the drunken Josephine, has a way of standing out through the whole production.

LAST Thursday night's Philharmonic concert in Philharmonic Hall, under the direction—intermittently, at least—of Lorin Maazel, was a peculiar affair, and a little on the thin side. Mr. Maazel, for a reason that utterly escapes me, chose to present himself as a violinist and to make himself and his violin the center of the evening's activities. Now, Mr. Maazel, this season, is beginning to show the attributes of a mature and skillful conductor. As a violinist, he is good enough but not remarkable, and to me he was wasting his major talent during most of the evening. He started with the Bach Concerto in D Minor for Two Violins and Orchestra, in which the orchestra's concertmaster, David Nadien, was the other part of the duo. The effect was not unpleasant. The work is an old war-horse, not particularly difficult for either performer, and both Mr. Maazel and Mr. Nadien showed a mastery of such elementary matters as *détaché* bowing. Then Mr. Maazel appeared as soloist in Mozart's Concerto No. 3 in G Major for Violin and Orchestra, K. 216. This work presents more difficulties for a violinist, and Mr. Maazel overcame them with a reasonable amount of grace, though I daresay that any of ten men in the first-violin section of the orchestra could have performed as well. Whenever Mr. Maazel was not occupied with being a soloist, he did a certain amount of perfunctory and wholly unnecessary conducting; the orchestra seemed to be doing quite well whether he was conducting it or not. It did strike me that this might have been intended as a demonstration of how these things were done in Mozart's day, when violinist-conductors usually conducted and played at the same time. But this is a case in which history has improved things, and I can see no excuse for such demonstrations nowadays except to show that a conductor can play the violin,



Dr. Benjamin E. Mays, President Emeritus, Morehouse College, Atlanta
President, Atlanta Board of Education

Bachrach First family
of Photographers

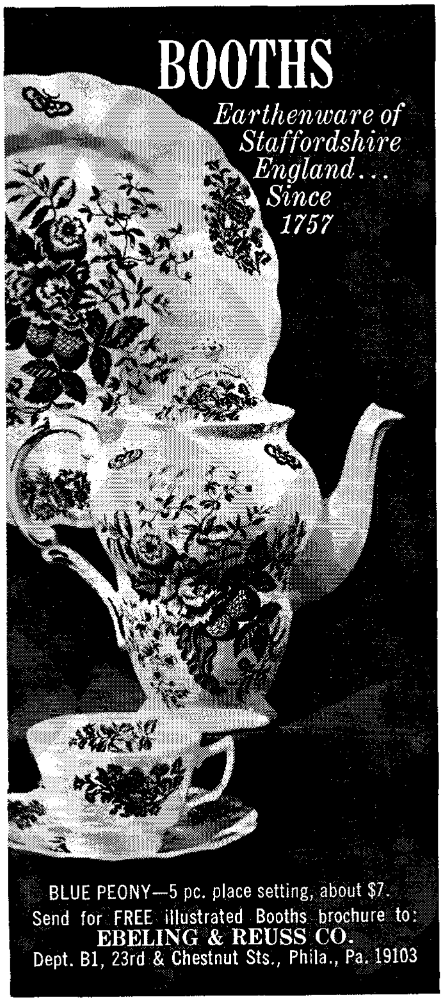
A sitting in black and white plus six glossies
costs only $49.50. Direct color from $150.00.

Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 Tel. 755-6233
Atlanta • Baltimore • Boston • Chicago • Hartford • Philadelphia • Providence • Short Hills, N.J. • Washington

THIS IS
ILLUMS BOLIGHUS

Temple Fielding writes in his Travel Guide:
"Illums Bolighus comes closest to being the dream shop of any American hostess or host that we've found in all Europe. It is loaded with the latest, newest, most stunning things for the house and for party-giving that are possible to imagine…"

ILLUMS BOLIGHUS
PEDESTRIAN STREET · COPENHAGEN

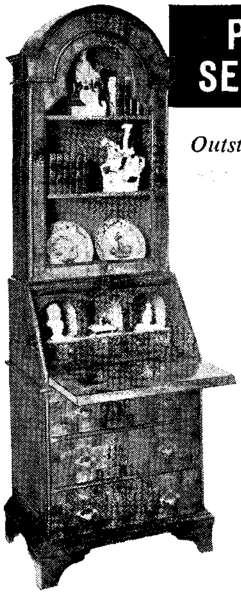


BOOTHS
Earthenware of Staffordshire England… Since 1757

BLUE PEONY—5 pc. place setting, about $7.
Send for FREE illustrated Booths brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
Dept. B1, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

too. The concert ended with two items by Stravinsky: the concert suite from "L'Histoire du Soldat," with Mr. Maazel in the solo violin part, and the Suite No. 1, which was written for the delectation of Stravinsky's children. I have always considered "L'Histoire du Soldat," whether staged or done in concert form, as it was that night, to be awfully arch, and dreadfully long for the musical material it contains. It is, for me, one of the most wispy, incoherent, and boring of Stravinsky's works. Another of the most boring is the Suite No. 1, for which, finally, Mr. Maazel laid aside his violin and took up the baton. I left the auditorium without much feeling of satisfaction. It remains to be recorded that the suite from "L'Histoire du Soldat" requires the services of seven artists, and that it was quite well performed. The artists were—besides Mr. Maazel, who stood stage center playing his violin—Robert Brennand, double bass; William Vacchiano, trumpet; Edward Herman, Jr., trombone; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Manuel Zegler, bassoon; and Elden Bailey, percussion.

NOW, if you want to know how the exhibitionistic violin virtuosos of the *nineteenth* century performed, you should go, as I did last Wednesday night, to a concert by the violinist Aaron Rosand. This one was given in Carnegie Hall. I had not in many years witnessed the amount of violinistic *machismo* that Mr. Rosand brought to his performances. He has flowing hair and a heroic manner. He stands with his feet wide apart, hurling his bow at the strings, sometimes crouching over his instrument as Paganini did, sometimes weaving like a boxer. For a couple of the numbers, he had the lights turned down, presumably to create a romantic atmosphere. If there was some hamminess in all this, one can only point out that most nineteenth-century virtuosos played with a certain amount of hamminess, and that Mr. Rosand is something of a specialist in nineteenth-century Romantic violin playing. But there was nothing hammy in the evidence of painstaking scholarship that went into the makeup of his program. It was an extremely interesting one, composed for the most part of items one seldom hears. It started with Bach's solo Partita No. 6, in the version to which Robert Schumann contributed a modest piano accompaniment. It continued with a recently discovered Sonata in F Major for Violin and Piano by Felix Mendelssohn—a



PRIVATE SECRETARY
from our Outstanding collection

A flawless piece in a limited edition, that follows faithfully every line of the magnificent Queen Anne original. You'll love the richness of striking figured walnut and the antiqued finish in the classic beauty that blends with any decor. The interior is raspberry red, but it can be painted to your taste. H 76", D 17", W 25". $545

Mail Orders Shipped F.O.B. New York City. Add $25 crating charge beyond normal delivery area.

Lloyds has earned the reputation for being unique . . . one of the hottest value spots in town . . . the kind of shop that's a pleasure to browse in. You'll understand why when you visit our vast, ever-changing stock of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and unusual estate pieces. Stop in soon . . . stay as long as you wish, and enjoy yourself.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 E. 60 ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 · PL 9-7313

JULES PODELL PRESENTS
DIONNE WARWICK
With
WOODY HERMAN
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS FRI. & SAT. 8, 11 & 2
SPECIAL PROM LATE SHOWS FRI. & SAT.
10 E. 60 · PL 8-0900

A JAMAICAN TRADITION
Less Pomp—Delightful Circumstance!
Relaxing, casual unspoiled charm. International cuisine, beautiful air-conditioned accommodations, lovely gardens and only moments away from famous Doctor's Cave Beach. All sports and sightseeing nearby.
$11 daily per person, dbl.occ. May 1 to Dec. Includes Continental Breakfast
Sidney F. Attwood, General Manager
GLOUCESTER HOUSE
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA
See your Travel Agent or call
LEONARD HICKS ORG., NEW YORK 765-5800

beautiful work I had never heard. Then there was Enesco's Prelude, Opus 9, and Paganini's Caprice No. 24. And after the intermission there was a sonata by Ernest Bloch and Ravel's "Tzigane." Mr. Rosand is a perfectly splendid violinist, with fantastic agility of the left hand and a bow technique that encompasses remarkable pianissimos, cascading spiccatos, and everything else that one expects from a true virtuoso. The Paganini caprice, for example, was just tossed off, with all its double stops in tune and all its challenges to the bow met with the greatest ease. I found only one thing to complain about. In his heroic enthusiasm, Mr. Rosand sometimes allowed a phrase to end with a rough crescendo, especially when the phrase was being played up-bow. This is a gypsy mannerism unworthy of a violinist of Mr. Rosand's attainments. A capable lady (unnamed in the program) accompanied him in several of the works. I was told later that she is his wife.

I HAVE received an extraordinary number of letters reminding me that I was wrong when I wrote in this space a couple of weeks ago that the vocal solo in Mahler's Fourth Symphony is usually sung by a mezzo-soprano or contralto rather than a soprano. The mistake was, of course, inexcusable, especially on the part of one who was among the earliest crusaders for Mahler's music in this country. Yes, the solo in Mahler's Fourth is always sung by a soprano; the most familiar mezzo or contralto solo in his symphonies is in the Second.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

●

So we shot at beer cans, and Fred's roaring laughter bounced off nearby peaks. In fact, he was—and is—more explosive than a double-barreled shotgun. He is also capricious, loud at times, softer than evening chimes when necessary, and possessed with a roguish sense of humor. A lover of practical jokes, he had taken us to dinner at a local inn earlier that night, throwing a few giant firecrackers under tables of friends, all of whom understood him.—*"The Man Behind Big Bromley," by Tap Goodenough, in Yankee.*

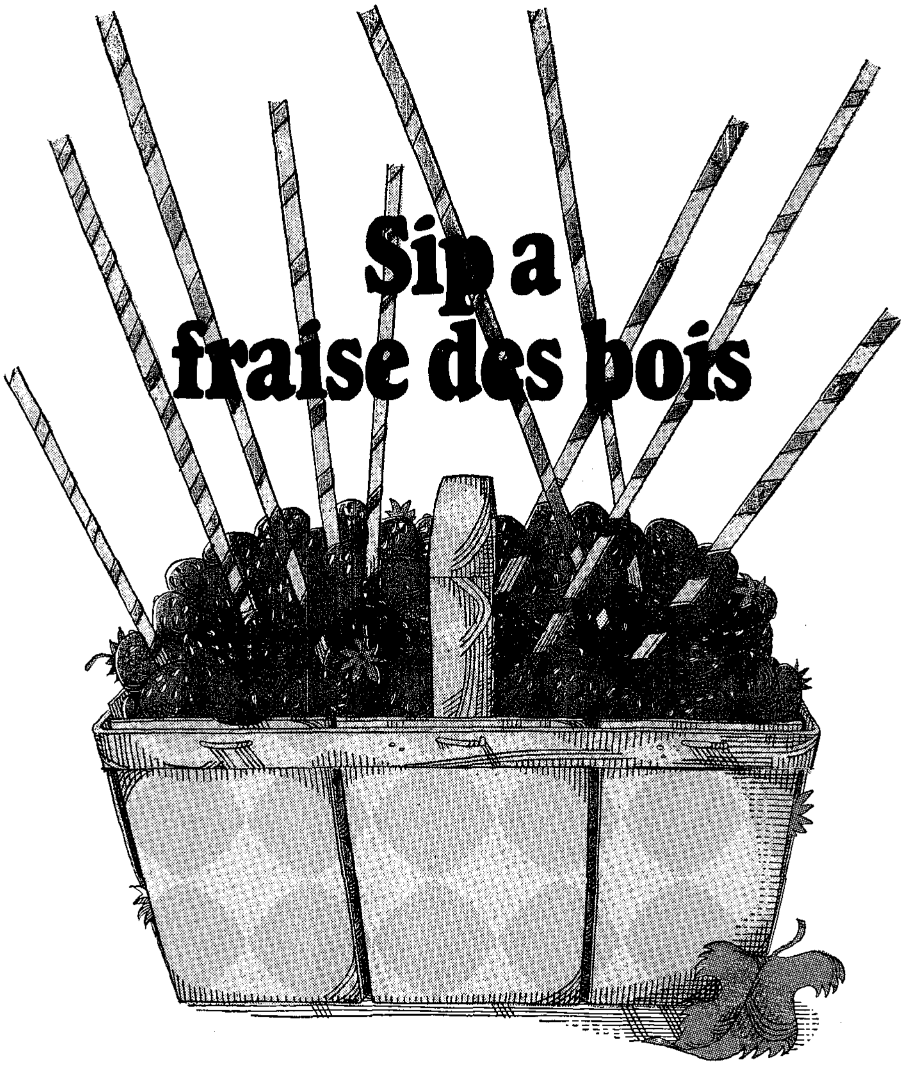
It's not everybody can read Fred.

●

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[Adv. in the Northern Virginia Home-Garden News]

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. (Special)—This is the revolutionary grapefruit diet that everyone is suddenly talking about.... Word of its success has spread like wildlife.



Chambraise
the fabulous aperitif

New! Made with those rare fraises des bois—the tiny wild strawberries of France!

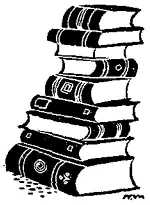
Now you can delight in this joyously wild aperitif flavored with France's unique little wild strawberries...glorious straight or on the rocks.

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U. S. A.: MUNSON SHAW CO., N. Y.

CHAMBRAISE
J. BOISSIERE
CHAMBERY-COMOZ
CHAMBERY

BOOKS

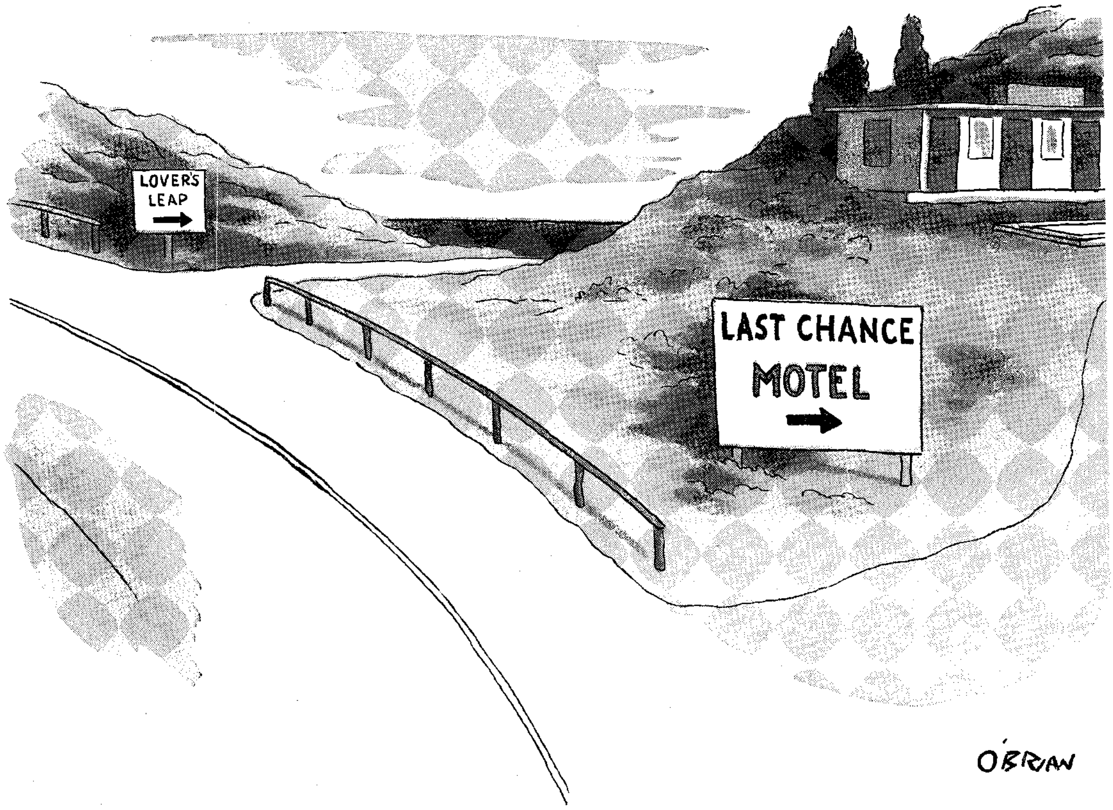
Through Seas of Thought, Alone



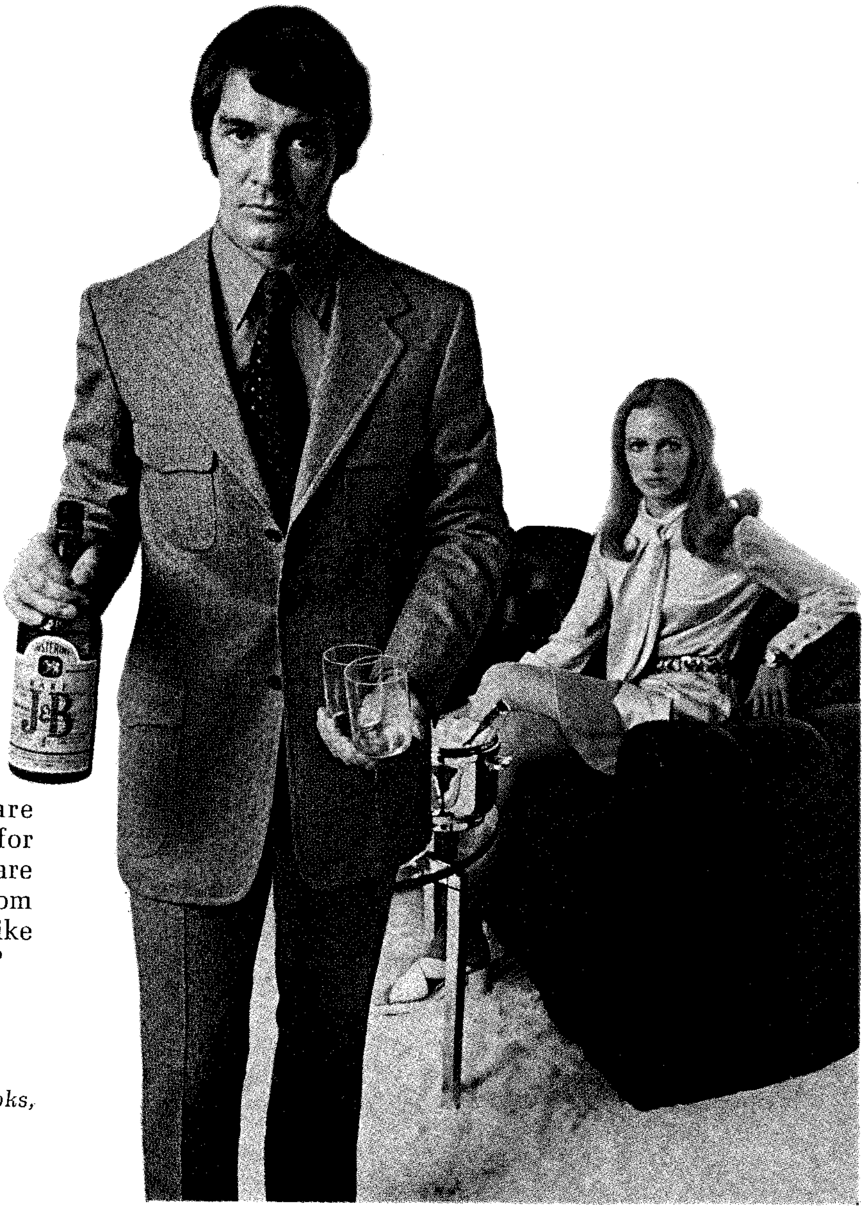
AS all Joyceans know, the journey of the "Wake" proceeds "past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay," and brings us "by a commodius vicus of recirculation back" to our starting point. Vicus. Also known as Ordovico and—in a word that signifies that mazy riverrun of remembrance—viricordo. Elsewhere, Mr. John Baptister Vickar, the premonitor, the herald, and the spokesman of a new vision of history. And on the opening page of "Finnegans Wake," a hundred-letter roll of thunder through which man is roused to conscious being and "the vicous cicles" of human experience are spun into motion. The man whom Joyce points to is, of course, Giambattista Vico (1668-1744), sometime professor of rhetoric at the University of Naples, public orator and panegyrist of Spanish viceroys, member of the Academy of Arcadia and of the Academy of the Idlers (*Oziosi*), lifelong but unsuccessful aspirant to the far more remunerative chair of civil law, author of diverse Latin treatises on physics, jurisprudence, and eloquence. Author also of "The New Science" ("Scienza Nuova")—first edition October, 1725, second December, 1730, third and further enlarged edition the year of his death, and one of the decisive books in the history of Western thought. Vico himself knew this to be so. The University had denied him preferment; he had had to print his great work at his own expense. "He, however," as his delightful "Autobiography" puts it, "blessed all these adversities as so many occasions for withdrawing to his desk, as to his high impregnable citadel, to meditate and to write further works which he was wont to call 'so many noble acts of vengeance against his detractors.' These finally led him to the discovery of his 'New Science.' And when he had written this work, enjoying life, liberty, and honor, he held himself more fortunate than Socrates."

The history of Vico's reputation is as ramified, subterranean, and circuitous as the river in Xanadu. A pupil of his occupied at Naples the first European chair of political economy and kept his master's name alive. There were Vichians in Milan and Venice. Travelling in Italy, Montesquieu heard of a strange, powerful book offering a key to the meaning of history and the origins of political institutions. But major work on Vico came late in Italy—not, perhaps, before Benedetto Croce's famous study of 1911. Goethe knew of the "Scienza Nuova" and many aspects of German romantic thought—its historicism, its stress on the organic singularity of nations and languages, its recourse to mythology as the primary document of past consciousness—seem derived from Vico. But these affinities are probably accidental. The first reference to Vico in English occurs in 1786, in the work of John Gillies, a Scottish historian now completely forgotten. The first true encounter of spirit is that of Coleridge and Vico in May of 1825. An Italian political refugee introduced Coleridge to "The New Science." The myriad-minded poet-metaphysician recognized a forerunner and a kindred. Doctrines so confident, so penetrative of man's soul were—like those of a Shakespeare, a Giordano Bruno, a Spinoza—"things of Now & For Ever and which were Always." R. G. Collingwood's translation of Croce's "Philosophy of Giambattista Vico" came in 1913. Lorenzo da Ponte, Mozart's librettist and the first professor of Italian at Columbia, brought a copy of "Scienza Nuova" to New York. He spoke of it in a catalogue in 1831 in characteristic style: "This illustrious Neapolitan has won belated recognition as one of the most sublime philosophers of the Republic of Letters." Da Ponte was exaggerating, but not by much. The major turn in Vico's reputation had, in fact, occurred, in Paris, seven years before. The story is told, memorably, in Edmund Wilson's "To the Finland Station."

The way in which Jules Michelet came across Vico's name, and then turned to his work, in January of 1824, is as tangled as any incident in modern intellectual history. A terminal note in a French translation of a Scottish historian whom Michelet was reading contained a summary account of Vico. This account was itself at second-hand, being based on an article by a Neapolitan expatriate, F. S. Salfi, who had taken refuge in France after 1815. (To make matters even more Joycean, Salfi's article was not even about Vico but about another Neapolitan luminary of the eighteenth century, Gaetano Filangieri.) This translation also drew Michelet's attention to Victor Cousin, a philosopher of history who had himself heard about Vico from yet another



TRY SOMETHING BETTER.



There is only one J&B Rare Scotch. And only one reason for drinking it. The delightful rare taste you pour every time from every bottle. Isn't something like that worth a few cents more?

J&B Rare Scotch

From the house of Justerini & Brooks, founded 1749.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. The Paddington Corp., N.Y. 10020

WHILE YOU'RE GUARDING THE LIVES OF OTHERS, WHO'S SAFEGUARDING YOUR INVESTMENTS?

Set up a Custody Account with the Trust people at Chase Manhattan.

We know that a man with your responsibilities needs the freedom of not having to worry about investment details.

With a Custody Account at Chase you know your securities are safe, that dividends will be collected, coupons clipped, rights sold or exercised, and accurate, detailed records furnished. And we'll even render income-tax service.

A Custody Account is another way in which the Trust people at Chase are experienced, understanding and creative in helping people find ways to fulfill their personal planning objectives.

How can we help you? Come in and talk it over. Remember, in trust services, you have a friend at Chase Manhattan.

Personal Planning Division • 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza or 535 5th Avenue • Member F.D.I.C.

THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK, N.A.

Italian exile, Pietro de Angelis. It was de Angelis who gave "Scienza Nuova" to Michelet. That passionate young historian of genius caught fire. By July of 1824, he had acquired sufficient Italian to read the great Neapolitan and begin a translation. "I was seized by a frenzy caught from Vico, an incredible intoxication with his great historical principle." An entry in Michelet's journal is itself Vichian poetry and prophecy: "Vico. Effort, infernal shades, grandeur, the golden bough." Michelet's abridged but brilliantly organized and prefaced translation, or, more precisely, adaptation—the "Principes de la Philosophie de l'Histoire"—appeared in 1827. From that moment on, "Scienza Nuova" was a living force. "Nor have I any mind to speak of rivals," wrote Vico in 1725. Today, that calm boast looks justified.

What, then, is Vico's achievement? It is not easy to give a simple answer, because his range is so manifold and because many of his insights have become an intimate part of our intellectual reflexes, and also, as some scholars now emphasize, because "The New Science" was unquestionably grounded in the very special psychological climate of late baroque Naples. Vico's striking modernity is in some degree a trick of perspective. "In the night of thick darkness which envelops the earliest antiquity, so remote from ourselves," wrote Vico, "there shines the eternal and never-failing light of a truth beyond all question: that the world of human society has certainly been made by men, and its principles are therefore to be found within the modifications of our own human mind." This was Vico's formidable "discovery," or working hypothesis. Truth can extend only to those phenomena the knower himself has created. Natural processes, having been created independently of man's volition, are essentially impenetrable or known, at best, through approximations, models, and pictures devised by men. But history, law, politics, the arts—these are human inventions, incorporating and reflecting the structures of human consciousness. In the tercentenary volume "Giambattista Vico, An International Symposium," edited by Giorgio Tagliacozzo (Johns Hopkins Press; twelve dollars), Sir Isaiah Berlin summarizes Vico's ultimate claim to immortality. He formulated for the very first time

the principle according to which man can understand himself because, and in the process, of understanding his past—because he is able to reconstruct imagina-

The elegant Hungarian

PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN HUNGARY
3
PUTTONOS
TOKAJI ASZU
HUNGARIAN LIGHT SWEET WINE
ALCOHOL 13.7% BY VOLUME
EXPORT MONIMPEX BUDAPEST HUNGARY

Tokay Aszu Wine—golden, fragrant, exquisite. The perfect wine with dessert, cheese, fruit, coffee. Imported by International Vintage Wines, San Francisco, Sole Agents, U.S.A.

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · CLOSED SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63rd ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN PAVILION
24 W. 55TH, N. Y. C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
JU 6-5950

DINER A LA FRANCAISE
Nightly exc MON.
6:00 to 11:00 P.M.
SUNDAY from 5:30
LUNCHEON 12/3
A BIT OF BRITTANY IN NEW YORK
L'Armorique
2ND AVE. corner of 54TH ST. · PL 3-3787

SAVE YOUR HEART

OUTDOOR
Stair-Glide®
RENTAL-PURCHASE PLAN AVAILABLE
Installed quickly and easily. Completely weatherproof. Operates all year-round. Surprisingly inexpensive! Operates 110 volts, 60 cycles.
Perfect for: ● LAKE FRONT HOMES ● STEEP HILL TO THE GARAGE ● OUTDOOR STAIRWAY TO HOUSE
INDOOR MODEL ALSO AVAILABLE
Write for free brochure
AMERICAN STAIR-GLIDE CORP.
201 W. 80th Terr. Dept. NY-59
Kansas City, Missouri 64114

PLAIN AND FANCY
A SURVEY OF AMERICAN FOLK ART

GENERAL JACKSON AMERICAN 1819
WATERCOLOR 10 x 8 IN.

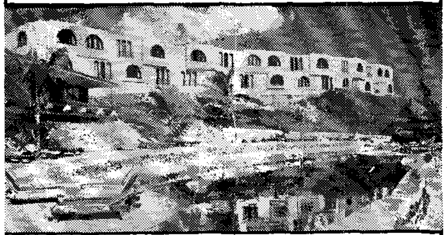
THROUGH MAY 23, 1970

Hirschl & Adler
GALLERIES, INC.
21 EAST 67 STREET NEW YORK N.Y. 10021
(212) 535-8810 CABLE: HIRAMART
TUESDAYS THROUGH FRIDAYS 9:30 TO 5:30
SATURDAYS 9:30 TO 5:00

A 76 PAGE CATALOGUE WITH 20 COLOR AND 70 BLACK AND WHITE ILLUSTRATIONS $3.50 POST PAID

EMILY SHAW'S INN
POUND RIDGE, N. Y.
Finest type of American Food and Cocktails
Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137,
or Route 22 to Bedford Village.
John F. Shaw, Pres.
CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779
VISIT OUR WALK IN WINE CELLAR

St. Croix by the Sea
Christiansted, St. Croix,
U.S. Virgin Islands



• Air Conditioned Rooms • 150 foot swimming pool • Entertainment • Situated on own beach.
See your Travel Agent, or Call.
Write Direct for Color Brochure.
In New York Tel: PL 7-2981

tively (in Aristotle's phrase) what he did and what he suffered, his hopes, wishes, fears, efforts, his acts, and his works, both his own and those of his fellows. With their experiences his own is interwoven, his own and his (and their) ancestors', whose monuments, customs, laws, but, above all, words, still speak to him; indeed, if they did not, and if he did not understand them, he would not understand his fellows' or his own symbols, he would not be able to communicate or think or conceive purposes, to form societies, or become fully human.

Vico not only argued a classification of human knowledge that underlies most modern historical, social, and linguistic studies; he quite literally uncovered a new sense of knowing: "the sense," writes Berlin, "in which I know what it is to be poor, to fight for a cause, to belong to a nation, to join or abandon a church or a party, to feel nostalgia, terror, the omnipresence of a god, to understand a gesture, a work of art, a joke, a man's character, that one is transformed or lying to oneself." Against Descartes, Vico urged that this kind of knowledge was radically different from the one we possess of a mathematical theorem or historical date. It is an activity of perception founded on memory, on imagination, on man's unique ability to use symbolic representations and to move in a world partly created and primarily expressed by speech. The history of that perception—and Vico is probably the first to focus on the cardinal fact that our feelings and modes of consciousness have a long, intricate history—is the vital record of man as a social being. By studying language and the etymology of key words, the inquiring spirit can, as it were, go upstream, to those first springs of imaginative life from which the shapes of human belief and social institution arise. We carry within ourselves, within our speech, a decisive chronicle of those deep forces of sensibility that have made us what we are. Philology is, for Vico, the supreme science of the mind, the quasi-magical key to the remotest past. Each phase in the evolution of the human mind, as it produces and interacts with history, is reflected in corresponding forms of language, in syntax and word formation. Even as individual remembrance of things past is tied to verbal statement, so is the memory of the race. Thus the affinities of Vico with the "ancestral voices" in Xanadu and with the "vicus of recirculation" that brings Joyce's spiralling riverrun back to the dream and night sources of man.

This, undoubtedly, is Vico's "Scienza Nuova." But I would want to put it another way. It is a simplification, but

How to place your portfolio under investment management starting with as little as $5,000

If the money you have today is to grow in the future toward more income, or for education, travel, leisure, retirement, it must be kept working full time to achieve your investment goals.

Yet you may find that you are actually losing ground due to inflation, taxes or lack of time for investment decisions.

To help solve this problem, clients in 55 countries have turned to The Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan. It has, we believe, proved especially efficient in providing continuing capital growth supervision for portfolios of from $5,000 to $50,000—on behalf of people who recognize and can share the risks and rewards of common stock investments. The cost is modest, as low as $100 per year.

For a complimentary copy of a 42-page report describing this tested plan, its complete 10-year "performance record," and how it may help you now, simply write Dept. L-76

THE DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A. 02181
Investment Management • *Incorporated 1936*

Steaks renowned 'round the world ... the choice of discerning gourmets

Bruno's Pen and Pencil
Restaurant
205 East 45th Street • MU 2-8660

John C. Bruno

RESTAURANT PASSY
Cuisine Classique
28 East 63rd St. • TEmpleton 8-0094
Closed Saturdays ● Open Sundays

The finest ice in the Grenadines
The perfect hideaway resort hotel, a 113-acre private island, south of St. Vincent, north of Grenada. Charter cruise yachtsmen make a beeline here for . . . the finest ice in the Grenadines.
For reservations, see your Travel Agent, or call our New York office: (212) 986-4373.
Petit St. Vincent Resort

not an altogether gross one, to divide creative intelligence into two major types. There are the master cutters, Aristotelians, segmenters, whose power it is to divide, to classify, to follow each branch of thought to its specific termination. Then there are the great reticulators—the interweavers and Platonists. Their genius lies in connection, in the sense of mental life as close-meshed, each vital strand inseparable from the tissue and general pulse of being. Vico was eminently among the latter group. This is where "Scienza Nuova" is truly baroque, where it moves in intricate canons and fugal developments as does a Bach concerto. Everything relates and interlocks: language, law, mythology, political structures, epic poetry. Touch on history at any significant point and the entire fabric of past and present consciousness is awakened. This is why metaphor is so crucial to "The New Science." Metaphor is dynamic relation, the bringing to life of values and perceptions through a leap or arch of recognition. Now, it is one of the defining qualities of modern sensibility to be reticulative, to seek out complex fields of action and meaning where classic rationalism and classic physics sought precise division. Our study of language deliberately invokes the neighboring relevance of psychology, sociology, biology, and history in a general semantic or symbolic field. The wave-particle theory of matter is Vichian in its refusal of certain formal fixities of identification, in its stress on the shaping relations of the observer to the observed. The current proliferation of mixed disciplines—social psychology, ethno-linguistics, biophysics, econometrics, semeiology—points to a Vichian assumption about the constantly altering, interpenetrating nature of human knowledge and of the pictures we make for ourselves of reality. Above all, we now think symbolically and structurally. When Ernst Cassirer and Claude Lévi-Strauss regard man as a symbol-forming and symbol-using animal, when they define language, myths, social rituals as signals, as codified statements of psychological meaning, they are arguing entirely in the spirit of Vico. Even more than the romantics, who saw in "Scienza Nuova" a far begetter, we are in a position to experience much of Vico's argument as contemporary.

This is clearly felt by many of the contributors to this wide-ranging symposium. Edmund Leach suggests that Vico's reading of the Greek myths is really concerned with the basic problem that faces the modern anthropologist when he meets with the phenomena of

BONWIT'S OPENS A NEW ERA IN STATUS STATIONERY WITH OUR OWN CUT-OUTS!

The message now is: cut up a little! Do it with our exclusive 5" x 7" cards that come with your first initial cut out stencil-style. In white backed with soft blue or brown, the color-matched envelopes with ragged-edge flaps. Our own Private Papers design. Set of 50 cards and 50 envelopes complete with matching felt-tipped pen and their own ribbon-tied portfolio, 16.00

STATIONERY

When ordering, please state first initial and color choice. Please add .75 for delivery charge outside regular delivery area.
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Manhasset Scarsdale Short Hills
Philadelphia Jenkintown
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Troy

BONWIT TELLER

The kids would never forgive you if you stayed anywhere else.
Disneyland Hotel
A Subsidiary of Wrather Corporation
Write for free brochure. Disneyland Hotel, Anaheim, Calif. 92802

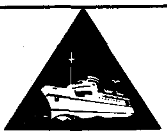
The Japanese Steak Ceremony.

At Benihana we turn a steak into an experience you'll never forget. And we do it before your very eyes.

We put into this experience centuries of tradition, the skill of a Japanese chef born and trained in Japan, and the finest steak you can get.

So come. Experience a steak with us.

BENIHANA of TOKYO
YOUR TABLE IS OUR KITCHEN.
120 E. 56th St. New York LT 1-0930
Open 7 days a week. Sat. and Sun. dinner only.
61 W. 56th St. New York LT 1-0931
Open 7 days a week. Sunday dinner only.
Chicago • Honolulu • Las Vegas • San Francisco



Alaska
13 Day Cruise
Seattle to Seward

The only cruise to go beyond the Inside Passage into glacier-lined Gulf of Alaska, with land never out of sight. See Vancouver, B.C., Ketchikan, Juneau, Tracy Arm Fjord, Valdez, Columbia Glacier, Seward (with optional side trip to Anchorage), Cordova, Glacier Bay National Monument, Sitka, Prince Rupert. Round trip from $395. See your travel agent.

SAFETY INFORMATION: The D.E.S. Polar Star registered in Canada, and the M.V. West Star registered in Liberia meet the International Safety Standards for new ships, developed in 1960, and the 1966 fire safety requirements.

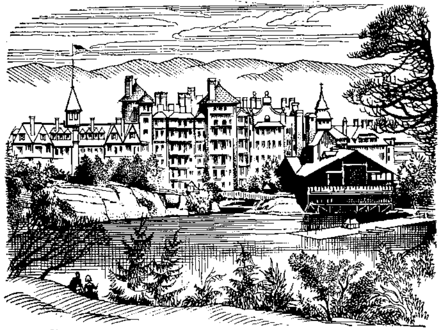
West Line, Division of:
WESTOURS, INC.
900-89 IBM Bldg., Seattle, Wa. 98101
MEMBER AMERICAN SOCIETY OF TRAVEL AGENTS ASTA
Send folder on 13 day cruise.
Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________ Zip______

Fine Foods Cocktails
CLEVELAND, O.
(Public Square & Hanna Building)
BEACHWOOD, O. ROCKY RIVER, O.
AKRON, O. COLUMBUS, O.
ATLANTA, GA. PITTSBURGH, PA.
The Pewter Mug
Estab. 1962

totemism. Vico's anthropological and linguistic gloss on Ulysses' descent into the lower world leads to a formal system of images and meanings entirely akin to modern structuralism. "Logic of this kind did not reappear in myth analysis until Lévi-Strauss published 'La Geste d'Asdiwal' in 1960!" Professor James M. Edie sees in Vico an early Existentialist, a thinker whose advance from Cartesian logic to a dynamic model of the life of the mind plainly foreshadows Merleau-Ponty. Professor Max H. Fisch, one of the leading Vichian scholars, offers persuasive evidence that Vico anticipates modern pragmatism and, particularly, Charles Sanders Peirce. For Stuart Hampshire, Vico is far more than the prophet of historical method. The thesis of "The New Science"—that we must excavate the metaphysics, the social philosophy, the imaginative modes of the past out of a study of language, out of the derivation of words and grammatical form—makes of Vico a figure of the twentieth century. Professor Gillo Dorfles, of Milan, in a fascinating paper, shows how striking are the parallels in the role of myths and of metaphors in Vico's interpretation of ancient art and literature and in the aesthetics of I. A. Richards and Susanne Langer. He cites, and rightly, the extraordinary modernity of Vico's account of perception: "For when man understands, he extends his mind and takes in the things, but when he does not understand, he makes the things out of himself, and becomes them by transforming himself into them." For Professor Stuart Hughes, Vico stands at the origin of modern cultural anthropology and of the vision of history as cyclical and vitalist that is found in Spengler and Toynbee. The very fact that "Vico has so seldom been explicitly cited may well be a sign of the pervasiveness of his contemporary influence."

Naturally, the contributions vary in interest. Professor Walton Litz's article on Vico and Joyce is a model of concision and good sense. George Whalley is admirable on "Coleridge and Vico," affording new light on both. Elizabeth Sewell's "Bacon, Vico, Coleridge, and the Poetic Method" is, as might be expected, one of the most farseeing and personal statements in the whole compilation. She finds in these three intellectually related voyagers of thought a common bond of heroism and of incompletion, a profoundly mythological quest for truth, and a descent into the recesses of the self that is fraught with passionate risk. Vico's prophetic gifts are summarized in

Leisure paced Friendly place



Seven thousand acres of unspoiled natural beauty...spring-fed lake... a resort where your whole family can relax and play together. Congenial hospitality. Healthy recreation—scenic golf course, tennis, boating, swimming, fishing...miles of forest trails to hike or ride horseback...lovely gardens to stroll. Delightful entertainment—musicales, cinema, much more. 300 rooms. Also family cottages. Delicious meals. See your Travel Agent, or call (212) 233-2244.

Mohonk
MOUNTAIN HOUSE
90 miles from N.Y.C., NYS Thruway Exit 18
LAKE MOHONK • NEW PALTZ, N.Y. 12561

A CARVED AND GILDED GIRANDOLE

Size 34" h. x 22" w. Priced at $1,000.00

For further information about other Rococo pieces, reproductions of federal and state seals, eagles and other fine carvings made from original designs—on order only—*write:*

JOHN UPTON, *Woodcarver*
Elm Street Damariscotta, Maine 04543

IN FORT LAUDERDALE
So easy to sea...
So great to stay!
See your Travel Agent
or phone
(305) 525-4221
Bahia Mar
MOTOR INN & Yachting Center

CAPE COD VACATIONING
CHATHAM BARS INN
and Non-Housekeeping Cottages
A fine American Plan hotel of distinction on a 65-acre estate overlooking the ocean. Private beach, tennis, own golf course, cocktail lounge. Summer theatre, shops, fishing nearby.
May 22 to October 13
E. R. McMullen, Jr., Res. Mgr. Dept. 3, Tel 617-945-0096
Chatham, Mass. 02633

Coleridge's formula: "All true insight is foresight." René Wellek is refreshingly dry and deflationary on the tangled problem of Vico's early influence on eighteenth-century England and Scotland. A number of Italian essays seem to suffer from labored translation. But, taken all in all, this massive volume and its bibliography will prove indispensable to both Vichians and anyone truly concerned with the complex roots of modernity.

Yet there is a central void. Vico's "Autobiography" is frequently referred to, and it is, of course, an invaluable document. There is, nevertheless, a good deal more that one would like to know about this singular genius and the very special landscape of feeling and social change in which he lived and worked. Early-eighteenth-century Naples, under its Spanish viceroys, must have been a fascinating conglomerate, in some ways quite apart from the Europe of the Enlightenment. Moorish and even Byzantine strains mingled with an ornate though also skeptical vein of Catholicism and with the baroque flavor of Spanish rule. It was a city of music (see Ralph Kirkpatrick's biography of Domenico Scarlatti) and of ritual, of ironic *dolcezza* and ancient superstitions. Vico moved in a world in which the latest scientific notions flourished in live proximity to cabalistic traditions and hermetic practices from the Middle Ages. The convoluted architecture of "Scienza Nuova"—so peculiarly suited to a unique and solitary vision—is difficult to place without the Neapolitan backdrop.

One would likewise want to know more of Vico's intellectual and emotional coming of age. Like other creators of one capital work, Vico went through a period of preparatory silence and withdrawal. Is anything known or recapturable of the nine years (1686-95) he spent in the rural solitude of Vatolla, as tutor in a family of ecclesiastical dignitaries and landowners? Vico's own account, reticent as it is, suggests that the castle of Don Domenico Rocca and its library were decisive in his spiritual development. It was during that lengthy calm, "and in the constant reading of orators, historians, and poets," that his intellect "took increasing delight in observing between the remotest matters ties that bound them together in some common relation." And what of his later years, when assurance of his own genius and superb accomplishment must have contrasted abrasively with the fussy minutiae of his rhetorical, panegyric office and the trivia of petty academies? How

Amy Vanderbilt's New Complete Book of ETIQUETTE

Sooner or later everybody needs Amy Vanderbilt

More than 2,200,000 American families depend on Amy Vanderbilt. And no one turns to her more gratefully than families with weddings to weather. With its definitive section on weddings, *Amy Vanderbilt's New Complete Book of Etiquette* has all the correct answers. How to give a shower. How to choose the music, cut the cake, arrange the receiving line. Whether you have 4 wedding guests or the 400, you need the *one* etiquette book that keeps pace with modern living. $6.95 at all booksellers.

DOUBLEDAY

High suspense on the QE2

QUEEN'S PAWN

by Victor Canning

author of *The Melting Man*

"Splendid thriller. Equally satisfying as the tragedy of a man forsaken by the gods." —*Oxford Mail*

$5.95

William Morrow

SHERATON IN NASSAU

Sheraton-British Colonial Hotel

SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

Call it free—Anytime from anywhere in the Continental United States

800-325-3535

AN APOLOGY:

Only 348 people in the United States will be able to buy a bottle of 1949 Chateau Bouscaut Wine (Grand Cru Classé Graves). Other vintages, however, are available in slightly larger quantities. International Vintage Wines, San Francisco, Sole Agents.

Bean's

Boat and Tote Bag

Sturdily constructed from extra heavy white duck. Large capacity for carrying provisions, bulky items and clothing. An excellent shopping bag. Two colors: White with Red Trim. White with Blue Trim. Size 8″ x 17″ x 16″ high. Price $5.40 postpaid.

☐ Send Free Catalog

☐ Ship___Boat and Tote Bags @ $5.40

Name________________

Address________________

Zip________________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
365 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Fishing, Camping and Hunting Specialties

SHERATON IN KAUAI, HAWAII

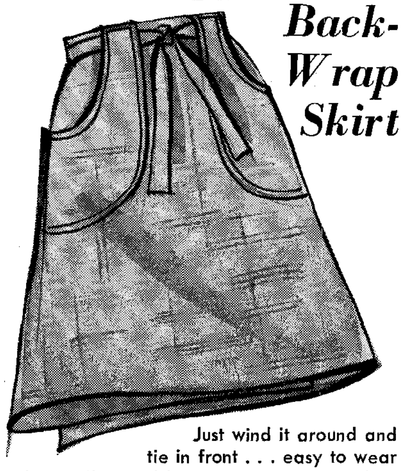
The Natives are friendly

Here's Leimomi. She's our tour advisor at Sheraton-Kauai. Leimomi's here to tell you about all the little island places that are usually seen just by the natives . . . like the slippery slide over a waterfall . . . or the trail along Na Pali cliffs . . . or maybe, just the best place to gaze at one of our Hawaiian sunsets. When you decide to go native, be sure you're with the friendly ones . . . at Sheraton-Kauai.

For confirmed reservations at guaranteed rates call 800-325-3535 toll free, or your Travel Agent will call it for you.

Sheraton-Kauai Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

Johnny Appleseed's Back-Wrap Skirt



Just wind it around and tie in front . . . easy to wear and casually good looking. Crisp, wrinkle-free Kettlecloth material (Fortrel Polyester-cotton) comes in a color choice of BURNT ORANGE or BERMUDA BLUE. Sizes S, M, L . . . $12.50 ppd.

Johnny Appleseed's
54 Dodge St., Beverly, Mass. 01915
Zip Code Required!

Finest sports resort in the Bahamas—
in History-Haunted Spanish Wells
Lloyds Resort Limited
Write Ann Lloyd direct or see your Travel Agent or call LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

much grimness we can read between the lines of Vico's own account: "Among the caitiff semi-learned or pseudo-learned, the more shameless called him a fool, or in somewhat more courteous terms they said that he was obscure or eccentric and had odd ideas." We require a full-length portrait of Giambattista Vico, Historiographer Royal to Charles of Bourbon, to set at the hub of the great wheel of his interests and present influence—a detailed study of the man's life and sensibility such as modern psychological tact and documentation can produce. Coleridge's plea for a biographical, critical account of this "great *revolutionist* in the intellectual" world is still unanswered. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

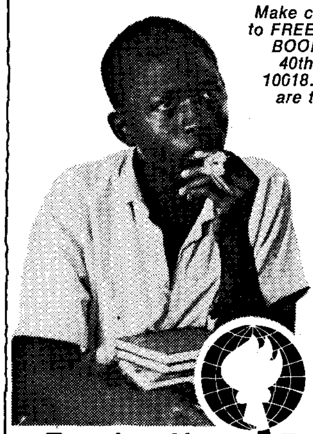
FICTION

A WALK IN THE DOLOMITES, by Caroline Neilson (Scribners). Beautiful, talented, self-assured Bettina Wendheim leaves her birthplace in Fittelsberg, Germany, in 1929, when she is twenty years old, to marry Professor Quincy Ellsworth, a nice but diffident man who never tries to be more than an echo of his brilliant wife. Bettina's life on the campus of Perkins University is so dull that she is defeated into making her home into a kind of island of culture and European comfort, where she tries very hard to give her three children something of the happiness she herself enjoyed when she was growing up in a household devoted to music, literature, painting, and the steady cultivation of the household arts. The children, burdened by her exile, resist her, and the split in the family reaches the danger point on their first visit to Europe, in 1949. After that visit, which ends with a tragic accident, things can never be the same for the Ellsworths. Miss Neilson traces their misfortunes over ten more years to the moment when Lise, the elder daughter, now twenty-four and on the verge of her first divorce, pays her second visit to Europe and makes an attempt to do a summing up that will be fair to everybody. Miss Neilson tells this story simply and well, and she displays an astonishing feeling for home atmosphere, both in Germany and in America, but her two most interesting and provocative characters, Bettina and her daughter Sabina, are too easily pushed out of sight and hearing while Lise remains onstage, to offer a picture of

The future President of his country is open to suggestions.

Your $6.00 contribution to Freedom House/Books USA places a packet of ten books into the hands — and mind — of a young leader-to-be in one of the developing nations. He chooses the books himself, from a list of 120 major American works in history, science, biography, and literature. And he knows and appreciates that they're a person-to-person gift from an individual American.

Help us inspire young leaders to develop their nations in freedom. Make a $6.00 investment in peace.



Make checks payable to FREEDOM HOUSE/ BOOKS USA, 20 W. 40th St., New York 10018. Contributions are tax deductible.

Freedom House Books USA

Lake Morey Inn and Club

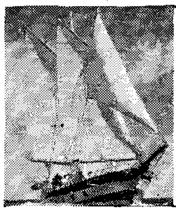
FAIRLEE, VERMONT
Beautiful lake-side estate. Heated Pool, riding, tennis, water-skiing. Home of the Vermont Open, 18 Holes. Cocktail Lounge. William Marino, Chef. Open through October 12.
WRITE FOR FOLDER
WARD FAMILY MANAGEMENT
Phone 802-333-4311 for Reservations.

The Buccaneer
On its own three Beaches

Charm, cuisine and countryside color cause vibration in visitors there . . .

Small wonder The Buccaneer is St. Croix's Number 1 hotel.

THE BUCCANEER, St. Croix, U. S. Virgin Islands. For reservations contact Ralph Locke, 315 East 72 Street, Box S, New York City. JU 6-3070.



Schooner For All Seasons!

Summer/Winter/Spring/Fall — Mystic Whaler sails them all! 3 fabled playgrounds — New England, Upper Chesapeake, Virgin Islands. Choose your cruise, your season, your budget. New 100-ton, 44-passenger schooner. From $59. Free Folder, MYSTIC WHALER, Mystic, Conn. 06355

tolerance, temperance, and sensible adjustment that no one in his right mind would want to contemplate.

GENERAL

THE CHILDREN OF FRANKENSTEIN: A PRIMER ON MODERN TECHNOLOGY AND HUMAN VALUES, by Herbert J. Muller (Indiana). Professor Muller inspects the human past and present to see how technological innovations, from chipped-flint tools down to nuclear weapons, have affected human life. A learned man and a charming writer, he scrutinizes complicated issues by the blazing light of common sense. He is trying for a sober, realistic, wise view of the good and bad, dangerous and liberating, irritating and diverting effects of technology on men and women as individuals and on whole societies. Some anxious readers will be calmed and some complacent ones alarmed, and nearly everybody will find a brand-new idea to think about.

A SOVIET HERETIC, by Yevgeny Zamyatin, edited and translated by Mirra Ginsburg (Chicago). A selection of literary essays by the Russian naval engineer and author of the pioneer anti-utopian novel "We," who stood unyielding (and alone) in the first Soviet literary purge, and who died in exile in Paris in 1937. Some of the essays are cruelly funny and savage accounts of the bad proletarian writing of his time, along with attacks on the "philistinism" that he saw as the principal enemy; some are accounts of the genesis of his own work or are lectures on literary composition, which are often foolish and sometimes embarrassing; some are sensitive, magnificent memoirs of such of his gifted friends and contemporaries as Blok, Sologub, and Bely. All in all, Zamyatin was probably not a first-rate critic, as he was not a first-rate fiction writer, but he *was* a first-rate man, and his "Letter of Resignation from the Soviet Writers' Union" and "Letter to Stalin," reprinted at the book's end, are models of incredible heroism and dignity, and of the unconquerability of the human spirit.

THE CITY, by John V. Lindsay (Norton). Our Mayor describes his work in the past, his hopes for the future, and some of the problems that New York faces. He is frank, impassioned, engaging, and readable. He does not think he can fix up New York all by himself—he insists that a lot more federal money needs to

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

☐ One Year (52 issues) $10.00

☐ Two Years (104 issues) $17.00

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $1.00; Other Foreign $3.00 per year

Your Name ______________________
Street ______________________
City __________ State __________ Zip ______

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

To ______________________
Street ______________________
City __________ State __________ Zip ______
Gift card to read: "From ______________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ______________________
Street ______________________
City __________ State __________ Zip ______
Gift card to read: "From ______________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ______________________
Street ______________________
City __________ State __________ Zip ______
Gift card to read: "From ______________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

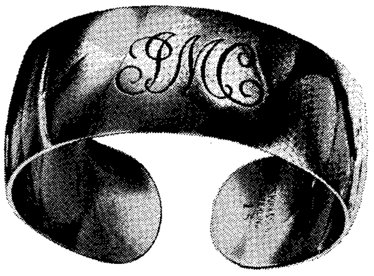
I enclose $__________ to cover __________ subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

Caribbean Surprise

If you could sip cognac from a tulip, St. Maarten would be the place to do it. Half Dutch and half French, this island is a tropical surprise in the Caribbean, and Little Bay Beach Hotel is right on the most beautiful beach. Every room is air-conditioned and overlooks the water. You're within walking distance of Philipsburg and its freeport shopping. You have a choice of beach or pool, calypso or steel bands. Everything's here including Dutch hospitality. Just a little bit different.

LITTLE BAY BEACH HOTEL
St. Maarten's Hotel of Distinction
See your travel agent or contact:
ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC.,
International Representatives
1270 Avenue of the Americas,
New York 10020, Tel. (212) 757-2444
Offices in Miami, Chicago, Toronto,
London, England



FOR THE 1970 GRADUATE OR BRIDESMAID

Pitt Petri's classic sterling silver braclet by Kirk, America's oldest silversmith.
$9.00 in silver, $100 in 14 kt. gold.
3 letter monogram as shown $3.50
(date on inside $1.00).

Allow 14 days for delivery.
Postage for one or more $1.25.

pitt petri
378 DELAWARE AVENUE
BUFFALO, NEW YORK 14202

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN NEW YORK until you've seen
ROSELAND
DANCE CITY • 52ND ST. W. OF BROADWAY
NIGHTLY exc. MONDAY • MAT. SATURDAY 1:45
THUR. continuous from 2 P.M. • SUN. continuous from 2:30
Reasonably Priced Restaurant and Cocktail Service

be spent on all cities—but his dedication and knowledge are apt to make his New York City readers optimistic.

NOTE: Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published "Exiles," Michael J. Arlen's memoir of his mother and father and his own early years. Much of the book originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEATH IN WILLOW PATTERN, by W. J. Burley (Walker). A slow but sure and, for most of its length, engrossing tale of Chinese objets d'art, rare old manuscripts, common lust, and maybe a murder or two on a very satisfactory old English estate during the Christmas holidays. Dr. Henry Pym, zoologist and crime expert, arrives at the estate, Peel Place, in the company of his charmingly pretty secretary, Susan, to have a look at the old manuscripts, but his attention is soon monopolized by the erratic behavior of his hosts and hostesses. Mr. Burley, a writer who is both realistic and inventive, has the knack of drawing his reader firmly into the rooms he describes, which produces a trapped sensation that is quite restful, like being shut into a railway compartment with some not too awful strangers for exactly an hour, or an hour and ten minutes—something like that. It is a very rainy Christmas, by the way.

THE SPOILERS, by Desmond Bagley (Doubleday). A rich British filmmaker is so upset by his neglected daughter's death from drugs that he undertakes to search out and destroy the gang that is the chief world source of heroin: " 'I want to hit those bastards. I want blood.' " To this principled end, he recruits a small company of highly motivated volunteers (" 'Let's just say that I once had a younger brother and leave it at that, shall we?' "), and sends them off to the Middle East for two hundred pages of wide-eyed adventure. Mr. Bagley is a plodding, lifeless writer ("It looked more and more as though heroin smuggling was profitable"), and the publishers have contributed to the general silliness with a largesse of typographical errors: " 'Ideas come think and fast from you, don't they?' "

•

MOTOR VEHICLES IN STATE
HIT 2,487,770 LAST YEAR
—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Yeah, but was it a record?

◆◆

CHANDLER'S
240W52NDST
CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

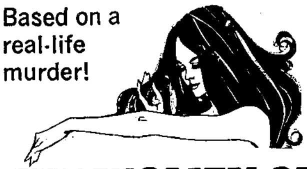
Now there are two prime steak houses. Choose between Chandler's East and the exciting, new Chandler's West in the heart of the theatre district . . . both serve the same superlative steaks, chops, roast beef, luscious live trout and lobsters . . . seven days a week at the conventional hours and after-theatre, too. Reservations:
CHANDLER'S WEST 240 W 52nd St. 581-4772
CHANDLER'S EAST 49 E 49th St. 751-1960

◆◆

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Based on a real-life murder!



THE WOMEN OF PEASENHALL
by R. J. WHITE

The murder of a pretty servant girl in Suffolk, England, became a famous case in 1902. Who killed her . . . and why? Here's "a very entertaining and sympathetic fictional reconstruction." — JULIAN SYMONS. $4.95

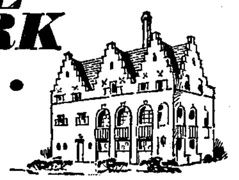
A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

MONTEGO BAY
at the *Royal Caribbean* HOTEL

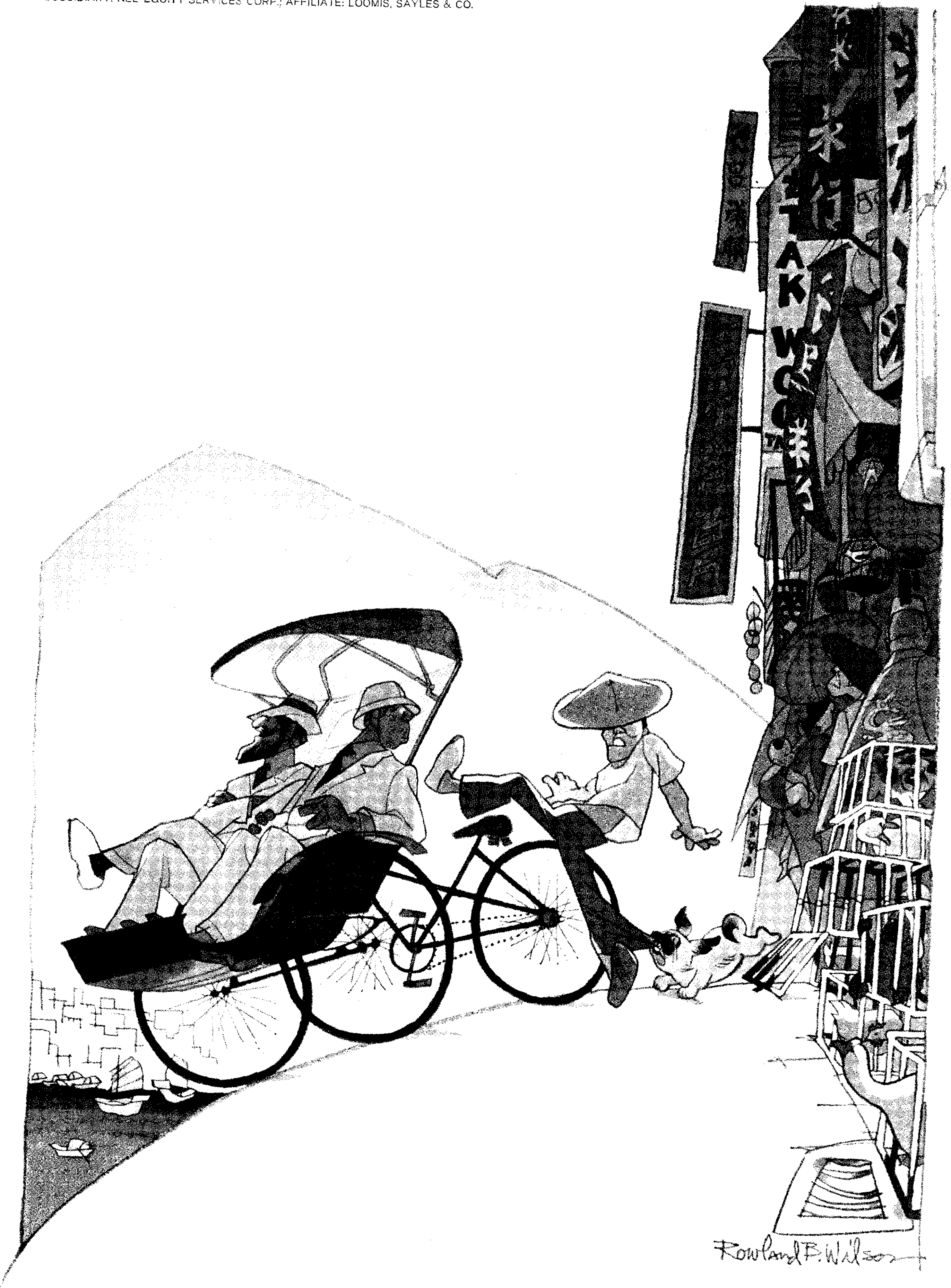
A sophisticated bit of **JAMAICA** that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

KNIFE & FORK INN . . .



ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

© 1970 NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, BOSTON;
SUBSIDIARY: NEL EQUITY SERVICES CORP.; AFFILIATE: LOOMIS, SAYLES & CO.


TAK WO
Rowland B. Wilson

"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

Take a tour of our San Francisco Maintenance Base sometime. (Like the kids in the picture.)

And take a look at our jet mechanics. And the work they do.

You'll find they know their jobs. And know them well.

But their abilities lie beyond what you'll see.

They're men with a desire, a dedication to giving you the finest performing jets in the sky.

They're always studying, always learning, always looking for more efficient ways to overhaul jet engines. Better procedures, up and down the line.

School is never out for United jet mechanics.

That's one reason why our maintenance far surpasses government requirements.

And why we've won so many awards for contributions to the airline industry.

No wonder we at United feel our mechanics are in a class by themselves.

fly the friendly skies of United.

"I worked on this plane myself."

School's never out for the guy on the ladder, either.